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1

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PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

SEPTEMBER, 1957 VOL. 52, NO. 3

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COVER: Color portrait of Tommy Sands by Barry Blum. Tommy stars in "The Singin' Idol" for 20th Century-Fox

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Civil War

romance.

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The Window of the World

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INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Our Correspondents Report:
London: There's been more socializing among the Hollywood set here in London than there has been at home. Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer tossed a birthday party for Tony Curtis and Janet. Tony (who's grown a beard for his role in "The Vikings") says the nicest present he received was one from his daughter Kelly: She celebrated by taking her first step . . . The following week Tony and Janet shared the Royal Box with Debbie Reynolds when Eddie Fisher opened at the Palladium in London . . . And despite the fact that Liz Taylor shouldn't be doing much flying due to her back injury, she and Mike Todd joined Debbie and Eddie at the English derby in Epsom. Liz, who expects her baby in the fall, will be back in the states by the time you read this. Welcome home, travelers!

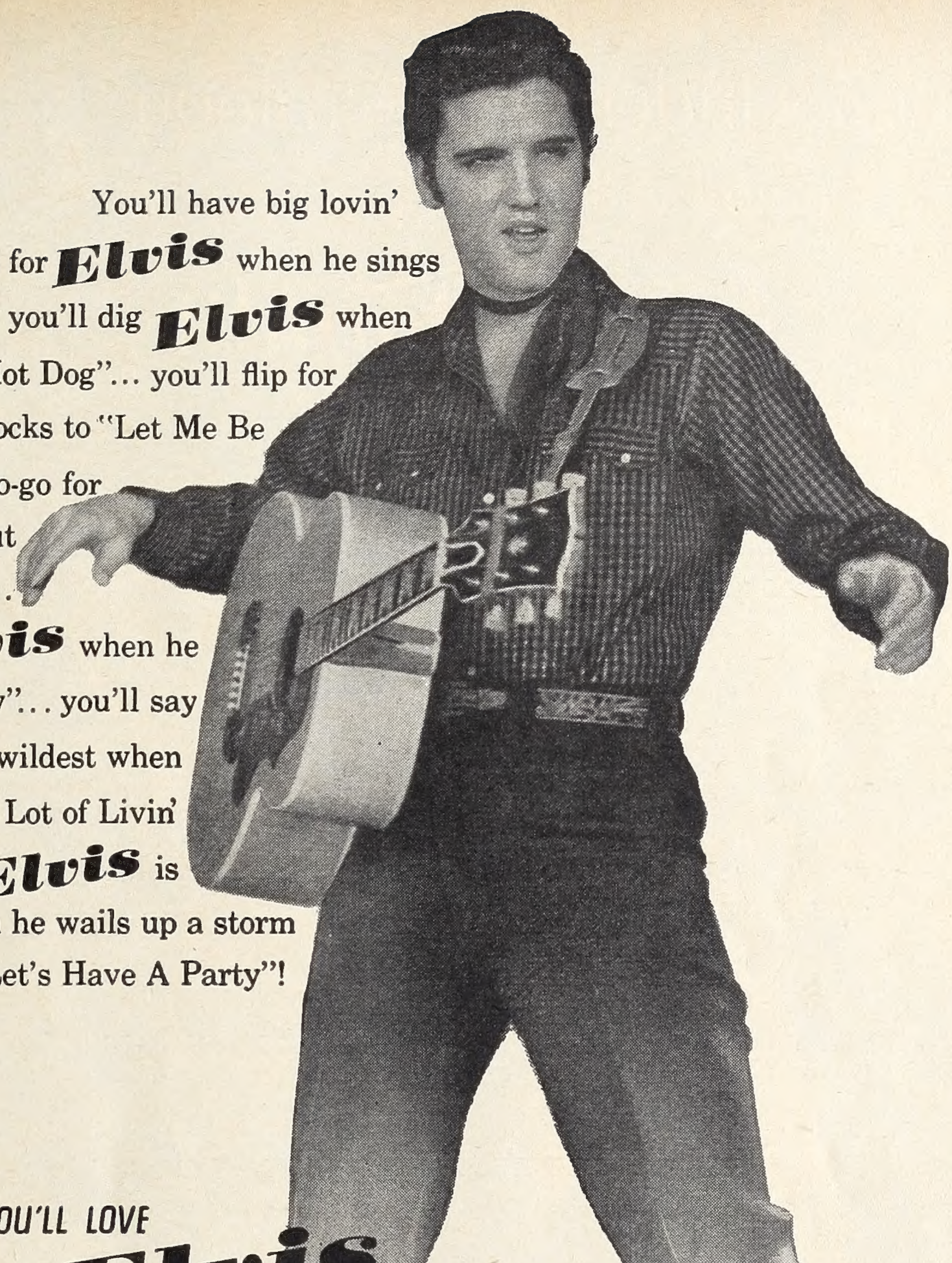
Hollywood: The movie capital is a small town at heart. A famous star does something, and a new fad is born. A few weeks ago it was fashionable to refer to a place by combining an adjective with the suffix "ville." Common Senseville. Out of This Worldville. Nothingville. Then Fadville dropped that, and "all that jazz" became popular. It was fashionable to have a small dinner party, discuss new movies "and all that jazz." Now the latest gag is a new way of saying goodbye, such as "So long, every" or "See you later, every."

So excuse me every, I have to go down to Movieville to get the news "and all that jazz." (*Continued on page* 6)

Reunion Overseas: When Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher were in England for a week, Mike Todd and Elizabeth Taylor flew in to join them at the races at Epsom.

Although married for over a year, Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller looked more like honeymooners at the champagne supper at the Waldorf following "The Prince and the Showgirl" charity premiere in New York. They were completely lost in each other all evening. Marilyn had reason to look happy; her reviews were sensational!

You'll have big lovin'
eyes for **Elvis** when he sings
"Loving You"... you'll dig **Elvis** when
he comes on strong with "Hot Dog"... you'll flip for
Elvis when he rocks to "Let Me Be
Your Teddy Bear"... you'll go-go-go for
Elvis when he rides out
on "Mean-Woman Blues"...
you'll get your kicks from **Elvis** when he
swings to "Lonesome Cowboy"... you'll say
Elvis is the wildest when
he belts out "Got A Lot of Livin'
To Do"... and you'll know **Elvis** is
too much when he wails up a storm
to "Let's Have A Party"!



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Formfit Bras are available in
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Strategy for close-fitting knitwear . . . **Skippies** Pantie 862 (matching girdle 962). White nylon elastic net with smoothing continuous waistband and tummy-trimming embroidered front panel. Sizes S. M. L. **$8.95** "Revel" Bra 551 beautifies with lovely lift that sweeps under and up the side of the cup. White cotton in sizes 32A to 38C. $2.50

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KNITWEAR BY GOLDWORM

INSIDE STUFF

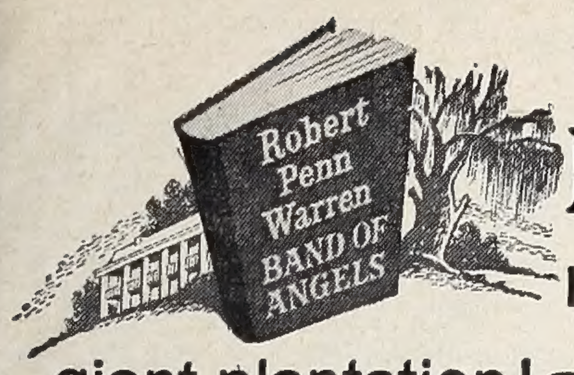
Continued

Little Lorna takes a bow after singing with Mom Judy Garland. Luft that duet!

Double-Take: An unusual accident occurred when a Navy ship firing depth charges for "The Enemy Below" accidentally set off eleven of them at once, sending a wall of water 100 feet into the air and narrowly missing director of the picture Dick Powell and June Allyson, who was on the bridge with him. Luckily, no one was hurt. Dick's press agent called Honolulu to get the facts on the accident and incidentally to report a columnist's item to the effect that Dick was living at one hotel and June in another, although they met for dinner every evening. He was able to reach Dick only at 7:15 in the morning, and reported the item. There was a long pause while Dick said, "Hold the phone a minute while I investigate." After a while he returned. "Say, you had me scared," he said. "But then I took another look at the little blonde who's been sleeping in the other twin bed while I've been here—and yup, it's June all right." They both had a laugh—at overtime charges.

Sights to See: The heartwarming picture of Judy Garland and daughter Lorna singing a duet in Las Vegas. . . . Marilyn Monroe at the premiere of "The Prince and the Showgirl," looking every inch the beautiful, dutiful wife. Fans mobbed her and almost tore the clothes off her back—but didn't. ("Durn", says Earl Wilson.)

(*Continued on page* 8)



He bought her...she was his!

He bought a beautiful slave and made her mistress of his giant plantation! ~ He came to Louisiana with $2,000,000 in gold! ~ In his New Orleans mansion he kept a stunning prisoner that he never touched! ~ He knew the greed at Rio Bongo, the debauchery at Pointe du Loup, the treachery at Belle Helene — but nobody really knew him! ~ ~

CLARK GABLE ~ YVONNE DE CARLO

as the man who took the strange name of Hamish Bond — *as Manty, the girl who thought she was a Louisiana belle...*

and all the passionate emotions and lush splendor that flows from the tumultuous best-seller by the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of 'All The King's Men'!

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7

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So gentle for any normal skin you can use it every day

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MUM® contains M-3 (*bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene*)
...stops odor 24 hours a day

INSIDE STUFF

continued

Loud Romance, Quiet Wedding: In June, Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall made it a very quiet wedding at the All Faiths Universal Church in New York. . . . And there's an interesting story behind the Cliff Robertson-Cynthia Lemmon wedding bells. Six years ago Cliff knew Cynthia in New York when they were both acting in radio shows. He'd see her having lunch at Colbee's, say "Hello" and think, "Nice girl. Ought to ask her for a date some time." But Cliff was shy and Cynthia was popular, so they never got together. Then Cynthia married Jack Lemmon, and the three of them became friendly. Cliff would visit the Lemmons and think, "Lucky guy. He has such a charming wife." About a year and a half ago Cynthia and Jack Lemmon separated, and late last May Cynthia went to New York. Cliff heard she was in town and finally worked up enough courage to invite her to a performance of "Orpheus Descending." She came, he saw, was conquered. In Cliff's own words, "Boom! It happened. That was it!" After Cliff takes "Orpheus Descending" to Chicago, they'll return to California for Cliff's next film.

Chuckle of the Month: Funniest sight we've seen in a long time was Shirley MacLaine dressed up as a fat lady and wearing a heavy veil, sneaking into her own sneak preview of "Hot Spell." She wasn't discovered, either.

It was Rex Harrison's third marriage when he said "I do" with Kay Kendall

All the joys of naturally curly hair

And every curl is trained to stay with Helene Curtis Spray Net®

Not only makes lovely, natural curls, but trains them to stay!

Not only holds your hair softly in place, but trains it to stay!

Lots of hair sprays promise curls. *But do they last?* Only Helene Curtis SPRAY NET, with its fabulous "control" ingredient, gives you beautiful curls—and *trains* those curls to stay, like naturally curly hair. Only SPRAY NET holds your hair softly in place and, at the same time, trains it to remember its place. Even in damp weather, your curls stay springy . . . bouncy. (When they muss—just comb them right back in place!) Back of every silky spray are years of research in the Helene Curtis laboratories. No wonder where other sprays *promise*, SPRAY NET *performs!* Never flaky, never drying, SPRAY NET gives you glorious . . . carefree curls—*trained* to stay curled.

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SUPER SOFT, *without lacquer, for gentle control.*

REGULAR, *for hair harder to manage.*

69¢, LARGE $1.25, GIANT ECONOMY $1.89 *plus tax.*

Be sure to ask your hairdresser to use SPRAY NET *on your hair.*

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. *We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.*—ED.

READERS INC...

Please—Stories on the Older Stars!

For a very long time Photoplay has been one of my favorites. But through the passing years, the stars and featured players that I've grown up admiring have slipped into sort of an oblivion of total eclipse. The newer stars and featured players have captured the limelight—and the various movie magazines take little observation that there is an "older generation of movies fans" that are being grossly neglected by producers, studios, film magazines and all the powers that be of the movie industry.

Naturally, we older fans realize that new stars are bound to take the limelight—but there are always featured roles that could have been given to the older favorites.

So move over, teenagers—your mothers and fathers have some old favorites they'd like to read about once in a while.

WENDELL A. GULDIN
Fort Wayne, Indiana

And What About the Younger Stars?

I do hope you will publish my letter because I feel it contains the wishes of many other teenagers. I would like to request more stories on the *youngest* set in Hollywood. I mean stars like Tim Considine, Sherry Jackson, Ricky Nelson, Mark Damon, James Darren and Sal Mineo. I know a lot of your readers have complained about your publishing so many stories on the younger set, but I don't think they would mind reading stories about the ones I mention above.

So, please—just one issue for us teenagers?

Incidentally, I like your magazine very much.

JOYCE CARY
Bradford, Tennessee

Open Forum on Elvis

I received my July issue of Photoplay today and wish to congratulate you on your story on Elvis Presley, "God Is My Refuge." It was one of the best—if not the best—I have ever read about the greatest star of all times. I agree with Elvis that more people should try to understand him and the things he does. He is a considerate, kind and very religious boy. There could never be another like him.

EDWINA DAWSON
Bolton, Mississippi

I just read the story "God Is My Refuge" in your July issue, and I'm glad somebody finally gave Elvis Presley a chance to speak for himself. I've been a fan of his for a long time and I think that story did him justice.

Elvis has done nothing to harm anybody and I'm tired of nasty remarks being thrown at him. If critics who attack him for corrupting America's youth would read that story, they might understand Elvis for what he really is—a good-hearted, God-loving, well-mannered American boy. Thanks a million for printing that story.

LINDA PARISI
Houston, Texas

I read "God Is My Refuge" in the July issue of Photoplay, and thought it was just great! I wish everyone could read this wonderful story about Elvis Presley. I've always thought that Elvis was a good, God-loving person, and now, with the facts in this story, I know I was right.

I'm sure Elvis felt bad about some of the stories published about him, but as he says, everyone has the right to think as they like. Perhaps this story in Photoplay will change the opinions of the people who didn't approve of him.

LINDA GRAY
Tishomingo, Mississippi

Thanks a million for the story on Elvis Presley in the July issue of Photoplay. The picture on the cover is wonderful. Please feature Elvis in your magazine more often.

KAY FITZPATRICK
Laredo, Texas

I have read many articles about Elvis Presley. Some of them make me so furious I could scream. But yours deserves a medal! It was the best article ever written, I think. I'm no Presley fan, exactly, but I do think some folks don't yet realize what a great guy he is. Thank you very much for this story and many others I have read and will continue to read.

VICKIE BLINE
Vincennes, Indiana

Have just finished reading "God Is My Refuge," Louis F. Larkin's wonderful story on Elvis Presley.

I get mighty tired of reading about the way Elvis sings and dances and blaming him for being a bad influence. I'm not a teenager, I don't swoon at the sound of his voice—I'm a thirty-three-year-old housewife with three children, but I can't help feeling sorry for the way some narrow-minded people are treating a boy who just sings naturally (for him). What can be so indecent about a boy who loves his God, his parents, loves to sing, doesn't drink or smoke?

Some day I hope he'll find his place in the world and that the people who think he's not a good influence will believe in him.

So, I wish you good luck, Elvis Presley!

(MRS.) MARJORIE WINTERS
Santa Ana, California

Continued on page 12

'Persian Melon' Revlon's new color for fingertips (toe-tips, too!)

Delicious example of what makes Revlon the *fabulous* nail enamel. *A luscious golden melon with a coral flavor* . . . in shimmering 'Frosted', so right for summer . . . or elegant Cream Nail Enamel. Pick 'Persian Melon' lipstick, too!

Revlon Nail Enamel

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Golden-rich Pamper

... so gentle it cannot dry your hair –
leaves it instantly easy to manage

New, richer Pamper is the really gentle shampoo. So gentle it cannot dry your hair, leaves it instantly easy to manage *right after shampooing*. So rich it leaves your hair soft, shining, in finest condition. So rich and gentle you could use it every day. Get Pamper today.

Gentle as a lamb.

READERS INC.

continued

In James Dean's Memory

I'm happy that we will be getting more stories on James Dean. I'm sure there are thousands of people who want to keep his memory alive. He is a wonderful example for the youth of America. He had high ideals and stuck to his beliefs despite the criticism he received, so we'll be happy to read more about him again.

KATIE KIMMES
Superior, Wisconsin

Look for October Photoplay!—Ed.

Daily Contact With the Stars

I work at 20th Century-Fox Film Studios and see movie stars every day. However, there's one particular one I admire, and he is Yul Brynner. He not only is the most handsome man in the business—and the most talented—but the nicest man I know.

Deborah Kerr is known around the studio as a "good guy." She doesn't try to show off, but acts naturally, and is so pretty.

Another star I am well acquainted with is Sophia Loren who, as you know, just arrived in this country. She's beautiful and such fun to be with.

A girl who is not really understood is Jayne Mansfield—a very sweet girl.

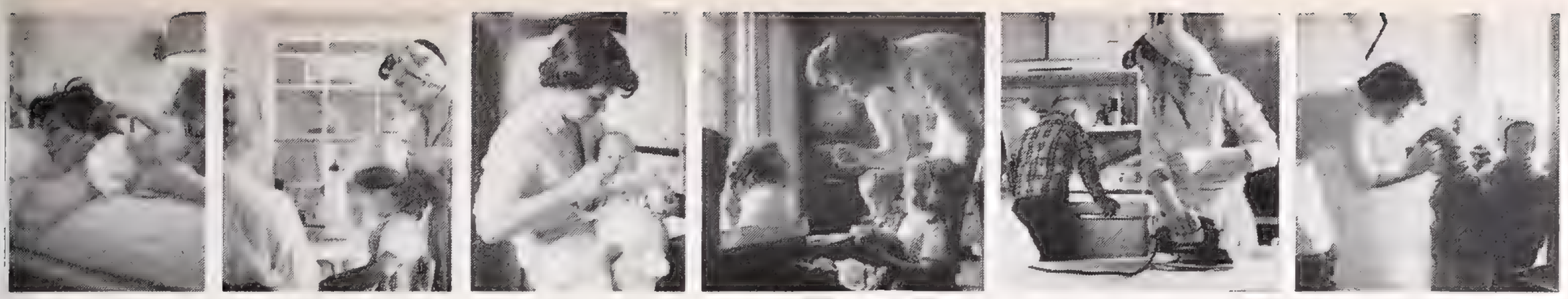
Joan Collins has proven she has talent to match her beauty, and I think Marilyn Monroe would have more friends if she were not so haughty.

May I ask a favor of you—will you please publish my letter. I think it would give some Photoplay readers a better close-up of some of the stars they enjoy reading about from someone who sees the stars daily?

MADELEINE REED
Los Angeles, California

Continued on page 14

Reader favorite Yul Brynner appears in full color in October Photoplay



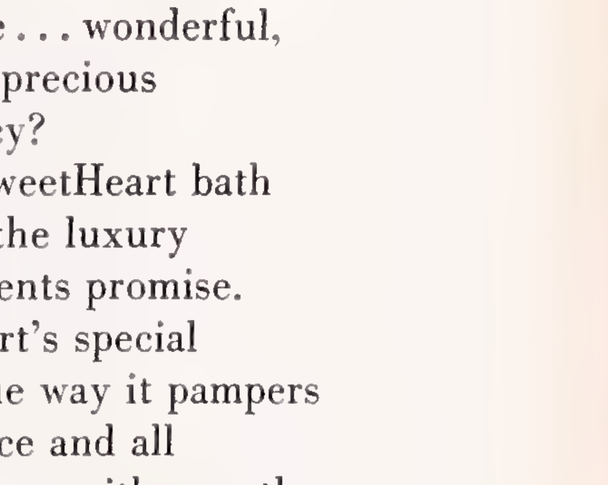
. . . an active life,
a woman's life . . .

then how glorious it feels to relax in your SweetHeart bath

Warm . . . welcome . . . wonderful, aren't they, those precious moments of privacy?

But only in a SweetHeart bath can you savor all the luxury these leisure moments promise. Because SweetHeart's special secret is the unique way it pampers your hands and face and all of you . . . soothes you with a gentle touch that floats weariness away . . . whispers its fragrance that breathes femininity.

Only SweetHeart can relax you, revive you, reward you so well —because only SweetHeart adores you so.



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Debbie comes out

A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

First, she darkens and silkens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich KURLENE eyelash cream every night.

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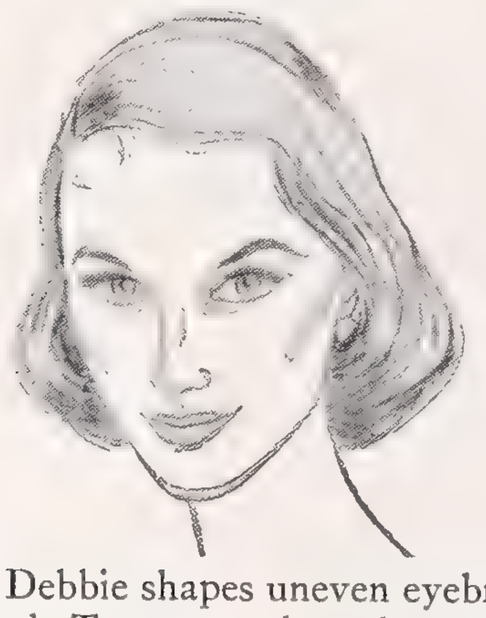
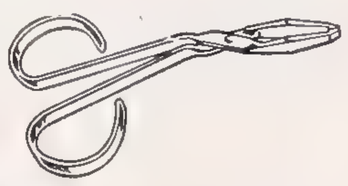


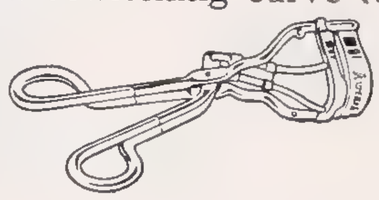
Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle TWISSORS, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (New coif flatters eyes and face.)

TWISSORS® **75c**



Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses KURLASH eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes ... new beauty to her eyes.

KURLASH® **$1.00**



See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! KURLASH products at your local department, drug or variety store.

The Kurlash®
Company, Inc., Rochester 4, N.Y.
(Also available in Canada)

READERS INC... *continued*

In Again, Out Again

I've read in several magazines that Tab Hunter was to appear in Liberace's first motion picture "Sincerely Yours." I've seen the picture three times, and looked for Tab, but was disappointed not to find him. I would appreciate it very much if you will tell me exactly in what scene he appears.

S. T. N.
Mexico, D. F.

Warner Brothers did *announce Tab for this picture while it was in preparation. However, the casting was changed and Alex Nicol played the part intended for Tab.*—Ed.

Look-Alikes

I'm a G.I. stationed in Germany, and will be for quite some time yet. Just recently a recruit was sent to our outfit. Jokingly we asked him if he was Burt Lancaster. I do think there is a remarkable resemblance. Don't you think so?

VITO J. PETITTI, JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

It's Burt Lancaster below, but our correspondent's Army pal stationed in Germany bears a striking resemblance to the star. Don't you agree?

A Spankin' New Look

I came home from school today and yelled to my mother, "Did my copy of Photoplay come?" It did. I thought it rare. And you should see my new hair! I change my style to suit my movie-star mood. I don't remember your having an article like this before, but I think you should.

TINA LENDHOFF
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Your last issue of Photoplay looked different. My friends think so, too. We especially liked the pictures of Tab Hunter at the recording session.

JERRY BARNES
Hackensack, New Jersey

As They Really Are

I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed the life stories you have published. I especially liked the lives of Rock Hudson and Kim Novak. Both stories were well written, and showed these two famous stars as they really are.

I would like to suggest that you publish a story on Ingrid Bergman. Certainly no one has led a more colorful life than this great actress. I for one would like to know something about her childhood and how she started in the movies.

Please keep giving your readers those good stories you are noted for. In my opinion, your magazine is the best on the newsstand.

BONNIE DE CLARK
Paterson, New Jersey

Please watch for the October issue of Photoplay, on sale September 5th, for the Ingrid Bergman story.—Ed.

We're Sorry, Pat

Dear Editor, and I do consider you a friend of mine as, through the years, I have enjoyed your magazine so much. I liked (as I do everything about him) the story of Pat Boone. The story of Pat is far from new to me as many young people who were in school with Pat call me Aunt.

There was an error in the story, however, which is sure to be painful to Pat as well as to the members of the Church of Christ. Pat does not, has not, nor will he ever sing in a church choir. The Church of Christ believes that each member must sing at worship and that no selected choir can perform this act of worship for another. Therefore, we have no choir. It is congregational singing without a mechanical aid.

Wishing Photoplay as wonderful a future as it has had a past,

MRS. J. B. WALKER
Chattanooga 5, Tennessee

You're right, Mrs. Walker. It is true that Pat has never sung in a church choir. He sings in church, as the other members do, and is a song leader at present.—Ed.

Continued on page 16

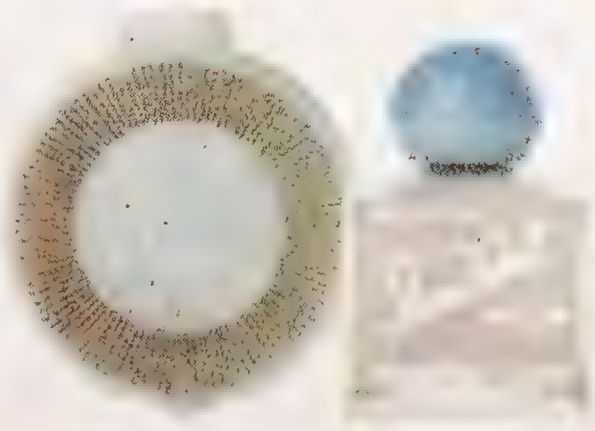
Even
morning
sunlight
says
you're
naturally
beautiful
in

Sheer Velvet Film

The unchangingly lovely complexion you smooth on once—for the day—concealing blemishes and tiny lines, softening and freshening. Its secret . . . petal-soft, true-to-life texture. Your secret . . . that you wear it. Liquid film in 5 shades. $1.25. Sheer Velvet Compact (powder plus foundation) $1.25. In Canada, too.

For beauty the modern way

Dorothy Gray



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fresh young HALO look
is softer, brighter
Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no *unnecessary* ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean*.

READERS INC.

continued

A Question About Kerrs

May I ask you a question? My friend asked me if Deborah Kerr and John Kerr are related. I said no. Am I correct?

CAROLINE HARRIS
South Ozone Park, L. I.

You are correct.—Ed.

Who Did What

I am a steady reader of Photoplay magazine and I always enjoy your Readers Inc. section. Could you settle an argument for my husband and myself? I say that Peggy Ann Garner was the star of "Junior Miss," and my husband says Shirley Temple starred in this picture. Who is right?

(MRS.) GERALDINE DEBSON
Belcamp, Maryland

You are.—Ed.

What was the name of the picture that told the life story of Marilyn Miller, and starred June Haver and Gordon MacRae? What part did Ray Bolger play?

A READER
St. Louis, Missouri

"Look For The Silver Lining" was the name of the picture, and Ray Bolger played Jack Donahue, *a famous dancer of that era.*—Ed.

All Good Wishes, Billy!

As two fans of an unknown young star, we'd like you to do us a great favor. Would you print a picture of him in Photoplay magazine? His name is Billy Vallejo and he has worked in some Broadway shows and in a few movies—"A Face in the Crowd," and "Stage Struck." He is both talented and good looking, and we know that some day he'll reach the top!

ELEANOR AND HELENA
Bronx, New York

Exciting Newcomer

Can you tell me something about Mark Richman? I have seen him on television and I think he is so handsome and such a good actor.

SANDRA FRANK
Yonkers, New York

Mark Richman was born in Philadelphia April 16, 1927. He attended school there, and played football for the South Philadelphia High School. He was voted the all-Philadelphia High fullback, was offered football scholarships from Duke and Tennessee Universities, but turned them down to enlist in the Navy for two years.

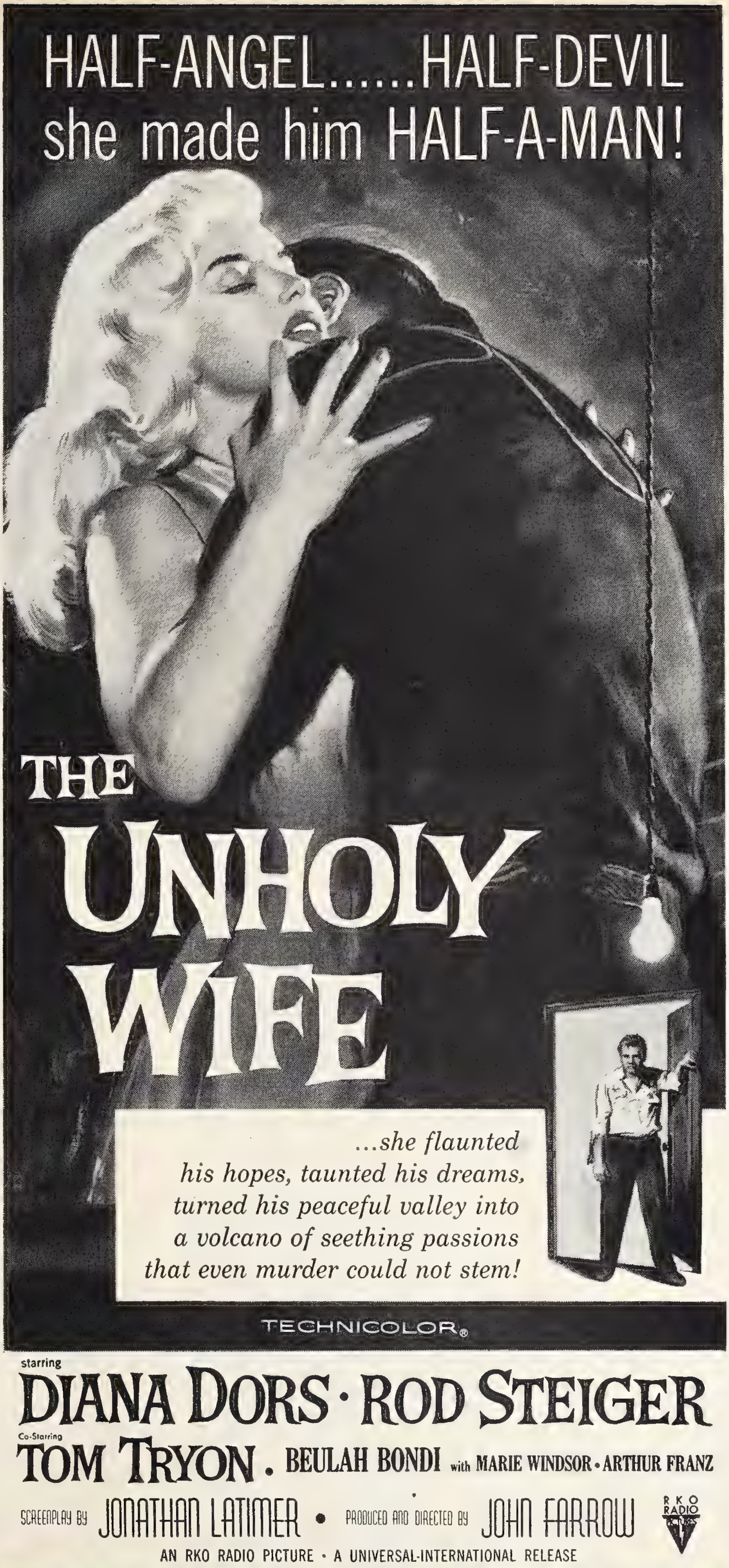
During his school days Mark did radio acting and took part in school plays.

He enrolled at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science because a broken leg stopped his post-Navy football career, and received a Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy in 1951. The only time Mark put his education as a pharmacist to work was when he took a job as manager in a drugstore. However, he quit after six months to pursue his acting career. He acted in radio, television and live dramas in neighborhood theaters in Philadelphia.

In summer stock, Mark played in "Mr. Roberts," toured in "Detective Story," and the first Broadway show he acted in was "End as a Man," in 1954. In television, he appeared in the Philco Playhouse, Goodyear Playhouse, Studio One, Big Story, U. S. Steel Hour, Kraft Theater. As a result of his acting in "The Bold and the Brave" for Philco Playhouse, William Wyler, Hollywood producer-director, called Mark, met him in New York where he was screen-tested and given a part in "Friendly Persuasion." He hit Hollywood in 1955, after touring with Eva Marie Saint in "The Rainmaker." After this picture was finished, he went to Florida to make the picture "End as a Man," creating the same role he played in the Broadway version. This film was later retitled "The Strange One."

He has many hobbies: painting, sketching, sculpting, does wood and soap carving, and is a hi-fi enthusiast.

Mark is 5' 11½" tall, weighs 175 pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair.—ED.



LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT	✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD	✓ FAIR

An Affair to Remember 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Taking frank aim at the funnybone and the heartstrings, this comedy-drama scores a direct hit on both, thanks to the smoothest of handling and the deft performances of Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr. They play somewhat tarnished types, thrown together in a shipboard romance. Cary's a debonair Italian fortune-hunter, off to keep a New York rendezvous with his heiress fiancée. A former night-club singer, Deborah is now being kept in luxury by a Texas tycoon. The genuineness of their love makes both parasites decide to reform, but before they can get together Deborah is crippled in a street accident, and the film's mood shifts from light banter to strong emotion. Richard Denning is likable as her protector. ADULT

Jeanne Eagels COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ Kim Novak shows surprising authority in an intimate, markedly feminine biography of the late actress, who achieved brilliant but tragically brief fame three decades ago. As Jeanne, Kim gets into show business by exploiting her beauty in cheap carnival routines, with the help of showman Jeff Chandler. Jeff loves her, and she relies on him as a dear friend, but her furious ambition takes her out of his range. Determined to be a great actress, she enlists the aid of dramatic coach Agnes Moorehead. Then Kim practically steals the *Sadie Thompson* role in "Rain" from a pathetic has-been star, who thereafter commits suicide. This disaster is the chief motive given for Kim's later addiction to drink and drugs. ADULT

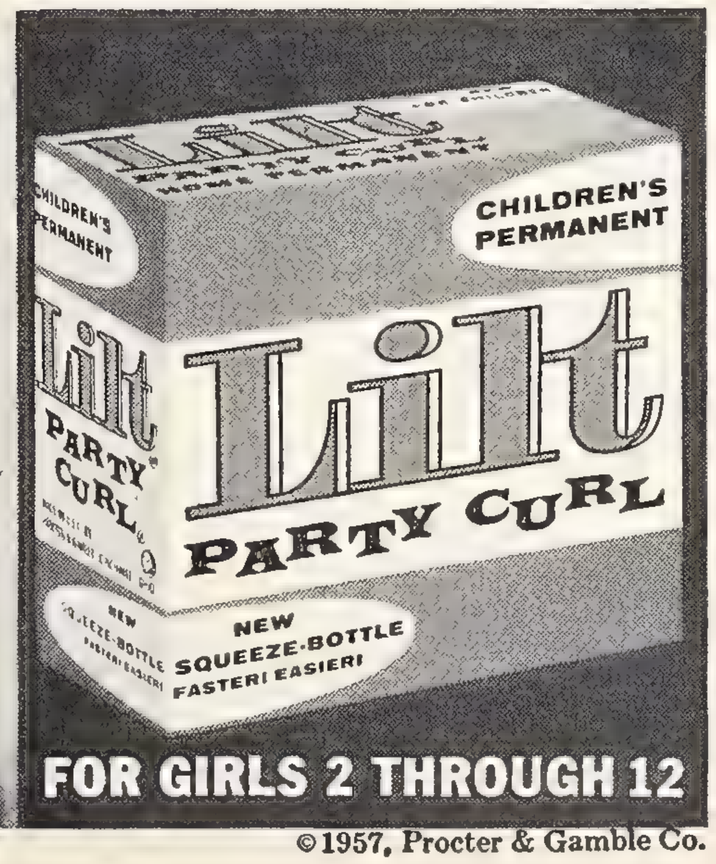
Continued on page 20

NEW! *Only child's home permanent with*
SQUEEZE-BOTTLE EASE...

gives curls that last a year!

Curls really take because *comb-tip* squeeze bottle saturates hair far more thoroughly than any other way.

Now, no need to take chances using Adult Permanents on your child's hard-to-curl hair. Lilt Party Curl really overcomes problems of curling young hair. And Party Curl is so much easier, faster for you to apply on a fidgeting child. "Squeeze-Bottle Ease" ends messy dip-dabs for you. Now just squeeze on lotion from comb tip on bottle. Hair is so thoroughly saturated, soft curls last even a year!



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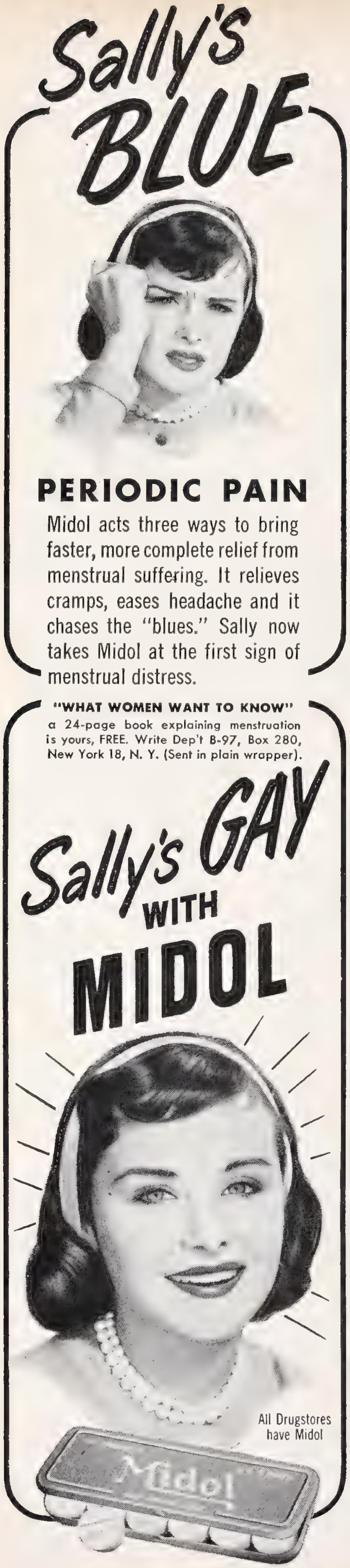


MOVIES *continued*

Sweet Smell of Success U. A.

✓✓✓✓ Usually dependable good guys, Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis have a ball as a pair of utterly nasty characters in this incisive drama of New York life. Burt is an egomaniac gossip columnist, who can make or shatter a reputation with a line. Tony is a toadying, totally unscrupulous press agent. The only true emotion in Burt's life is his possessive love for his young sister, charmingly portrayed by newcomer Susan Harrison. Resenting her romance with a night-club musician (Marty Milner), he orders Tony to put an end to it. Smartly dialogued, handsomely photographed, the movie has a gruesome fascination. ADULT

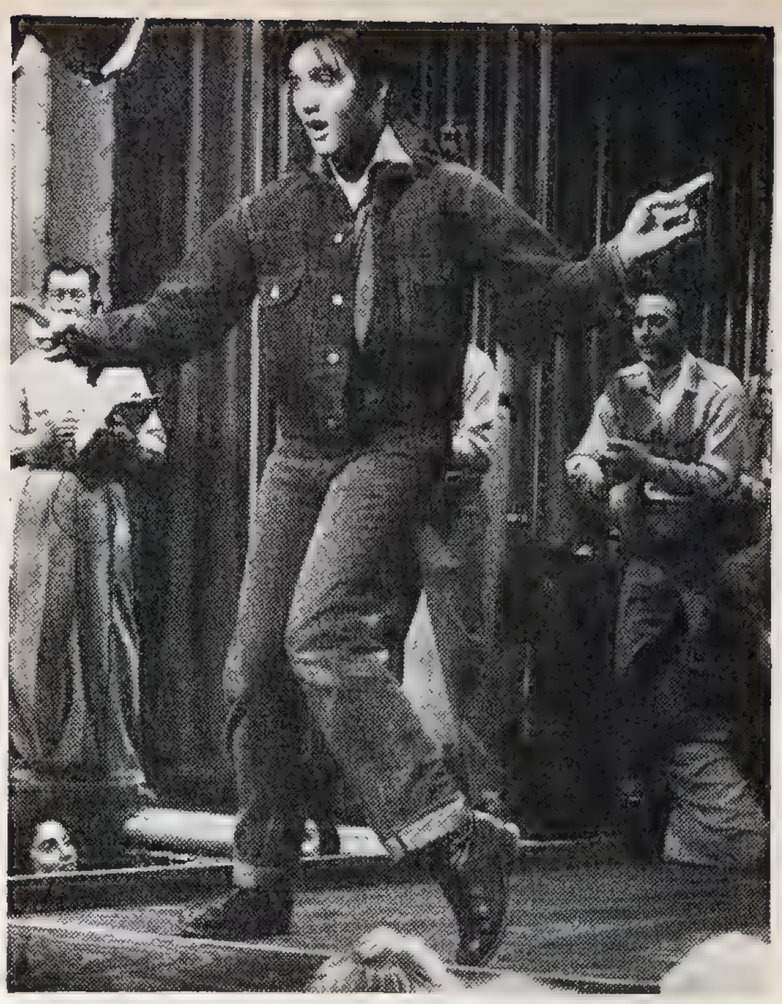
The Rising of the Moon WARNERS

✓✓✓✓ Here's another love letter to Ireland from John Ford, Irish-American director who saluted his ancestors' country in "The Quiet Man." Filmed on the ould sod with Irish casts, the three separate stories are introduced by Tyrone Power. Wry comedy distinguishes the first, as an aging aristocrat is arrested for clobbering an enemy and refusing to pay the resultant fine. Boisterous comedy is the keynote of the second, picturing mad and romantic goings-on at a local railroad station. The third shifts to suspense and ardent patriotism, with a daring escape plan for a rebel condemned by the then-ruling English. All three stories are splendidly acted. FAMILY

The Pride and The Passion U.A.; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ A visually magnificent epic of war focuses on Spain's fight to free herself from Napoleon's conquering army. As a tough guerrilla leader, Frank Sinatra struggles to get a monster cannon across the miles to the fortress city that is the French headquarters. As a British naval officer and arms expert, sent to commandeer the cannon, Cary Grant agrees to help in the project. But the two men, temperamentally at odds, are further separated by their love for lush and courageous Sophia Loren. The actors are nearly dwarfed by

The cause they share, rather than love, made Sophia become Frank's companion



Starting with appearances in small towns of the South, Elvis reaches national TV

the sheer spectacle of the film, set against the stark landscapes of Spain. ADULT

Loving You WALLIS, PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ In a part neatly tailored to fit his own personality, Elvis Presley comes off much better than in his first picture. Off-and-on lovers, press agent Lizabeth Scott and has-been bandleader Wendell Corey are touring small towns in the South when they meet Elvis. Liz realizes that the shy youngster could be a singing smash, so she hires him as vocalist with Corey's band—and secretly puts him under personal contract to herself. Gaudy publicity fast gets Elvis into the limelight and onto a spot that he finds uncomfortable. But even Liz's overpowering influence can't keep him from falling for sweet young singer Dolores Hart. Though the story line is strong enough, there's never too long an interlude between musical numbers, all done in lively style. FAMILY

The Third Key RANK

✓✓✓✓ In a topnotch, fast-paced English mystery, Jack Hawkins is the Scotland Yard man patiently working to break up an ingenious safe-robbing gang. John Stratton, as his bumptious but competent young assistant, and Dorothy Alison, as Jack's long-suffering wife, also turn in crisp portrayals. Convincing details, mounting suspense and flashes of humor provide steady entertainment. FAMILY

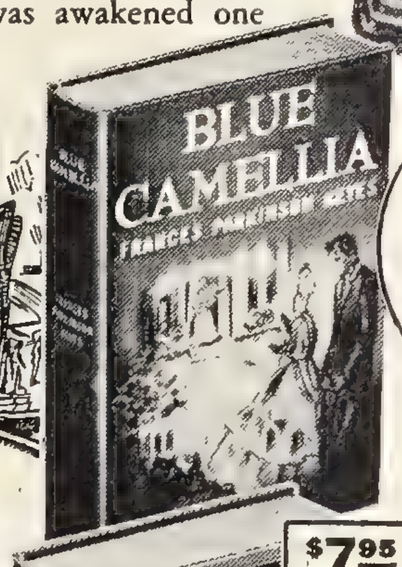
The Midnight Story U-I, CINEMASCOPE

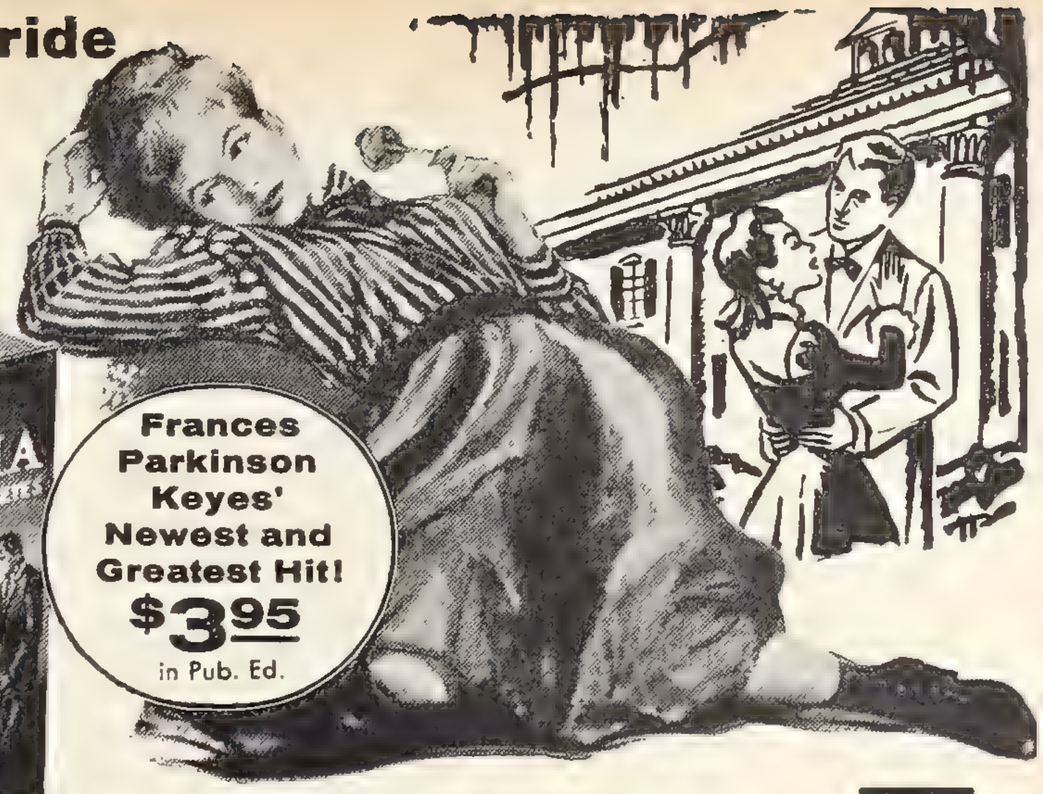
✓✓✓ Tony Curtis has a second good role in a whodunit with a nicely ironic twist. As a young traffic cop, whose superiors will not transfer him to Homicide, he resigns from the force to seek the murderer of a

(*Continued on page* 22)

Was She Just an Innocent Plantation Bride ...or another Scarlett O'Hara?

BEAUTIFUL Lavinia Winslow lived in two worlds, the bustling, colorful world of a Louisiana plantation, and a secret world of passion known only to herself . . . and one other! She had become the bride of solid, respectable Claude Villac, although she was in love — hopelessly, she thought — with Claude's wild, handsome cousin, Felix. When she was awakened one evening by Felix's ardent kisses, her carefully-built double life threatened to come crashing down! *Blue Camellia,* Frances Parkinson Keyes' newest, most romantic best-seller, is a thrilling story of old New Orleans and the picturesque bayou country — a story of unforgettable characters and absorbing drama! Now it's yours to choose if you wish in this amazing introductory offer to new members of the Dollar Book Club!





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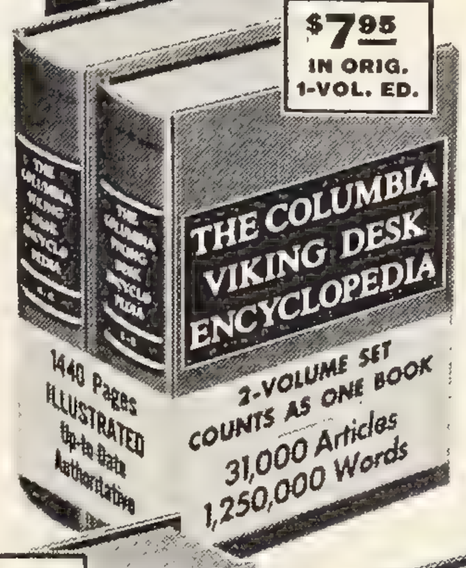

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Enjoy Paris glamour in your deodorant! Evening in Paris stick glides on smooth and dry, keeps underarms *dry* and delicately *fragrant.* Rely on it for 24-hour protection. New convenient push-up tube.

EVENING IN PARIS DEODORANT STICK

BOURJOIS • CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U.S.A.

waterfront priest, who had supplied the affection missing from Tony's orphaned childhood. Suspecting Gilbert Roland, affable owner of a fish store, Tony goes to work for Roland and becomes a boarder in his home. The hearty Italian family makes the lonely stranger welcome; indeed, he and Marisa Pavan fall in love. Still convinced that Roland is guilty, Tony goes on gathering evidence—yet hopes with all his heart that his hunch is wrong. FAMILY

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ This rowdy, raucous comedy is at its funniest when it's ribbing TV and the ad business and when Tony Randall is doing his inspired mugging. Though Jayne Mansfield goes slightly overboard with her Monroe take-off, she's spectacular as a Hollywood glamour doll. Tony just wants to sign her for a series of lipstick ads, but she builds their association into a big romance, to make her ex-boyfriend (muscleman Mickey Hargitay) jealous. This complicates Tony's life, because he's engaged to his secretary (Betsy Drake). Pitching hard for laughs (and getting them), some of the dialogue is not in the best of taste. But Tony avoids leering. ADULT

Island in the Sun

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Beautiful locales and attractive as well as capable stars hold the interest throughout this study of a British-owned Caribbean island, though it skips around among too many plots. Three of its romances apparently cross the color line: political agitator Harry Belafonte and restless Joan Fontaine; government employee John Justin and lovely Dorothy Dandridge; Stephen Boyd and Joan Collins, member of a supposedly white family that is found to have some Negro ancestry. The most exciting moments spring from James Mason's jealousy of wife Patricia Owens and bachelor Michael Rennie. ADULT

Night Passage

U-I; TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ In their frontier garb, James Stewart and Audie Murphy show the ease of Western veterans, upping the entertainment value of this expansive action film. Once employed by the railroad to stop robberies, Jimmy lost his job when he let Audie, his outlaw kid brother, make a getaway. But executive Jay C. Flippen gives him a second chance, entrusting payroll money to his care. As leader of Audie's gang, Dan Duryea plots to grab it. Involved in the fireworks are Elaine Stewart, as Flippen's wife, Brandon de Wilde, as an orphan boy under Audie's protection, Dianne Foster, as a waitress who loves the young bandit. FAMILY

In a robbery engineered by Audie's gang, Elaine is captured and held as a hostage

Decision Against Time

M-G-M

✓✓✓ After a slow start, this British film gets moving to generate plenty of tension and emotion. Jack Hawkins and Elizabeth Sellars have the familiar roles of gallant test pilot and worried wife, but their firm performances and the intelligent script make them a believable average couple. After a cargo plane catches fire during a test flight, Jack makes his crew and passengers jump, but himself refuses to abandon the damaged craft. Trying to restore the plane's balance by using up the gas in one wing tank, he must circle for a grueling length of time, knowing that a safe landing will still be a hundred-to-one shot. FAMILY

Seawife

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ The spell of the desert-island theme is asked to carry a mild story, as Joan Collins, flyer Richard Burton, businessman Basil Sydney and colored officer Cy Grant become Pacific castaways in World War II. Burton is frustrated and bewildered in his growing love for Joan; only Grant knows her secret—that she is a nun. Similar in plot, the movie lacks the force of "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison." FAMILY

Gun Glory

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓ In a Western of familiar outline, Stewart Granger's the ex-gunfighter who can't live down his reputation. His townspeople and his teenaged son (Steve Rowland) hate him, but he's defended by preacher Chill Wills and by Rhonda Fleming, comely widow hired as housekeeper on Granger's ranch. When all the local farms are threatened by a bullying cattle owner, set to drive his herd across the valley, Granger is forced to return to the ways of violence. FAMILY

Omar Khayyam

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Everybody plays it straight in this action thriller of ancient Persia. Poet-warrior of the title, Cornel Wilde becomes adviser to Raymond Massey, ruler whose realm is threatened by enemies without and traitors within. Gallant John Derek and scheming Perry Lopez are rival heirs to the throne; Debra Paget is Cornel's sweetheart, snatched from him to join the shah's harem. FAMILY

This is the man — Lon Chaney ...

and these are his thousand faces!

This is the woman he loved...

...and this is the woman he hated!

Universal-International presents

JAMES CAGNEY

as the fabulous **LON CHANEY**

DOROTHY MALONE

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...and this is the story that lay hidden from the world behind the magic of his make-up!

"MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES"

CINEMASCOPE

with

MARJORIE RAMBEAU • JIM BACKUS • ROGER SMITH

Screenplay by R. WRIGHT CAMPBELL, IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS

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SIMPLIFIED...NO MESS...NO GUESS!

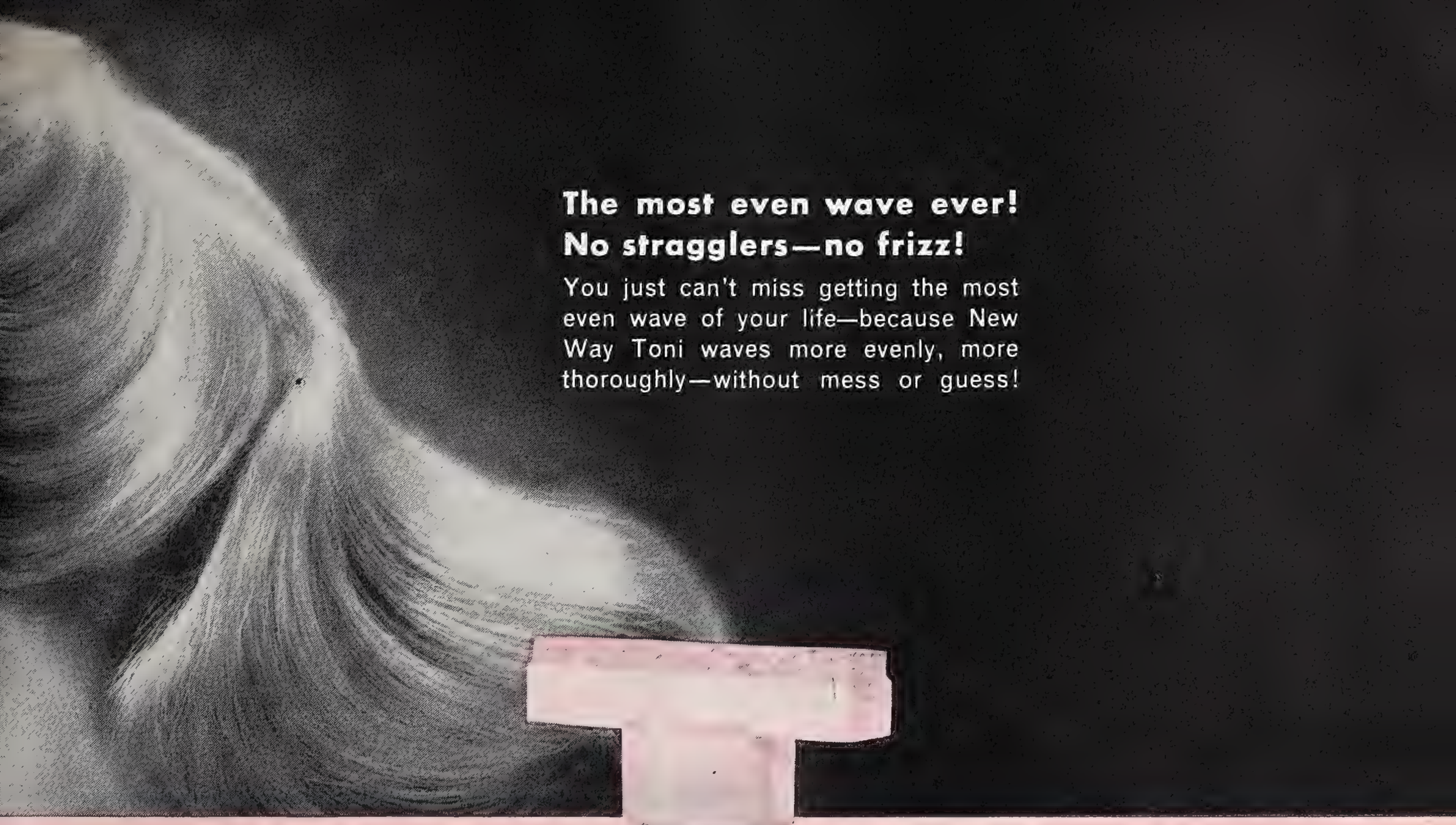
1. WAVE right from the applicator!

Applicator holds all the lotion! Sponge top is wide as a curl. New *Even-Waving* Lotion spreads smoothly. Won't splash or drip!

One easy stroke wets every strand—clear thru. No combing needed. Never too much lotion—never too little. Most *even* waving ever!

2. NEUTRALIZE right from

Sponge comes off. See those eight spray-tips? They spray neutralizer *inside* each curl—where hands can't reach. No mess! No miss!



The most even wave ever!
No stragglers—no frizz!

You just can't miss getting the most even wave of your life—because New Way Toni waves more evenly, more thoroughly—without mess or guess!

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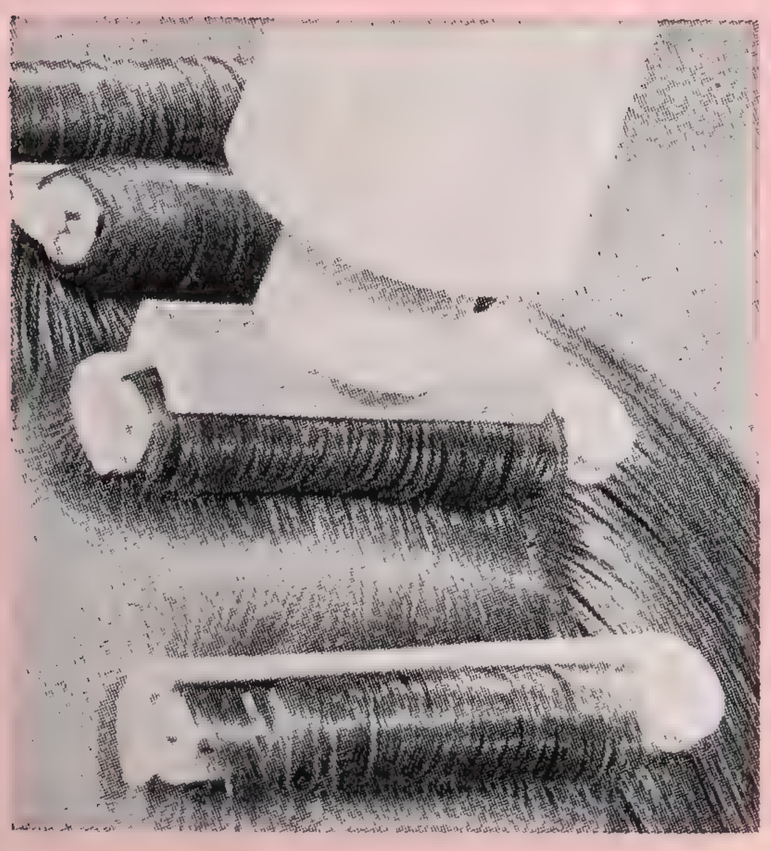

the applicator!

Now, the spray-tips are inside the curl. Press! Neutralizer flows in. *All* waving action stops. Can't under-wave! Can't over-wave!

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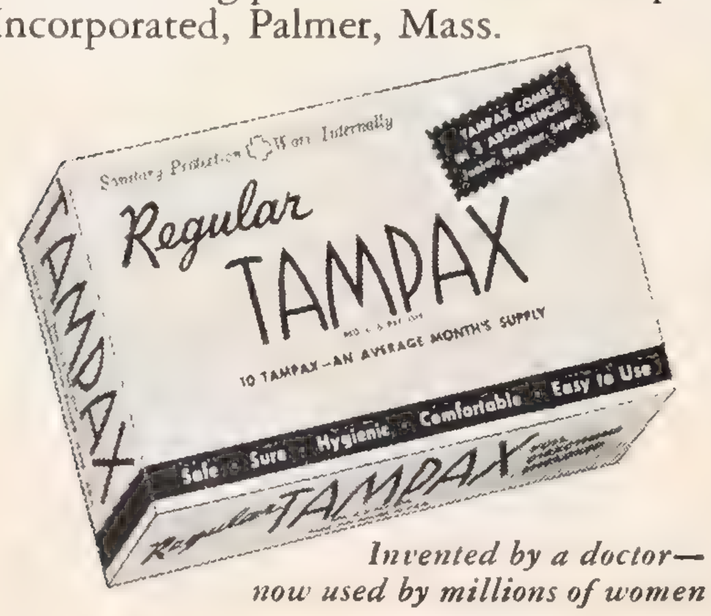

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

over the Editor's shoulder...

We go to a party, discover a scoop and announce our contest winners

You're Our Guest!

Here on the staff, we think of you all the time. Any time we're invited to attend a party or go to a premiere you're the unseen guest who comes along with us—via the pages of this magazine. For instance, when Russ Tamblyn invited us

Art director Ken Cunningham lands a suntan—and a beautiful fun-packed picture layout for this issue—at a beach party given by Rusty Tamblyn

to a beach party, Ken Cunningham, our art director (thinking of you), asked, "Can I bring a camera along?" "Sure," said Rusty. The result is that you can practically feel the sand and sun, hear the jokes and taste the watermelon when you turn to "Do Go Near the Water," on page 46, and spend a day with some of your favorites.

The Lucky Eight

Our May Travel Issue offered four lucky contestants a flight to Hollywood via American Airlines and five fun-filled days in the movie city. Our winners are: Mrs. G. B. Elliott, Memphis, Tennessee; Miss Nancy Cleaver, Houston, Texas; Miss Ann Cunningham, Chicago, Illinois; Miss Vivien B. Senise, Freeport, New York. The four runners-up (who each win a set of Samsonite Ultralite luggage) are: Miss Sherry Putney, Los Altos, California; Mrs. Earl Mauel, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. R. Bradish, Pueblo, Colorado; Miss Margaret W. Cotter, Centredale, Rhode Island.

Scoop!

A cable arrived from Bombay, India, the other day. "I can get an exclusive interview for Photoplay with Roberto Rossellini," it said, "which I feel would be of great interest to Photoplay's readers. This will be the first time Rossellini has ever talked for publication about his marriage to Ingrid Bergman." We were interested! The result: The warm, human, revealing story on page 50.

Tribute

It's hard to believe it's been almost two years since that fateful day when Jimmy Dean drove head-on into tragedy on a country road in Salinas. It seems like yesterday, so vivid are the memories. In tribute to Jimmy, we'd like to share with you what we believe is the best story about Jimmy Dean we've ever read, told by a girl who knew him, loved him and understood him. Look for it in the October Photoplay.

Our fashion editor Sue Kreisman picks up a hemline and a few wardrobe stratagems from Terry Moore

Perfect Symbol of Love

Now-and forever-the perfect symbol of love is a Keepsake, the engagement ring with the *perfect* center diamond. For only a diamond of this flawless quality, fine color and expert cut can reflect maximum brilliance and beauty.

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City.....County.....State.....

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"DRYCHOSIS" is Lady Esther's term for *Dry Skin*. She finds this modern beauty complaint affects most women today...in one form or another. Superficial signs are little scales; rough patches; pins-and-needle sensation when you smile. If you have *any* of these dry skin signs, then start using Lady Esther new Dry Skin Cream *today*.

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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

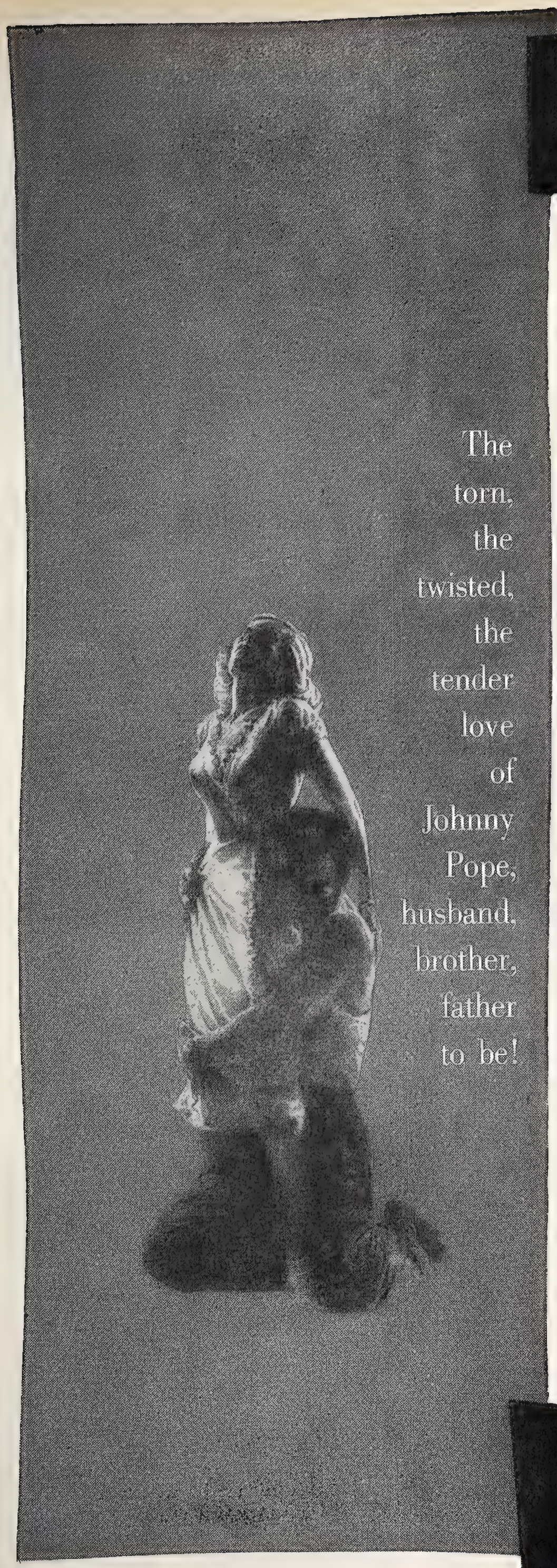
BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I saw Lana Turner sitting at a soda fountain and couldn't help wondering if she wanted to be discovered. . . . When an actor acts big in a restaurant or at a party, I know he isn't big. . . . Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby are members of the Mutual Admiration Society. I wouldn't bet on it with Elvis Presley and Pat Boone. . . . They could give an Oscar for bit players this season. There's Carolyn Jones' great bit in "The Bachelor Party" and Barbara Nichols' equally fine but smaller bit in "Sweet Smell of Success." . . . And since I mentioned Oscars, I'd like to nominate Cary Grant to m.c. the Academy Awards presentation. Cary would give the affair the class it has been lacking. . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor said it: "I want a simple traveling suit, very plain and I want it in orchid satin." . . . And, as if not to be outdone in the quote division, Eva Gabor said: "I'm glad I'm a woman. Always be satisfied with your own sex or you'll never be satisfied with anyone else's."

Sophia Loren's build-up was as great as her build. . . . Miss Loren grabbed Tony Perkins during a love scene for "Desire Under the Elms" and almost broke him in two. . . . I'd like to see Tony Franciosa, Ben Gazzara or any of the latest models from the Actors Studio play *Henry Higgins* in "My Fair Lady." . . . The movies are growing up, though. A married couple is now permitted to be seen sleeping in the same bed. . . . Hugh (Wyatt Earp) O'Brian remarked: "Two can live as cheap as one but it costs them twice as much."

I wonder if Jerry Lewis ever laughs at Dean Martin. . . . Ava Gardner has that elusive element, glamour, without even trying. Ava doesn't have to work at it by going to every premiere, opening markets, and wearing the most revealing gowns—and then winding up with much publicity and no glamour. . . . Switcheroo: Elvis Presley with a Yul Brynner haircut and Yul with Presley's sideburns. . . . I wonder which movie actress has the most scrapbooks. I'd put my money on Joan Crawford. . . . I yearn to see (*Continued on page* 30)

Hearing sweet talk from Sidney about her "Sweet Smell of Success" hit, fair-haired Barbara Nichols is in a laughing mood



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tender
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husband,
brother,
father
to be!

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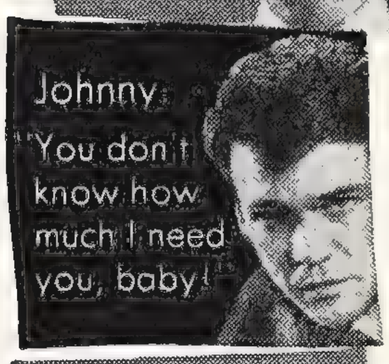

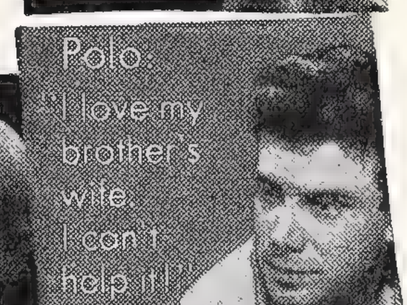

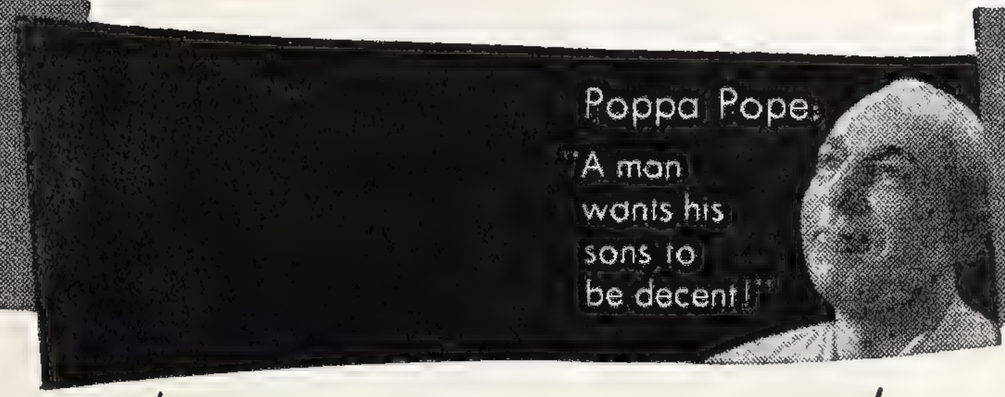

STARRING

Eva Marie SAINT / Don MURRAY / Anthony FRANCIOSA / Lloyd NOLAN

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FRED ZINNEMANN

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No scandal! Shirley MacLaine's husband (off to Japan) and Ernie Kovacs' wife (in New York) okayed this date

Marlon Brando back on the waterfront or up in Stella's room. . . . The movies must have their own police department because in every picture I see the same policemen. . . . Only a few actresses can walk barefoot and have their legs appear shapely and sexy. I name Cyd Charisse and Shirley MacLaine. And who do you name? . . . "When a young actor asks me for a date," says Barbara Stanwyck, "I don't know whether it's romance or whether the young man wants to get his name in the papers." . . . My good friend Mike Curtiz said: "In the movie industry these days it takes a certain amount of optimism even to be a pessimist."

Who has the better grin, Doris Day or Mitzi Gaynor? My answer is Doris Day. . . . I don't believe Garbo likes to walk in the rain. I've met her several times just after it had stopped!

I'd say Rock Hudson appears more and more to have the look of a genuine movie star. . . . I'm in favor of the movie industry's program of "new faces" but I believe they're rushing the new faces. . . . Got to have those new faces stay around long enough so we the public can know and recognize them. The trick is for the new faces to become familiar, honest! . . . Pat Boone can throw away those white shoes, already. . . . Debra Paget is a secret romancer. . . . While being interviewed, Gary Cooper remarked to a writer: "Let's reminisce about the future." That's Hollywood For You.

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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

AFFAIR TO REMEMBER, AN—20th. Directed by Leo McCarey: *Nickie Ferrante,* Cary Grant; *Terry McKay,* Deborah Kerr; *Kenneth,* Richard Denning; *Lois,* Neva Patterson; *Grandmother,* Cathleen Nesbitt; *Announcer,* Robert Q. Lewis; *Hathaway,* Charles Watts; *Courbet,* Fortunio Bonanova.

DECISION AGAINST TIME—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Crichton: *John Mitchell,* Jack Hawkins; *Mary Mitchell,* Elizabeth Sellars; *Nicholas Mitchell,* Jeremy Bodkin; *Philip Mitchell,* Gerard Lohan; *Conway,* Walter Fitzgerald; *Peter Hook,* John Stratton; *Ashmore,* Eddie Byrne.

GUN GLORY—M-G-M. Directed by Roy Rowland: *Tom Early,* Stewart Granger; *Jo,* Rhonda Fleming; *Preacher,* Chill Wills; *Young Tom Early,* Steve Rowland; *Grimsell,* James Gregory; *Sam Wainscott,* Jacques Aubuchon; *Gunn,* Arch Johnson.

ISLAND IN THE SUN—20th. Directed by Robert Rossen: *Maxwell Fleury,* James Mason; *Mavis,* Joan Fontaine; *Margot Seaton,* Dorothy Dandridge; *David Boyeur,* Harry Belafonte; *Jocelyn,* Joan Collins; *Hilary Carson,* Michael Rennie; *Mrs. Fleury,* Diana Wynyard; *Colonel Whittingham,* John Williams; *Euan Templeton,* Stephen Boyd; *Sylvia,* Patricia Owens; *Julian Fleury,* Basil Sydney; *David Archer,* John Justin; *The Governor,* Ronald Squire; *Bradshaw,* Hartley Power.

JEANNE EAGELS—Columbia. Directed by George Sidney: *Jeanne Eagels,* Kim Novak; *Sal Satori,* Jeff Chandler; *Mme. Neilson,* Agnes Moorehead; *John Donahue,* Charles Drake; *Al Brooks,* Larry Gates; *Elsie Desmond,* Virginia Grey; *Equity Board President,* Gene Lockhart; *Frank Satori,* Joe de Santis; *Chick O'Hara,* Murray Hamilton.

LOVING YOU—Paramount. Directed by Hal Kanter: *Deke Rivers,* Elvis Presley; *Glenda,* Lizabeth Scott; *Tex Warner,* Wendell Corey; *Susan Jessup,* Dolores Hart; *Carl,* James Gleason; *Tallman,* Ralph Dumke; *Skeeter,* Paul Smith; *Wayne,* Ken Becker; *Daisy,* Jana Lund.

MIDNIGHT STORY, THE—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Joe Martini,* Tony Curtis; *Anna Malatesta,* Marisa Pavan; *Sylvio Malatesta,* Gilbert Roland; *Sergeant Jack Gillen,* Jay C. Flippen; *Mama Malatesta,* Argentina Brunetti; *Lieutenant Kilrain,* Ted de Corsia; *Peanuts Malatesta,* Richard Monda.

NIGHT PASSAGE—U-I. Directed by James Neilsen: *Grant,* James Stewart; *Utica Kid,* Audie Murphy; *Whitey,* Dan Duryea; *Charlotte,* Dianne Foster; *Verna,* Elaine Stewart; *Joey,* Brandon de Wilde; *Kimball,* Jay C. Flippen; *Concho,* Bob Wilke.

OMAR KHAYYAM—Paramount. Directed by William Dieterle: *Omar,* Cornel Wilde; *Hasani,* Michael Rennie; *Sharain,* Debra Paget; *Malik,* John Derek; *The Shah,* Raymond Massey; *Karina,* Yma Sumac; *Zarada,* Margaret Hayes; *Yaffa,* Joan Taylor; *Niza,* Sebastian Cabot; *Prince Ahmud,* Perry Lopez.

PRIDE AND THE PASSION, THE—U. A. Directed by Stanley Kramer: *Captain Anthony Trumbull,* Cary Grant; *Miguel,* Frank Sinatra; *Juana,* Sophia Loren; *General Jouvet,* Theodore Bikel; *Sermaine,* John Wengraf.

RISING OF THE MOON, THE—Warners. Directed by John Ford: *The Inspector,* Cyril Cusack; *The Old Man,* Noel Purcell; *The Poteen Maker,* Jack MacGowran; *The Police Sergeant,* Denis O'Dea; *His Wife,* Eileen Crowe; *A British Officer,* Frank Lawton; *Black and Tan Officer,* Dennis Brennan; *Black and Tan Officer,* David Marlowe; *The Warder,* Joseph O'Dea; *Nun,* Doreen Madden; *Nun,* Maureen Cusack; *Sean Curran,* Donal Donnelly; *Porter,* Jimmy O'Dea; *Station Master,* Tony Quinn; *Engine Driver,* Paul Farrell; *Barmaid,* Maureen Potter; *Col. Frobishire,* Michael Trubshawe; *His Wife,* Anita Sharp Bolster; *A Matchmaking Father,* Harold Goldblatt; *His Boy,* Godfrey Quigley; *A Matchmaking Aunt,* May Craig: *Her Niece,* Maureen Connel.

SEAWIFE—20th. Directed by Bob McNaught: *Biscuit,* Richard Burton; *Seawife,* Joan Collins; *Bulldog,* Basil Sydney; *Number Four,* Cy Grant.

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS—U. A. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick: *J. J. Hunsecker,* Burt Lancaster; *Sidney Falco,* Tony Curtis; *Susan Hunsecker,* Susan Harrison; *Steve Dallas,* Marty Milner; *Frank D'Angelo,* Sam Levene; *Rita,* Barbara Nichols; *Sally,* Jeff Donnell; *Robard,* Joseph Leon; *Mary,* Edith Atwater; *Harry Kello,* Emile Meyer; *Herbie Temple,* Joe Frisco; *Otis Elwell,* David White; *Leo Bartha,* Lawrence Dobkin; *Mrs. Bartha,* Lurene Tuttle; *Mildred Tam,* Queenie Smith.

THIRD KEY, THE—Rank. Directed by Charles Frend: *Tom Halliday,* Jack Hawkins; *Ward,* John Stratton; *Mary Halliday,* Dorothy Alison; *Tony Halliday,* Michael Brooke; *Malcolm,* Geoffrey Keen; *"Nightwatchman,"* Richard Leech; *Mrs. Elliot,* Ursula Howells.

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?—Directed by Frank Tashlin: *Rita Marlowe,* Jayne Mansfield; *Rock Hunter,* Tony Randall; *Jenny,* Betsy Drake; *Violet,* Joan Blondell; *Lee Salle, Jr.,* John Williams; *Rufus,* Henry Jones; *April,* Eili Gentle; *Bobo,* Mickey Hargitay.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—U. A.; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Colossal! Yet it's light and entrancing. Stuffy Britisher David Niven does the globe-circling jaunt on a bet in 1872, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts. (F) January

✓✓✓ BEAU JAMES—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Bob Hope's both funny and convincing as Jimmy Walker, good-time New York mayor of the 'twenties. Alexis Smith's his wife; Vera Miles, his girlfriend. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ BERNARDINE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Pat Boone debuts as an endearing film personality in a tender, tune-trimmed comedy. A youthful schemer, he tries to promote Dick Sargent's romance with Terry Moore. (F) August

✓✓✓ D. I., THE—Warners: In a forceful account of Marine Corps training, Jack Webb's a rough-mannered, soft-hearted drill instructor. His problem boy is recruit Don Dubbins. Pretty Jackie Loughery seeks Webb's love. (F) August

✓✓✓ DELICATE DELINQUENT, THE—Paramount, VistaVision: Jerry Lewis shows versatility, mixing drama with zany clowning. Taken for a j.d., he's a lonely eccentric, and cop Darren McGavin befriends him. (F) August

✓✓✓ DINO—A.A.: Understanding study of tenement life, giving Sal Mineo rich acting opportunity. A reform-school parolee, bitter and potentially violent, he's helped by psychiatrist Brian Keith and by Susan Kohner. (F) August

✓✓✓ FACE IN THE CROWD, A—Warners: Excitement, ferocious humor, controversy. As a slob of a hillbilly, big Andy Griffith becomes a TV idol. Patricia Neal's his discoverer; Anthony Franciosa, his agent. (A) August

✓✓✓ FIRE DOWN BELOW—Columbia, CinemaScope: Strong action film hits a climax as Jack Lemmon is trapped in the hold of a burning ship. Rita Hayworth and Bob Mitchum are his treacherous sweetheart and friend. (F) August

✓✓ GARMENT JUNGLE, THE—Columbia: Over-simplified melodrama. Kerwin Mathews, with Gia Scala's help, fights racketeers preying on pop Lee Cobb's clothing firm. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ HAPPY ROAD, THE—M-G-M: Honey of a movie, combining heart and hilarity. American widower Gene Kelly and French divorcée Barbara Laage trail their runaway children across France. Both small kids are charmers. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ HATFUL OF RAIN, A—20th, CinemaScope: Brilliant study of a family torn by Don Murray's drug addiction. Eva Marie Saint is his wife; Anthony Franciosa dominates as his brother; Lloyd Nolan's the father. (A) August

✓✓ HIDDEN FEAR—U.A.: Involved but fast-moving whodunit. In Denmark because his sister's accused of murder there, American cop John Payne unmasks counterfeiters. (A) August

✓✓✓✓ JOE BUTTERFLY—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Pleasing caper about GIs in Japan just after the war. Carefree Audie Murphy and

continued

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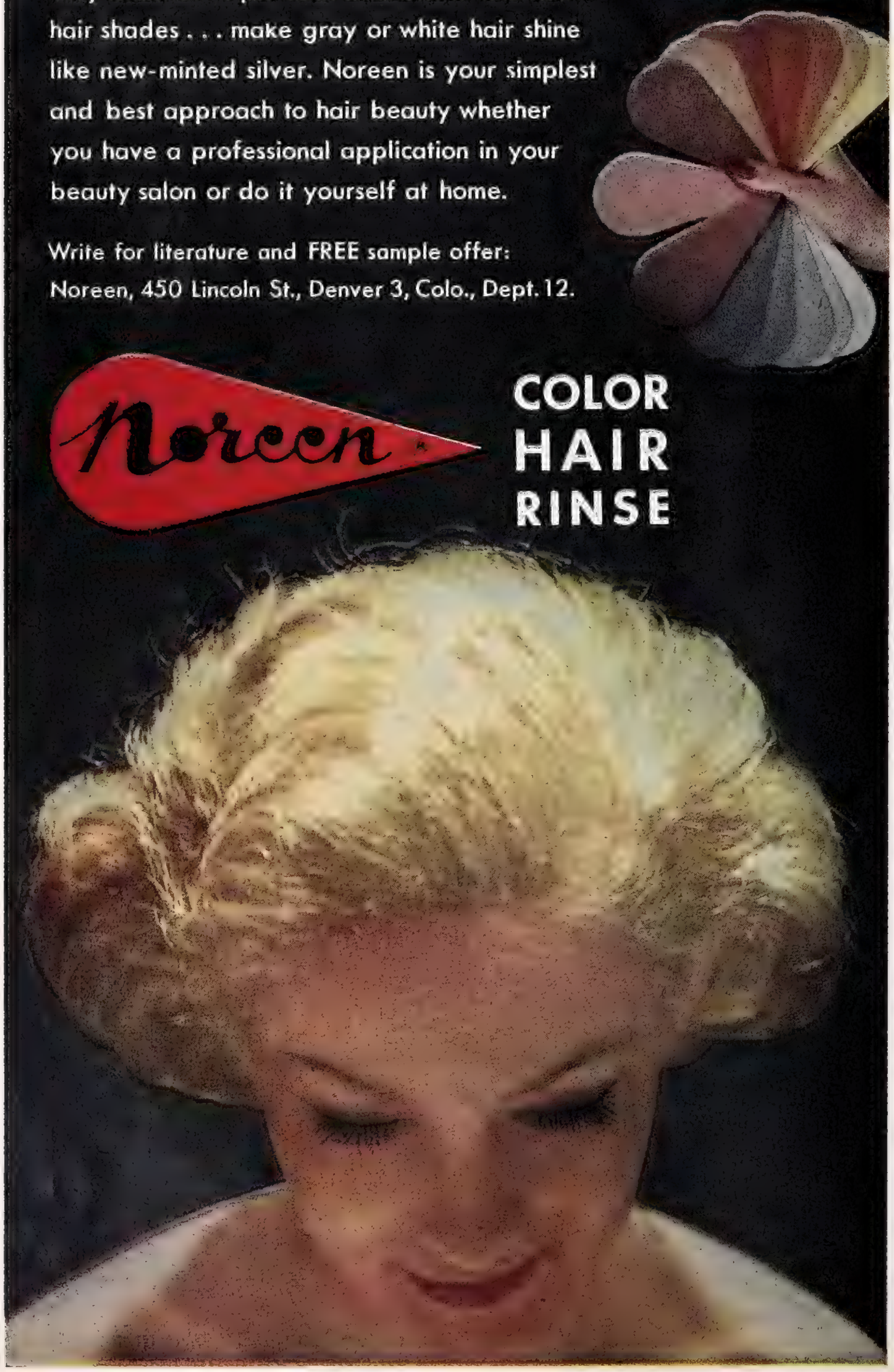

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

BRIEF REVIEWS

continued

earnest George Nader are Army newsmen; Burgess Meredith, a Japanese fixer. (F) August

✓✓✓ JOHNNY TREMAIN—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Flavorful Disney-produced adventure, with Hal Stalmaster and Luana Patten as brave teenagers in the Boston of 1775. (F) August

✓✓ LONELY MAN, THE—Paramount, VistaVision: An emotional Western pits Jack Palance against his resentful son, Tony Perkins. Both fight outlaws, love Elaine Aiken. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON—A.A.: Slender idea, done with dash and with appealing stars. Daughter of private eye Maurice Chevalier, prim-looking Audrey Hepburn chases American rake Gary Cooper—in lovely Paris. (A) August

✓✓ MAN AFRAID—U-I: Modest but effective suspense story. Minister George Nader, defending wife Phyllis Thaxter, kills a young burglar and is pursued by vengeance threats. (F) July

✓✓✓ MAN ON FIRE—M-G-M: Touching story of a custody fight. Tycoon Bing Crosby battles to keep ex-wife Mary Fickett from taking their young son part-time. Inger Stevens is a sympathetic lady lawyer. (A) August

✓✓✓ MONTE CARLO STORY, THE—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: Light-hearted and luxurious. Gamblers and fortune-hunters both, Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica go after a rich American family on the Riviera. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Style, warmth and charm, laughs and romance. In 1911 London, American chorus girl Marilyn Monroe upsets the rigid life of Balkan ruler Laurence Olivier. (A) August

✓✓✓✓ SAINT JOAN—U.A.: Fine version of Shaw's noble and witty tribute to Joan of Arc, played with deep sincerity by young Jean Seberg. Richard Widmark is the weakling Dauphin; Richard Todd, a gallant soldier. (F) July

✓✓ SEVENTH SIN, THE—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Predictable but dramatic. Scientist Bill Travers takes erring wife Eleanor Parker to a plague-ridden Far East village. (A) August

✓✓ SILK STOCKINGS—M-G-M: CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Lilting Cole Porter score, lively stepping by Fred Astaire (Yank producer) and Cyd Charisse (Soviet agent). (F) August

✓✓✓ SOMETHING OF VALUE—M-G-M: Vigorous, violent close-up of conflict in Africa, shot there. Boyhood friends, Rock Hudson and Sidney Poitier, become enemies when the Negro turns Mau Mau. Dana Wynter is Rock's wife. (A) July

✓✓ TAMMY AND THE BACHELOR—U.I.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Debbie Reynolds is enchanting in the quaintly sentimental story of a simple but wise bayou girl who invades the stately home of Leslie Nielson. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars. (F) January

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Hollywood's

MUSIC CRAZE

Jazz is jumping. Rock 'n' roll is running riot. Calypso is king. Pops are tops. Hollywood is going mad, mad, mad about music. Why? On the following pages, in a special color presentation designed for framing by their eager fans, are six good reasons: Frank Sinatra, Elvis Presley, Pat Boone, Tab Hunter, Harry Belafonte, and Tommy Sands. They're the most sensational male stars in the country today. And every one is a singer! What's behind this? Other stars aren't waiting to find out. From young Sal Mineo to (believe it or not) Robert Mitchum, they're all rushing to climb on the bandwagon—or should we say bandstand? And when even staid James Stewart bursts into song in his latest film, "Night Passage," (*Continued on page* 94)

FRANK SINATRA—

champagne at midnight . . .

golden embers

ELVIS PRESLEY—

summer lightning . . .

purple velvet

PAT BOONE—

picnic in the country . . .

strawberry ice . . .

parade on Main Street

TAB HUNTER—

dancing in the dark . . .

cashmere sweaters . . .

polished silver

HARRY BELAFONTE—

bongo drums . . .

blazing sun . . .

a fistful of diamonds

TOMMY SANDS—

autumn hayride . . .

a first romance

MANUSCRIPT
NOT RELEASED TO EDITOR

Hollywood 28, California

Dear Photoplay Editors:

Little did you know when you asked me to interview Tony Perkins that I'd have, to put it mildly, an experience! The end result of two interviews with the feller has left my naturally straight hair curly and my beloved old typewriter a stumbling block for my trembling fingers. It was not easy, believe me, to toss Tony nonchalantly onto my amateur analyst couch and come up with a Perkins package. So please, just this once, will you let me write it as it happened and leave the end results up to our readers? Thanks, and now to the beginning.

My first interview was a luncheon date set at Paramount by Jim Stevens, the studio magazine contact. I was on the lot at ten-thirty so I'd have a chance to read through all the articles on Tony and catch up with the whys and the hows. I certainly found out who, where, when and how, but I've never seen so many whys in my life! Every article (and there were over forty) had a different why for what made Tony tick. He was scintillating; he was shrewd. He was capricious; he was somber. He was a showoff; he was shy. Mentally whirling like a dervish, I stuck to the facts. I made notes: age, twenty-four; brown eyes; born on Twenty-third Street in New York City, son of Osgood Perkins, a famous actor; attended Browne and Nichols Prep School, Rollins College and Columbia University. Although he always wanted to be an actor, he is proficient as a composer, singer and writer. Those were facts—to be clung to. The rest was color. My fellow journalists had had a field day in the art of creating a personality. Or, the horrible thought struck me, had Master Perkins had the field day? "Is Tony Perkins a people?" I asked Jim abruptly. With a sly grin, he suggested, "Why don't you come and see." I silently folded my tent of manuscripts and stole away to the commissary.

At the commissary, we found our table in the little side room that Paramount uses for interviews under the erroneous impression that it's quieter. I took my usual seat with my back to the wall. Jim sat to my left. Tony, I was told, always faces a writer. He would sit opposite me. Jim and I sat making small talk. Tony's new picture, "Desire Under the Elms," had just started preliminary rehearsals. Tony was on the set with Delbert Mann, the director; Sophia Loren and Burl Ives. They were also (*Continued on page* 113)

"What matters in life? Children matter. I didn't know how meaningful life could be until the children came. But a woman with a home and husband and children to look after can be drowned in a sea of trivial chores and worries that aren't really important. It was when I realized that this was happening to me that I knew I had to do something about it. I had to find a way to help myself. Having little Frankie and Melanie grow up to be fine human beings was too important to let myself fail, because I'd surely fail them, too."

by Howard Eisenberg

WHAT EVERY WOMAN NEEDS

A happy home, a wonderful husband, lovely children—Deborah Kerr had them all. But she learned there is something more a woman must have to be truly content

It was one of those days. The Paris hotel room was a tower of babble, utter bedlam. Bellhops, shouting commands at one another in excited French, rushed in and out, adding more luggage to the huge pile of steamer trunks and saddle-grain suitcases in the center of the floor. In and out and over the luggage, two happy, squealing little girls were playing a game of follow-the-leader. A phone was ringing, sharply and insistently.

"Nine—ten—eleven—" Mrs. Anthony Bartley, better known to moviegoers as Deborah Kerr, calmly finishes checking the luggage, then picks up the phone. It's someone from Columbia Pictures. Yes, she's quite satisfied with her wardrobe for "Bonjour Tristesse." No, she doesn't want anything changed. She hangs up. The phone rings again. It's the Paris representative for 20th Century-Fox. Had Mrs. Bartley seen the reviews from the New York papers on "An Affair to Remember"? No, she hadn't. Yes, she'd love to.

A knock on the door. Another bellhop, with a trayful of mail and telegrams.

"Mummy, are we going to the zoo?" small Francesca calls plaintively.

"Oh, Frankie, you can go to a zoo anytime. I want to go to the Louvre!" Melanie, older by three years, wiser she is sure by centuries, has her own ideas.

Their mother puts down her mail with a smile. "We'll see," she says. "Now be off, both of you, and get washed up for lunch. Don't forget to comb your hair, Frankie. You can put on your new dresses. Let me see—Yes, they're right here. And not crushed, thank goodness."

With more happy squeals, the girls run out, and calm and collected as a duchess, Mrs. Bartley sits down in a comfortable chair and pours tea.

"Good. It's still hot. Wonderful stuff. Keeps me going all day."

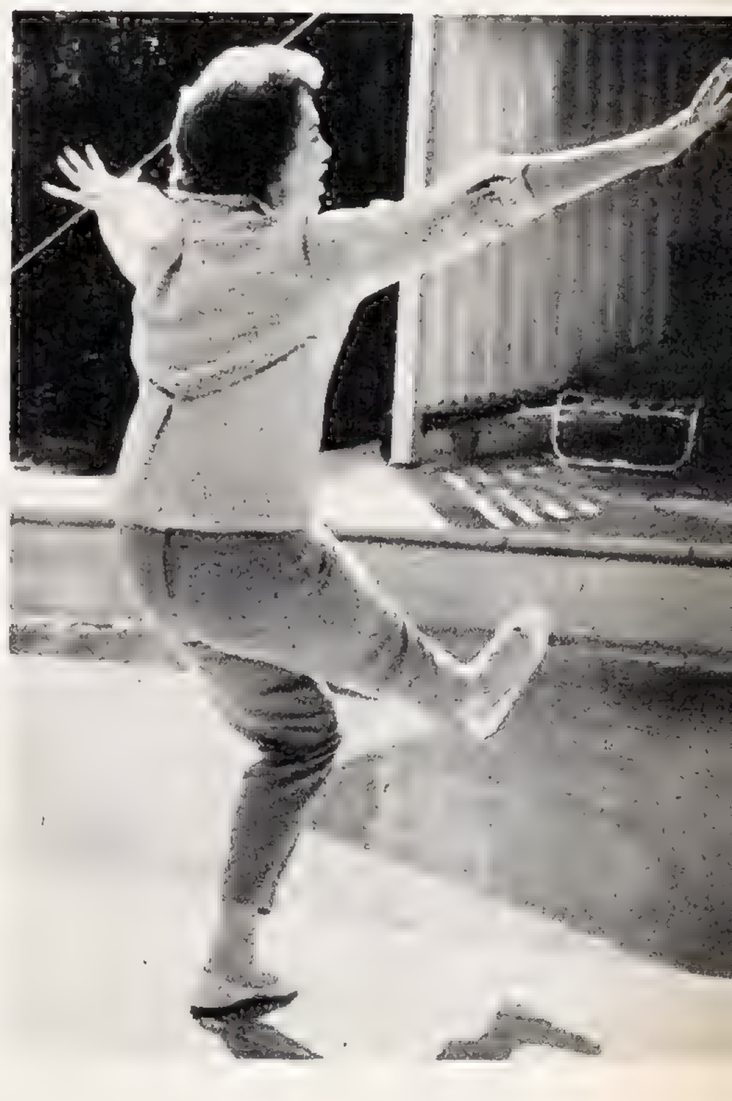
"Is that your secret?" Photoplay's reporter asked.

She laughed. "You want to know how I do it? How I keep my head when all about me—including readers of Kipling—are losing theirs?"

"That's it."

She shook her head. "I'm no woman of steel. I seethe and churn inside. Especially when I hear the things they've been saying about me lately."

There was an unaccustomed edge in her voice, usually so even and pleasant. The rumors she referred to came out of Hollywood. When the cordial and easy-going Miss Kerr, who has won many press awards for cooperation, announced that, for the time being, there would be no more interviews and no more family pictures, the buzzing began. She and her husband, said the needle-tongued, had had it. There'd be no more pictures with Tony Bartley because soon there'd be no more marriage to Tony Bartley. Ridiculous? You bet—and Deborah Bartley was here to say so. "It was simply that I'd reached the point where it was just too much. I had to draw the line. When we get to the Riviera, when my work is finished and we're relaxing in the sun, then there'll be time for pictures. But not now.



"Things like these rumors are annoying, of course. But to get back to that seething and churning inside—I think there's much more to it than that . . ." She turned, and picked up a slender book, lying with her purse and gloves on a side table. "Have you read (*Continued on page* 102)

What is stardom doing to Kim Novak?

The dream has come true, but is the price

too high? In the first interview

given by her father, he tells Photoplay . . .

why I worry about Kim

The director shouted for the second time, "Quiet, all quiet," and this time with some impatience. "Shhh," echoed loud whispers throughout the huge, gray Columbia soundstage—vacant, except for a small section to the left where the klieg lights were focused on a fragile young blonde girl.

"You're right Sal, I—" boomed a male voice over the microphone, and suddenly, with a swift, sharp movement of her body, the girl came to life. Picking up her cue, she repeated. "You're right, Sal, I rob and I steal and I do anything in the book."

"Cut," came the direction and an assistant went up and patted the girl's face with a damp, cool cloth. "The lights are almost unbearable today," she explained to the woman. "Thanks."

The scene continued, the soundstage quiet again, and the girl picked up her cue once more. "You're right Sal, I rob and I steal and I do anything in the book. I've *got* to be a star!"

In a chair, to the left of the cameramen, sat a wiry, serious, middle-aged man. He hardly changed his position during the hour-long session, rarely took his eyes off the girl. Once, when she stumbled over a word, he caught his breath and bowed his head in concentration until she'd recovered and continued. Watching her play an hysterical Jeanne Eagels, he seemed caught in the misery of the mood. Only when the director broke in with, "Cut. Good, Jeanne Eagels," did he relax. Sitting back in his chair, he let his hands go limp, watched the director nod approval to his assistant, and the girl, catching the nod, return it with a small, shy smile of satisfaction. I studied him for a moment, then, feeling I would not intrude, I asked the question that had been raised privately since he had arrived in Hollywood: "What do you think of your daughter, Mr. Novak?"

Almost unconsciously, he answered in a soft voice, "I'm proud of her, real proud. But I worry, too. Is the price too high for the dream?"

"We have a date for a luncheon interview," I said.

Walking across the lot, we made our way to a little restaurant and the bright sunlight seemed to take away some of the tragedy and impact of the scene we'd just watched. Jeanne Eagels had been a beautiful, talented woman, an actress who reached the peak so swiftly that she was never able to make the adjustment. Her life was a tragedy. Although he didn't mention it, it seemed not strange that the thought could occur to Joseph Novak: 'I hope my daughter never has to suffer personally.'

Once seated, the waiter brought the wine, and fingering the glass for a moment, Joseph Novak looked up, slightly bewildered, and began this exclusive interview for Photoplay. "You know, it's hard to believe this is all happening to Kim. It never stops surprising me that she's in the movies, a star. (*Continued on page* 106)

by MAXINE ARNOLD

"It's freezing," yelped Gia as she and Rusty ran in and right out of the water. Russ lent Gia part of his "beach robe"—an overgrown beach towel

do go near the water

Wanna come to a party today?" Russ Tamblyn shouted at us over the telephone. "So soon?" we asked. "Yeah. Gonna be leaving next week for 'Peyton Place' in Maine." "Be there at twelve," we answered. When we arrived, Earl Holliman, Anne Francis and Gia Scala were sprawled in the living room of Rusty's beach house. "I don't want to do a thing except fill up this bathing suit," said Gia. "I'm dead." "What a lively bunch," muttered Russ, holding his bass viol like a guitar and imitating Elvis Presley's "Hound Dog"—and the party began with a bang! It ended ten hours later. *(continued)*

"Let's take one for the record," grinned Earl, and we did. Earl, Anne, Gia, Russ met making "Don't Go Near the Water"

"Any truth to those romance rumors?" we asked. Earl and Gia laughed non-committally

They chased a beach ball over the beach, ducked one another in the surf and had ravenous appetites at dinner time. "Omicats," bellowed Rusty, "The rolls! I forgot to get the rolls." He raced off toward the delicatessen, returning with a loaf of rye bread. "Tonight," Rusty announced, "we have the specialty of the house." "Hamburgers?" asked Anne. "With a wonderful sauce," added Rusty and set the platter down with a flourish. "This is delicious," said Gia. "May I have the recipe?" Rusty looked shocked. "Would the Brown Derby tell you how to make sauce bernaise? Would Romanoff's tell you how to make sauce hollandaise? Would the Mocambo tell you how to make sauce anglaise? Nevertheless," he waved his hand airily, "I will!" As they passed their plates for seconds, everyone agreed that this was the perfect way to end the day. (P.S. Rusty's recipes are on page 109)

"This is fun," said Anne, "I could walk for mi—" The rest was lost in laughter as she and Earl tumbled down to the sand

From Russ' Malibu beach house, set on the fringe of the rolling Pacific, it's only a short ride (by piggy-back) to the water

ow does he do it?" Gia
rmured as Rusty executed
lazzling mid-air somersault,
ding squarely on his feet

In Bombay, our reporter Pegge Parker gets Rossellini's story

For the first time to Photoplay, Rossellini discusses his marriage to Ingrid. This is the story the newspapers didn't get

EXCLUSIVE:

ROSSELLINI TALKS

Rossellini maintains his and Ingrid's troubles didn't start in India, although they reached headline proportions as a result of his relationship with young Indian beauty, Sonali Das Gupta, while producing a documentary there. Ingrid, he says, never shared his enthusiasm for the movie project

The balding, fifty-one-year-old movie director looked as though he needed a bath. He had showered and shaved less than half an hour before but—drenched in the heat that hangs like a shroud over Bombay at dusk—he was already rumpled again, and his clean white shirt stuck wetly to his chest.

"My wife. . . ?"

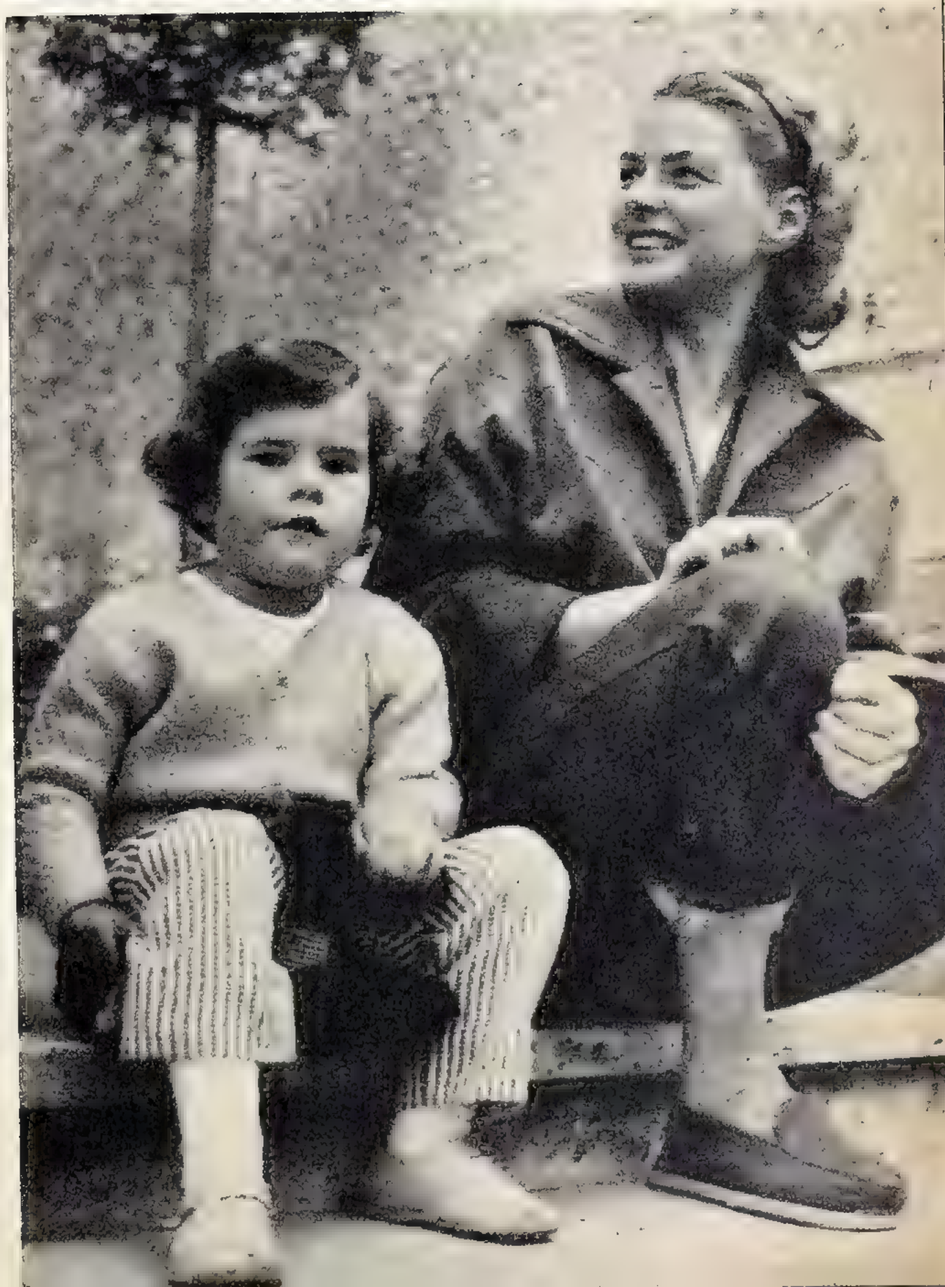
Roberto Rossellini lit a cigarette and began to talk about his wife, Ingrid Bergman, doe-eyed Sonali Das Gupta, and the scandal that was still erupting in bazaars, fetid back streets, chic dinner parties and air-conditioned government offices all over India.

The Bombay newspapers had called him a "villain" and a "seducer" and demanded that he be booted out of India on his plump posterior. Prime Minister Nehru had labeled him a "rascal" and allegedly suggested that Sonali's husband have him beaten up by hoodlums. He seemed oblivious to all of this. He had been persuaded to give this one exclusive interview by Count V. Lavison, Italian Consul-General in Bombay and—after the first wary moments—he hunched forward in his chair and spoke unguardedly.

"My wife. . . ? Ingrid is a very independent woman. A strong woman. In many ways much stronger than I. I will be quite honest. (*Continued on page* 99)

by PEGGE PARKER

Meeting her marital troubles with quiet dignity, an unruffled Ingrid spends happy hours at the family villa near Rome with son Robertino, twins Ingrid and Isabella



by ELLIN THOMPSON

No marriage stories for us

. . . say Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. Why? What has happened that made them reach this sudden, but firm, decision?

It all began when the S. S. Queen Elizabeth docked in London a short time ago. A horde of newspapermen were there to greet two of its prominent passengers, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. After they'd had their baggage cleared through customs and were ready to embark for their European honeymoon, a few members of the press waylaid them. "No marriage stories, please," said Eddie, and Debbie echoed, "We'll talk about anything, but not about our marriage."

There was a stunned silence.

"Just three questions, Mr. Fisher?" began a reporter. And Eddie answered, "Okay. But can we say, 'No comment,' if we don't like them?" Everybody laughed.

"What are your plans in Europe?" the reporter asked.

"I'll be singing at the Palladium in London for a week. Then we're going to Monte Carlo, Madrid, Rome—I'll be working there, too, looking for new acts for my TV show."

"And we're going to vacation," said Debbie with a smile, "just as often as we can."

The reporter asked about Eddie's new hour-long television show, and he grew enthusiastic. "It's going to be great. Lots of time to set a mood, to get a background, to really *do* things. I'm looking forward to it. And that's why I'm so eager to find new talent abroad."

"After we vacation," added Debbie.

Another reporter asked why Jeanette Johnson, Debbie's best friend, is accompanying them on this trip, and Eddie glanced at Debbie and said, "You get busy for two or three days and leave her alone and she gets lonesome." Debbie looked up at him and smiled and he answered her with a grin. "But we're going to spend a lot of time together and really *see* Europe this time. It's going to be a second honeymoon."

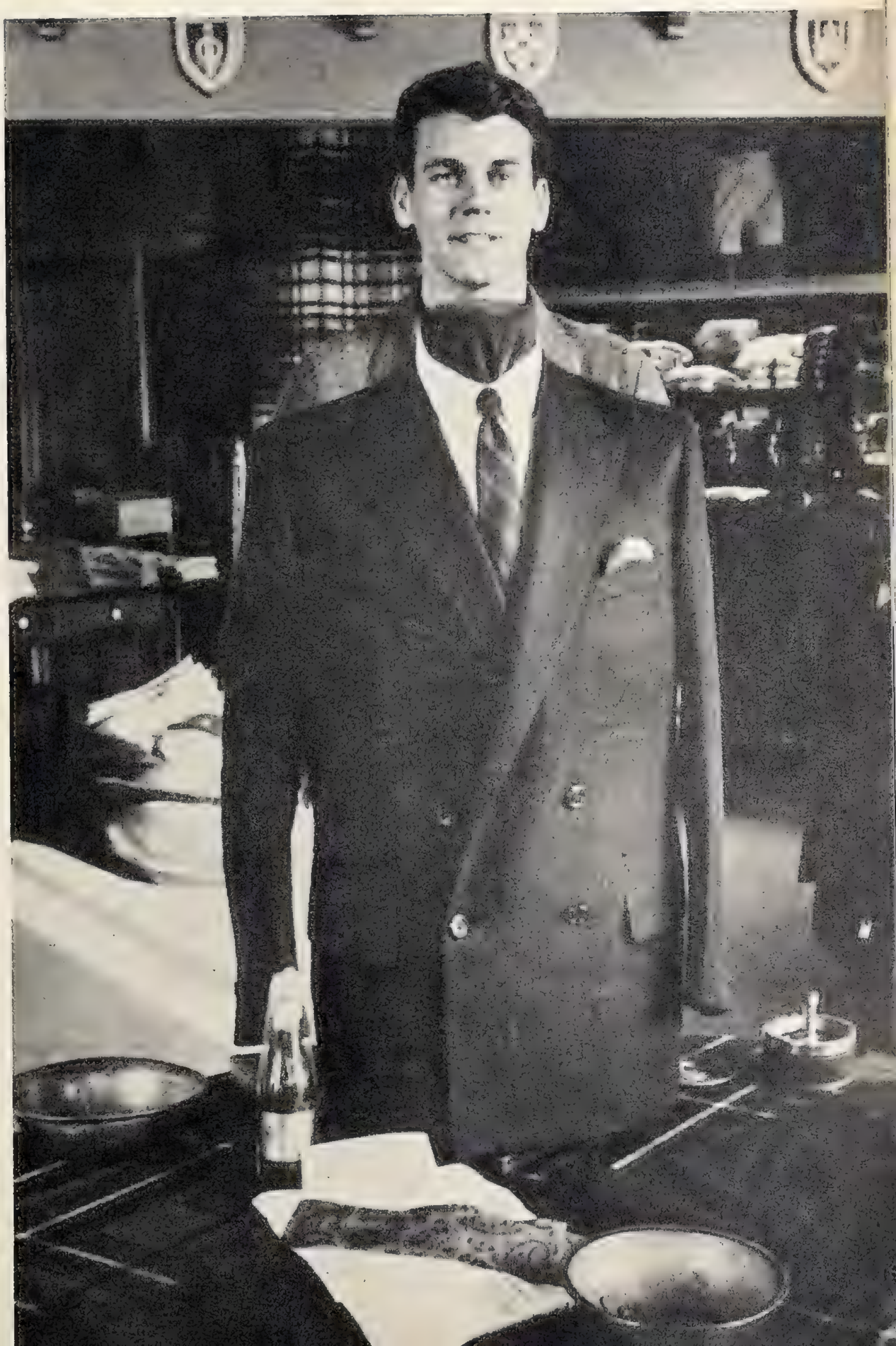
"They look happy," mentioned one British newspaperman in an aside as Debbie and Eddie airily waved goodbye. But an American correspondent set the Britishers thinking when she added, "I know. (*Continued on page* 84)

photographs by SANFORD H. ROTH

Photoplay's PICTURE PROFILE

Please take me as I am

I don't want to be anybody else. I only want to be myself." Donald Patrick Murray means every word he says. He does not conform. Unlike most of the current crop of young actors, he's impossible to peg. He dresses conservatively and drives a Ford convertible. Until his marriage, he owned only one suit. He does not shuffle, slouch or mumble. He's erect and direct. He was graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in the class ahead of Grace Kelly, never went near the Actors Studio. ("When people hear I didn't, they think I'm a rare bird.") He has an unruly mop of dark brown hair, green eyes and a ready, broad smile. He's six-feet-two, weighs 185 pounds ("I had to put on weight for 'Bus Stop.' Then I had to take it all off to play the dope addict in 'Hatful of Rain'!"). He's a steak-and-potatoes man. He's an all-around athlete, at school won letters for football and track. He likes to play touch football with the neighborhood boys. Growing up near the beach outside New York City, he learned to swim when he was four, loves sailing. ("Some day I want to get my own boat.") He is a deeply religious member of the Church of the Brethren. But there is nothing stuffy or sanctimonious about him. He has a keen Irish wit, loves to tell stories in Italian or German dialect—not jokes, but clean, funny stories of experiences he had or heard about. He also has an Irish temper but keeps it well under control. He made his stage debut in "Hellzapoppin," when his father, the stage manager Dennis Murray, had him run across the length of the stage. The part (*continued*)



"These photos were taken," says photographer Sandy Roth, "one afternoon when Don and I stopped by a local shop."

"Don dallied around the sports cap counter, then shyly tried a few on. 'They're real crazy,' he kept saying. 'But where would I ever wear one?' 'When you drive,' I suggested. After a good long study, Don concluded, 'Nope, I don't think I'd ever wear one.'"

lasted ten years. His mother, an ex-Ziegfeld Follies beauty, never interfered with his aspirations. He fell in love with his wife, Hope Lange, when she was a seventeen-year-old dancer and he was playing his first big stage role as the sailor in "The Rose Tattoo." She fell in love with him several years later, when he returned after two-and-a-half years of voluntary service in European D.P. camps. Both he and Hope give a portion of their earnings to the project closest to Don's heart, a resettlement program that will make the hopeless refugees of Naples self-supporting. As a pacifist, he is not afraid of danger. He simply refuses to kill another human being. Careerwise, he has two ambitions. One, to bring to films his original screenplay entitled "The Homeless." ("It's a love story that takes place in a refugee camp. Hope and I would like to play the leads.") Two, he wants to play the leading role in "Jean Christophe." He and Hope recently bought a home in Beverly Hills, near Burns and Allen. ("I expect in a few years, my son Chris will be selling lemonade at a stand in front, pointing out the home of the famous George and Gracie to the tourists.") He expects to putter about the place, do his own carpentry and bricklaying. Being himself has not always been so easy. He knows the combination of acting and being a religious conscientious objector is an unusual one. ("It took me two years to convince the authorities. They didn't think an actor could be sincere.") That he is sincere, he continues to amply demonstrate every day, in every way he can. ("I have learned that without this purpose, any success that comes my way would have no meaning.") "Hatful of Rain" will make Don Murray a very big star. He already is a big person.

by CARL CLEMENT

I WALKED AWAY FROM FEAR

Closed in a shell of her own making, Vera Miles was afraid of life, afraid of love —until something wonderful happened that made her the person she wanted to be

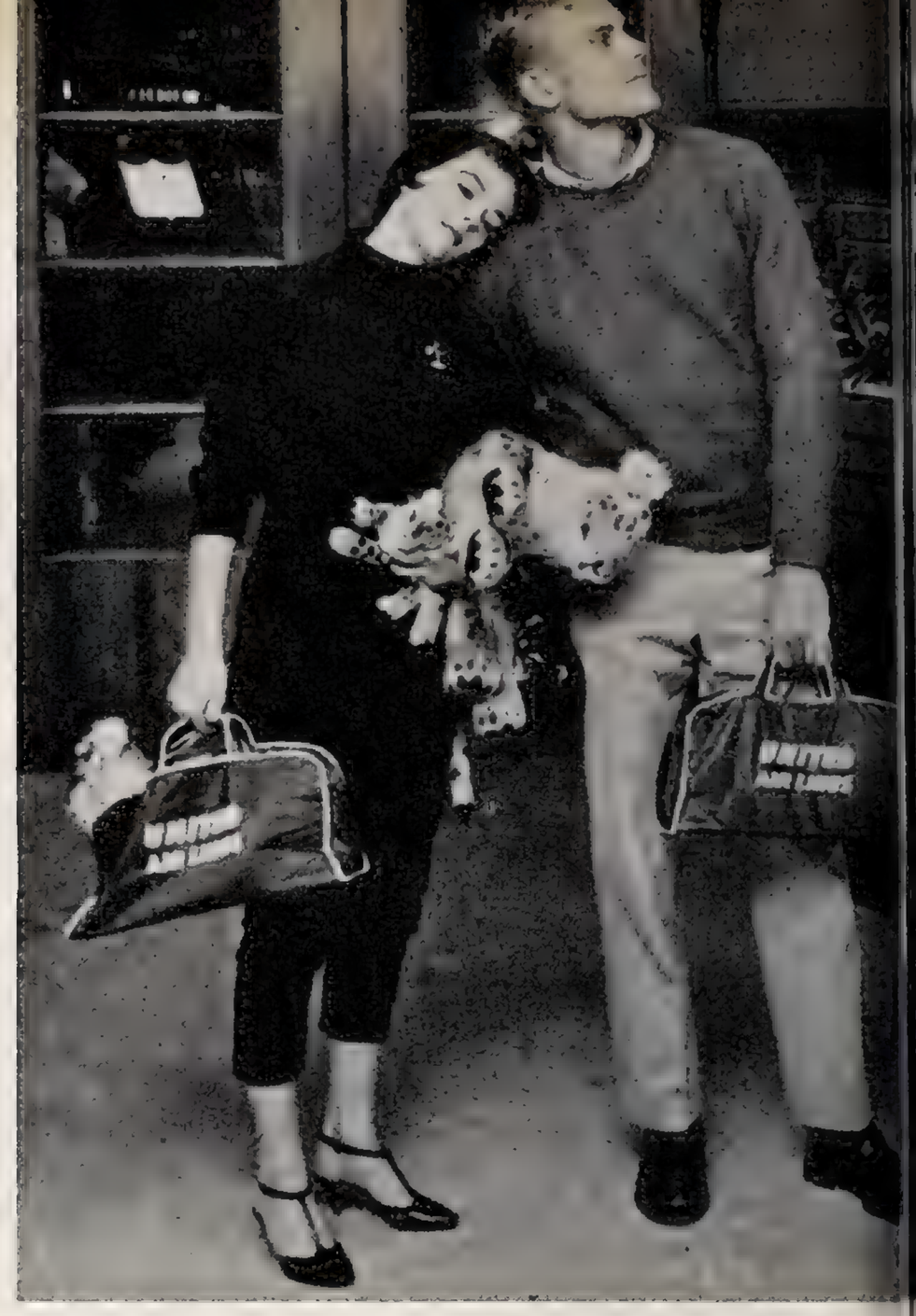
At fourteen I was working nine hours a day in a paper box factory." This wasn't said to startle, it was a simple statement of fact made by Vera Miles as we sat in the living room of her home one warm afternoon.

Yet it was startling, in the quiet calm of the sunny room, where a cool breeze moved the curtains and the whole atmosphere was one of pleasant ease. Vera brushed back her blonde hair from her forehead. She has a fragile beauty—a look of always having been sheltered. Searching for her thoughts, she smiled and went on, "But I was a confounded idiot, you know. I worked with so much enthusiasm I was promoted to a stapling machine. One day a ten-ton anvil came barreling down when I pressed a foot lever to staple the box I was holding. Just before it hit, I yanked my fingers out of the way. If I hadn't, for real I could have said 'Look Ma, (*Continued on page* 110)

Gordon shocked Vera when they first met. She thought he had "an idiot streak in him." Gordon had his problems too. Vera's real personality lay behind what seemed an impenetrable wall. So then they were married! Together the Scotts are fixing up their new house now. Outside are a badminton court and swimming pool for sunny afternoons and inside, hi-fi, television and hundreds of books for rainy days. With Debbie, six, and Kelly, five, (Vera's daughters by a former marriage) and a new baby almost here, the Scotts have every reason these days to stay close to home

PART II • by RICHARD GEHMAN

DON'T SELL NATALIE SHORT



Natalie Wood was discovered by director Irving Pichel when she was four years old and living in Santa Rosa, California. With the unusual talent she had for making friends, she simply wandered away from her mother while they visited the set of a movie called "Happyland," and wound up on the lap of the director, telling him a story and singing him a song. Completely fascinated, director Pichel gave her an "extra" bit in a crowd scene and was so pleased with the work she did that he promised her mother, "I will look for a part for her in Hollywood." Then he added, "I am sure your little girl will be a big star some day."

Director Pichel kept the first half of his promise two years later, when he sent for Natalie and cast her in "Tomorrow Is Forever." And now, thirteen years after Natalie captivated her first audience, Pichel's second statement seems to be coming true.

Last summer, shortly after Natalie was awarded the starring role in "Marjorie Morningstar" by the Warner Brothers officials—the role which may very well catapult her to the stardom she has dreamed of throughout most of her nineteen years—a studio executive called her into his office and made a startling announcement.

"We've decided," he said, "that you're just a little too slender for the part of Marjorie."

Natalie's dark eyes grew apprehensive. She had been hoping to get the part for nearly a year, and she had won it after the studio had tested nearly every young actress on both coasts who might conceivably have been suitable for it. Now she was afraid they had made a last-minute decision against her.

"You mean," she said, "I don't have the part after all?"

The executive laughed. "Don't go jumping to conclusions, Nat. We want you for the part and we've got a lot of confidence in you. But the fact is, you're too thin. You've got to gain weight. You've got to gain at least ten pounds." (*Continued on page* 92)

"Sure I like dates. What girl doesn't? Tab Hunter, Nick Adams, Hugh O'Brian, Steve Rowland, Bob Vaughn, Scott Marlowe—they're fun to be with, but what's most important, they're my friends. Bob Wagner? Well, he's awfully nice!"

by BOB THOMAS

has Jerry fooled the critics?

In his first year on his own, Jerry Lewis has had a rough press reception. But those blasts may turn to boomerangs

Jerry Lewis became a prime target for critics the moment he stepped out on his own as a solo entertainer—just one year ago. And they've let him have it, with attacks ranging from sly sniping to both-barrels blasts.

He knocks himself out filling a TV show with laughs, songs, dances, and all he gets from one critic is a weary brush-off: "His Saturday night session didn't do all that was expected of it." From another he gets the works: "A pitiful reminder of Milton Berle's early TV shows, except Uncle Miltie did them better." He puts his heart into a comic-sentimental number with his father and young son, and the routine is called "the most grievous error on the show."

He works like a demon on "The Delicate Delinquent," first film that stars him alone, and the top trade-paper review dismisses it as "uneven and undistinguished."

Thanks to the critics, the deepest disappointment of Jerry's life came on the night that should have seen his greatest triumph. He was opening at the New York Palace, where all old-time vaudevillians hoped to go before they died. For this show-business kid, the theater on Times Square was a symbol of success. "All my life I had wanted to play there," Jerry says.

Maybe he wanted it too much—because disaster struck. "I was so nervous and scared opening night that I just went through the paces. There was no spark, no life. Patti was in (*Continued on page* 88)

When scathing comments hurt Jerry too deeply, Patti Lewis has a motto to calm him down: You have to be somebody before people will criticize you—so forget the criticism and be grateful you're not a nobody. "That's the trouble with her," he complains. "She's always right!"

Everybody's beau ideal, Gable's virile portrayals of test pilots and dashing adventurers (with Yvonne de Carlo in "Band of Angels") enthralled fans. Even poor films couldn't touch his prestige

Cary had a time finding his niche in Hollywood until Leo McCarey, behind piano, directed him in "The Awful Truth." Cary's matchless comedy performance in it assured his future. The lady turning music is Miss Kerr, his co-star in "An Affair to Remember"

Expert at playing vixens, tragedy-ridden heroines and just plain mixed-up girls, Bette was demurely tagged "the little brown wren" until she rebelled and bleached her hair. Here with daughter Babs

Jimmy Stewart studied architecture at college but Princeton's "Triangle Club" musical shows lured him into show business. As Lindbergh in "The Spirit of St. Louis" he portrays, again, an American hero

STARS

Hollywood couldn't beat

PART II. Last month, beginning his three part serial, Dick Sheppard wrote, "At one time or another, every movie personality now recognized as an all-time 'great' (and this included John Wayne, Ingrid Bergman, Joan Crawford, Susan Hayward, Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn and Gary Cooper) was labeled a 'fallen star' and box-office poison." Despite this they've all bounced back—stronger than ever. What gives them their unique lasting power? Dick continues, in this second installment, his search for the answer to this intriguing question. The search begins with Gary Cooper.

"When Gary first came to Hollywood," said one of Coop's early directors recently, "the critics took out after him. 'One great gangle of arms and legs,' they wrote. But even though Coop's fan appeal and acting ability in those early days were in question, he always had one outstanding asset. He could keep his mouth shut."

It was a good thing. Gary's first years in Hollywood were no picnic and after three much-publicized romances and other hectic off-camera activities had left him worn and spent, he suffered a nervous breakdown, left Hollywood to recuperate. In Rome, he was alone and homesick. It was there that the late Countess *(continued)*

While Ginger chased the dramatic muse, Fred kept right on dancing, much to the relief of his ardent fans. His wistful singing voice, casual charm and unparalleled footwork are again exhibited in "Silk Stockings" in which he co-stars with Cyd Charisse

To watch Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire dance was more than a treat, it was an unforgettable experience. Later, Ginger went after serious roles, worked hard and finally won an Oscar, surprising Hollywood

di Frasso eventually took him under her wing, introduced him to the culture of Europe, later took him big-game hunting in Africa. She polished the rough edges, considerably widened his interests, helped mature him as a person. He returned to Hollywood to appear opposite Helen Hayes in "A Farewell to Arms", and critics marked him as an actor to be taken seriously. His marriage the following year to socialite Veronica Balfe, and the subsequent birth of their daughter, Maria, brought him tranquility and fulfillment in his private life. Now he could really concentrate on his career.

From the outset, his close-mouthed characteristics were a decided asset. While other stars ranted, raved, climbed walls and threatened hara-kiri in career squabbles, Gary went to great lengths to avoid any head-on explosions. "I never like to hurt people's feelings," he once remarked. "If you say 'no' you can't change your mind later on." When there were problems to be faced or aims to be achieved, Gary meditated at length, decided on the best strategy and pursued it. ("Let's see what happens" was one strategem (*Continued on page* 117)

Clothes," said Terry Moore, "are half the fun of being a girl." But being the busy person she is, she can't devote half her life to shopping. Nor does she want to spend half her income. She uses all her ingenuity, therefore, to make the smallest possible wardrobe go to the greatest number of places . . . yet she always looks natural and well-groomed. It's a look and a method you can follow. Terry thinks of her wardrobe as a whole rather than a series of parts. In planning, she asks herself: "Will this top go with taperpants as well as with a skirt? Can I wear this Winter, Spring, Fall? Daytime, Night? By coordinating color can I avoid getting a new handbag for every dress?" Her next step is to study the fashion trends carefully, then follow the styles that are right for her.

"Wool tweed is my ticket to work or for travel. With it, the blouse of chiffon (a new duo!) looks uncommonly fragile." Simplicity Pattern 2186, 50¢; Chiffon bow blouse, Simplicity's No. 2193, 35¢

PHOTOGRAPHED AT NINA REGGIE'S BY DICK LITWIN

Sew a star wardrobe

Sew a star wardrobe *continued*

"For evening separates, I favor unexpected textures like satin with wool." Halter blouse, Simplicity 2086, 35¢; printed wool skirt, Simplicity 2006, 50¢

"Notice the new length of my taper-pants. The tops dress them up or down." Pants, Simplicity Pattern 1818, 50¢; jersey blouse, Simplicity 1727, 35¢

"Every girl needs a black basic dress as a foil for jewelry, a scarf, change of hat with mood." Simplicity Pattern 2139, 50¢

"I call this dress, at right, my 'golden find.' I like its knitted fabric—and wear it with or without the self-belt." Pattern 2173, 50¢. "My coat, a soft shade of chocolate, goes beautifully over my loose-fitting suits." Simplicity Pattern 2136, 50¢.

To buy patterns, see stores on page 72

Sew a star wardrobe *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DICK LITWIN AT GRAMERCY TOWERS

"I believe in the 'Sew-It-Yourself School.' Things fit better, can be richer in fabric. Right now I'm lucky enough to have a dressmaker and have picked up some of her trade secrets to pass on to you:
1. Use pinking shears for a finished look; keeps seams from raveling.
2. Set aside an especially sharp pair of shears for cutting thin fabrics, such as chiffon, so threads won't pull.
3. For neat, comfortable fit, get the zipper length the pattern calls for.
4. After you've sewn your fine seam, press it (using steam iron if you have one). Details like this mean the difference between the homemade and the couturier look.
5. When interfacing is called for, get the best quality you can.
6. Choose thread carefully for color and weight, depending upon fabric used.(*Continued on page 72*)

"My turtleneck top picks up its color from my unpressed pleated skirt. It's the same one I team with my new ski pants. A belt pulls them together." Skirt, Pattern 2145, 35¢

TERRY'S ACCESSORIES SHOWN ON THESE PAGES ARE: HATS BY EMME, SHOES BY DELMAN, JEWELRY BY CORO, HANDBAGS BY MARK CROSS, BELTS BY CALDERON, GLOVES BY WEAR-RIGHT

Below, *Teddi King, RCA Victor's young songbird also sings in smart nightclubs. "My clothes must be as individual as my song arrangements. That's why I choose Simplicity Patterns for my dressmaker to use. They're styled with wonderful drama, fashion—and Simplicity!"*

Teddi King in Simplicity No. 2182

Coleen Gray in Simplicity No. 2171

Left, *Movie and TV star Coleen Gray has been sewing since her college days. "And I use Simplicity because I find the pretty but classic kind of sportsclothes we love in California. Not only that, Simplicity Patterns are so easy to follow, I really enjoy the sewing!"*

Below, *MGM's lovely Finnish "find", Taina Elg, "loves to sew, hates to iron." Her enchanting figure "just fits into size 11 Simplicity Patterns"; one reason she uses them. Taina will co-star in the Sol C. Siegel Production, "Les Girls", released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Taina Elg, new MGM star, in Simplicity No. 2153

There are so many good reasons why... more women choose Simplicity than any other pattern!

Look for your copy of the Fall-Winter Simplicity Magazine . . . at newsstands and pattern counters . . . 35¢

(*Advertisement*)

Sew a star wardrobe

continued

"I'm constantly amazed at how a change in accessories can make a dress unrecognizable. I have three sets—one in each of the basic colors of my wardrobe—gold, black and shades of brown. I make sure I have a big bold handbag and a tiny clutch, a spill of beads for an unadorned dress, hats in the latest, gayest shapes. They're wardrobe multipliers!"

"This is another of my double-duty dresses—to be worn bare or as a jumper. Here, I wear it with the soft chiffon blouse I wore with my tweed suit on page 67. I love it because I'm keen on pleats (they're going the rounds this year). Simplicity Pattern No. 2146, 50¢

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In CinemaScope
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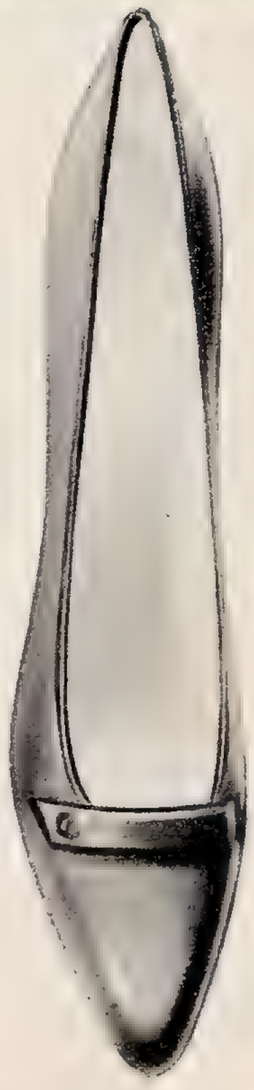
Matching
broadtail bag.

Hermine Cantor and Taina Elg

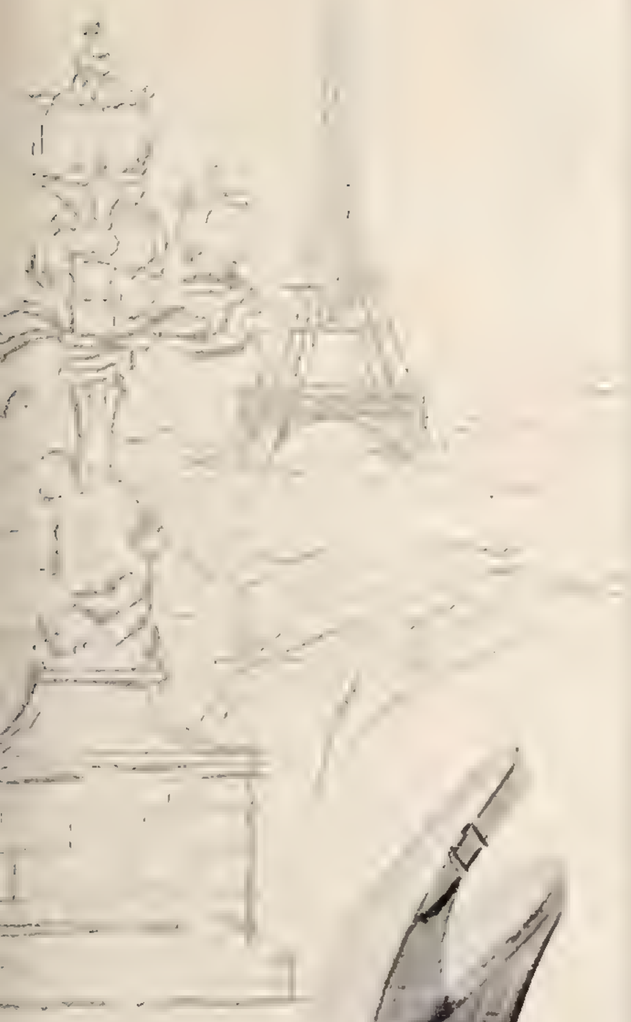
Fashion Editor Photoplay Magazine

Party • sling-shot strap
with gay button-flower jewel.

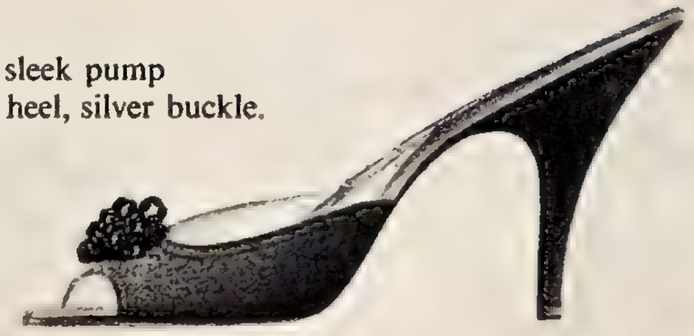
Pointer • slim sheath with
square throat, stiletto heel.



Sassy • flared wing trim
on an elegantly tapered toe.



Pin Point • sleek pump
with pencil heel, silver buckle.



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1 Start with the right groceries: Eat lightly, passing up heavy food for fruit and vegetables

2 If you can't be at the shore, cool off by wearing colors of the sea: blue, green, white

3 Artificial flowers never wilt, perk up your outfit and you. It's cooler than jewelry, too

4 Cold water on the "pulses" at ankles and wrists cools the entire body. (See photo, right)

5 For a glow instead of a hot shine, freshen face often with cool, convenient cleansing pads

6 Best cure for wilted spirits between now and your next vacation—a long, lukewarm bath

7 Be sure tub is *full.* And for the nicest way to come clean, add fragrant bath salts or oil

8 Slide in up to your chin and don't even *think* of sudsing up for at least 20 lazy minutes

9 Dust with powder so you won't heat up all over again, tugging on clothes over damp skin

10 For the fancy finish, spray generously with toilet water in economical aerosol bottle

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BY RADIE HARRIS

Exclusively Yours

Radie, right, wonders what's in store for Bob Stack (with wife Rosemarie) now that he's been suspended by 20th

Hollywood bachelors are getting rare as dinosaurs these days, but handsome John Saxon is still eligible

Stack Takes A Stand: Too bad that Bob Stack, after his Academy nominee performance in "Written on the Wind," is now on suspension for refusing a role offered to him on his home lot, 20th. I don't quarrel with Bob's right to turn down a part that he feels is a step backward in his career, because no actor can give his best to a film in which he is unhappy. Yet, on the other hand, I have rarely found an actor, on stage or screen, who is an impersonal judge of a script. He reads it in relation to the size of his own role and how it will "stack" up against any competition! Reminds me of a young player I know, who finally won his first stage role. Eagerly, he scanned the script for his first entrance. It read: "Curtain rises. You make exit as heroine enters!"

New Femme Star: Pat Neal's screen comeback in "Face in the Crowd" should have every studio knocking at her door again. When Pat checked out of Warner Brothers five years ago, she was an unhappy girl. An unfortunate love affair with a handsome film hero had left a deep scar. She returned to New York, dispirited at heart and disinterested in her career. Then, she met the well-known British short-story writer, Roald Dahl, and suddenly, it was a great, big, beautiful world again. After the birth of their daughter, Olivia, Pat began to think of her career again, and to warm up, she started attending classes at the Actors Studio. It was here that Elia Kazan saw her doing a brilliant "improvisation" and asked her if she would like to replace Barbara Bel Geddes in his stage production of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Pat took this opportunity to return to Broadway, even in a role established by another star. It proved to be a wise jump, because it was the springboard for her return to films. Kazan was so delighted with her performance, that when he and Budd Schulberg joined their "On the Waterfront" talents again for "Face in the Crowd," Pat was immediately tagged for the feminine lead opposite Andy Griffith. Now, with this new lease on her screen career, and another daughter to bless her happy marriage, all of Pat's unhappy memories have receded into a dim and forgotten past.

People You Know: Cary Grant turned down the co-starring role in "Bonjour Tristesse" because he didn't want to play a father of an eighteen-year-old daughter. And he's right. I don't know of any eighteen-year-old, whose feelings for Cary are like a daughter's!

There aren't many young eligible bachelors left in Hollywood anymore, and now there is one less, since Cliff Robertson caught up with Jack Lemmon's lovely ex-wife, Cynthia Lemmon. Listen for wedding bells any day now. On second thought, from the letters I've been receiving, John Saxon should be able to take over.

Deborah Kerr's eight-year-old daughter, Melanie Bartley, went to see her mother in (*Continued on page* **81**)

Can love come to a woman after 35?

She has so much to give—to the man who can give in return. Could it be Gil? They might know real love together. But whenever they come close to fulfillment, his jealousy tears through their happiness, destroying it. Is Kurt the answer? Kurt, so sure, so shrewd. He has the power to hurt, yet a sudden gentleness made him say, "I'm starved for all the things you are." Can she choose? You can get the *whole* story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear **THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK.**

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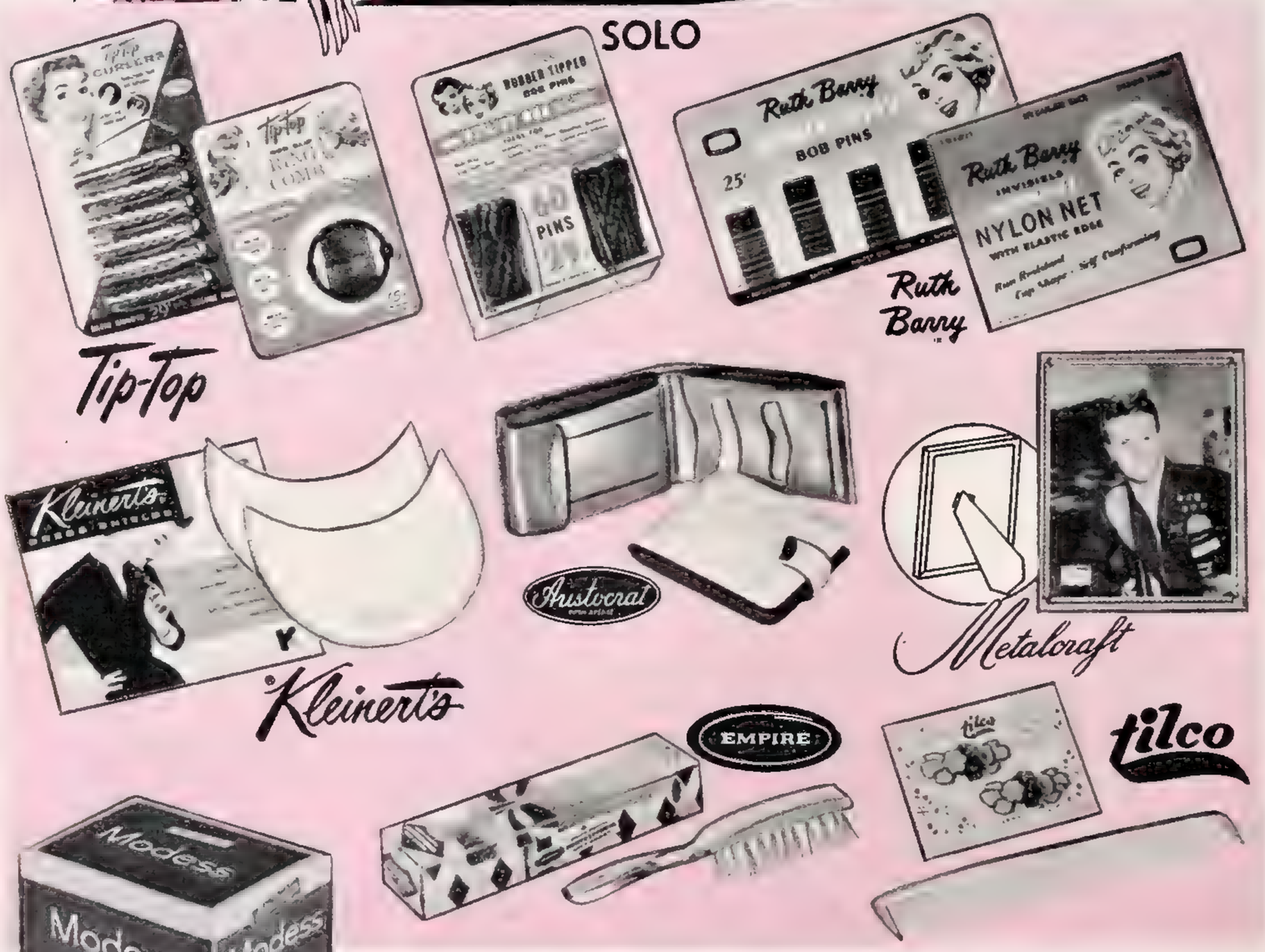

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80th ANNIVERSARY 1857 1937 1857 1937 30th

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Exclusively Yours *Continued*

Just on film, Bob Evans plays bullfighter beau to Ava, that torero fan

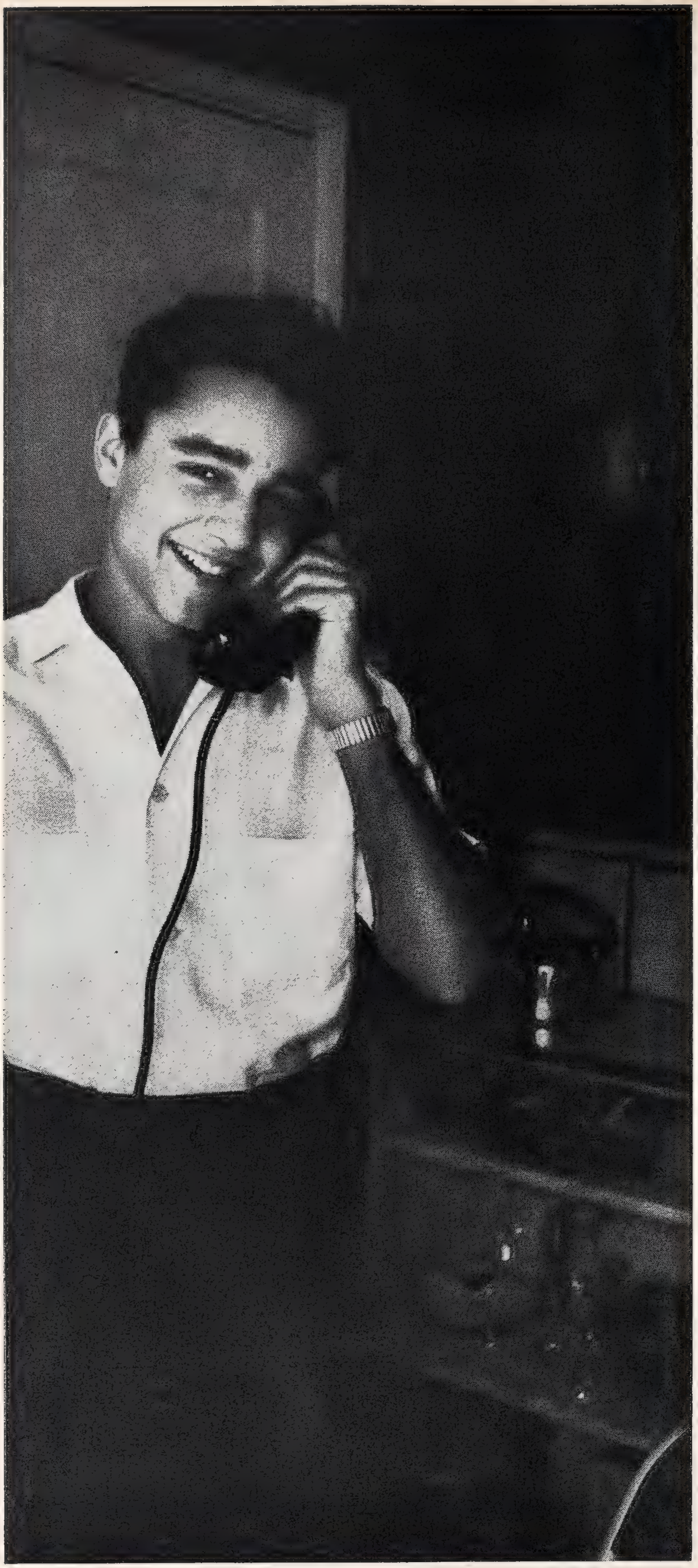
Move over, Jack Benny! Jayne shows she can handle a fiddle, too, on TV

"An Affair to Remember" and reported back, "I don't see how it can fail." Sounds as if Melanie may grow up to be a very discerning film critic!

My Own Private Crystal Ball: Ava Gardner won't marry Walter Chiari, but if she does in an impulsive moment, it can't possibly last. Chiari admittedly is the jealous male, Ava is admittedly the possessive female—a combination as combustible as TNT! . . . Greer Garson will score a great personal triumph in her Broadway debut, replacing Rosalind Russell as "Auntie Mame" and Hollywood will "discover" her all over again . . . Cathleen Nesbitt's exquisite performance as Cary Grant's grandmother in "Affair to Remember" (20th Century-Fox), will be a strong contender in the Oscar sweepstakes for the best supporting performance of the year by an actress . . . If Linda Christian can find a ghost writer who will really tell *all* in her planned autobiography, Linda should make Diana Barrymore look like *Elsie Dinsmore!* . . . Lauren Bacall will be a wise gal to move away from Hollywood where it's "No Man's Land" for an unattached femme and once back in her native New York, she'll regain the Paradise she lost at Bogie's death. . . . If Audrey Hepburn allows Mel Ferrer to direct one of her films, it might prove the handwriting on the wall. When Mel co-starred in the stage production of "Ondine" with Audrey, he objected vehemently when Lynn Fontanne interjected some of her ideas to *her* husband, Alfred Lunt, so what will he say to his own wife if she emulates Miss Fontanne? . . . Jayne Mansfield will never be cast in a movie entitled "The Reluctant Debutante" . . . If Tallulah Bankhead, whose favorite role is *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain," ever gets around to seeing Kim Novak's screen version, don't ask her what she thinks of it—or she's likely to tell you! . . . Rumors that Ty Power will marry Mai Zetterling will continue in all the gossip columns and Ty will continue to deny them . . . Deborah Kerr, who's been a three-time loser as an Oscar nominee, has a very good chance to win it this year . . . Veronique and Greg Peck will "heir" the nursery again . . . If Marlon

The Andy Griffith that wife Barbara knows is a long way from the menace he portrayed in "Face in the Crowd"

Brando is really serious about playing *Romeo* (a very dull hero!), his *Juliet* will be Susan Strasberg . . . Red Buttons, who's been knocking around show business all his life, in burlesque, vaudeville and TV, will finally be accepted as a brilliant dramatic actor in his film debut in Josh Logan's production for Warners of "Sayonara" . . . Andy Griffith, who (*Continued on page* 115)



NOW

I'm so afraid people will think it was a phony act."

I couldn't read Sal Mineo's expression. The upper part of his face was covered with huge dark glasses. But there was no mistaking the concern in his voice.

"But, Sal," I said, "How *could* they? Why, the whole story about your operation was covered in all the newspapers. There were plenty of pictures, too."

"I know," he replied, "but I keep thinking that maybe some folks didn't see it. I was on tour, you know, and I just had to drop everything and come back home. Then there was the opening of 'Dino' in Chicago. I was supposed to be there, but I couldn't go. It was awfully hot then, and well, some people might have thought I was just finding an excuse to goof off. That's what upset me, more than anything—"

"When you almost lost an eye?"

"Yes," he said. "In fact, that aggravated my condition. I was terribly depressed and worried about it. My doctor noticed it, and he told me, 'You're not doing yourself any good. You've got to stop worrying.' My family noticed it, too, and tried their best to snap me out of it."

"That's right," said Sal's mother, who heard part of the conversation as she came in with cold drinks—chocolate milk for Sal, to build up the weight he'd lost. "We'd tell him jokes and funny things that happened—anything we could think of to get his mind off it. But it didn't help."

It was warm-hearted, motherly Mrs. Mineo who had answered the phone, when Photoplay called to see how Sal

by JEAN RAMER

I CAN SEE

was getting along. Everyone in the office had been concerned about him, hoping that his eye operation would have no serious consequences.

"Oh, he's fine now," she assured us. "He still has to wear dark glasses when the light is strong, because his eye has to be dilated for a while to keep it from becoming infected again, but otherwise, he's fine, thanks."

Could we come to see him? "Just a minute—" She called her son. "Sure!" Sal said. "I'm not doing anything but sitting here. Can't read, can't look at television. I'd be glad for company!"

Now, in the homey Mineo living room, Sal's mother, who looks remarkably young to be the mother of four grown children, looked at her son fondly, and sighed.

"Sal's the kind who keeps all his troubles to himself. He never complains. Even when we all knew he was suffering such pain, he wouldn't say anything. Sometimes," she smiled at him, "I'd like to see him get riled and blow off steam, like I do. But he never does."

Sal grinned back at her. "But, Mom, I just take it out on my drums. Or I go and talk to my dog."

"It's not enough," she shot back from the doorway.

"Maybe I did worry too much," Sal went on. "I've done a lot of thinking these past weeks. There wasn't anything else to do! I had to rest as much as possible. So I'd sit here, or lie on my bed, just thinking. Now, I believe it was a good thing. In fact, this whole experience has actually been good for me!"

"What!" I asked. The pain, the threat of losing the sight of his right eye, and possibly a brilliant career with it—how could that be good?

"I mean it," Sal said seriously. "If you want, I'll tell you what happened—right from the beginning."

"Please do," I said.

You couldn't help but notice that there was a change in Sal. Some of the carefree, boyish bounce he'd always had was gone. He seemed much more subdued and thoughtful.

"When I first walked into Dr. Hubert's office," he said, "I knew my eye was in a pretty bad way. After one look, he told me so, too, in no uncertain terms. But I guess I reacted like everybody who's been in perfect health, then suddenly is struck with a serious illness. You think, 'Oh, it can't be so bad. I'll get over it.'

"I even tried to make a joke of it. When the doctor covered my good eye and asked me to read what I could on the chart, I couldn't see a thing. So I said, 'Made in U.S.A.' The doctor jumped and said, 'How's that?' Then he laughed.

"But after the examination was over, I got a shock. The doctor sat down with me, and told me exactly what was wrong. The eye was badly ulcerated. If it didn't respond to treatment, an operation would have to be performed. That would be a ticklish proposition, because the ulcers had formed on top of old scars from an infection I had about five years ago. Luckily, the bad area wasn't directly over the pupil—if it had been, the scars would have destroyed my sight in any case, and he would have had to do a corneal transplant—that's the operation where they cut out the damaged cornea and transplant a section from a good eye. As it was, if the new infection could be removed without cutting too deeply into the old scars, fine. If not, I would lose the sight of the eye.

"That hit me hard. Suddenly, the thought that I might have to go through life half blind, drove everything else out of my mind. When I went to bed, I couldn't sleep. I realized how foolish it is, just to take your good health for granted. '*This is the greatest thing a person can have,*' I thought. '*Nothing is so important.*'

"For some people, especially those who have had any kind of illness or physical disability, I guess this is no great discovery. But for me, it was. You see, until then, I thought that nothing, absolutely nothing, was as important as my career.

"It's strange, but it was my career, in kind of a way, that caused the trouble. The doctor told me that the infection could have been caused by some little irritation, maybe only a speck of dust. But it was because I was run down from rushing around the country and trying to do too much that it took hold.

"Of course, my career *is* important. But now I realized it was just one part of my life—not the only big thing in it, above anything else. (*Continued on page* 86)

NO MARRIAGE STORIES FOR US

Continued from page 53

But why can't they *say* so? Why won't they talk? What's this business about 'no marriage stories' when for almost two years every newspaper and magazine has faithfully reported how many cups they had in the cupboard and what they talked about at breakfast. What gives?

It set the reporters thinking and the thinking didn't stop when Eddie opened at the Palladium. The applause that greeted his final number was thunderous, and Eddie took bow after bow while the audience shouted "Where's Debbie?" The first time Debbie had been at the Palladium with Eddie she'd been the offstage voice for one of his numbers and had come onstage at the final curtain to take her bow. This time, when the audience called for Debbie, a spotlight picked her up in the Royal box, and she stood up and bowed to the audience. Someone who noticed the difference mentioned it aloud, and Debbie answered, "This is Eddie's show. I don't belong up front," and it seemed a satisfactory explanation till Debbie flew off to Paris while Eddie finished his week-long stint at the Palladium. "She's off to the continent to get me a present for Father's Day," Eddie said blithely, but the people who'd been inclined to wonder, wondered.

And then in an interview with a reporter for the London *Sunday Dispatch* Eddie made a statement that thoroughly reflected his point of view. The reporter was speaking about Debbie and Eddie's first trip to London together and the headlines the story of the postponement of their marriage had evoked. "We should have been left alone to work things out for ourselves. When people decide to get married they believe it's for keeps, don't you agree? But everybody was at us, like drops of water dripping on the head—that sort of thing can drive you crazy," Eddie seriously explained.

Was Eddie talking about The Great Divide of 1955, when their marriage was postponed, or of the pressure they've been under recently? For lately, every minor separation and major decision was greeted with questions by the press such as "Are you two kids really getting along all right?" and "Is your marriage safe and sound?"

The English reporter didn't belabor the point. He continued, "But you seem to have survived all that. In fact you're called over here America's Ideal Couple."

"Also the Sweethearts of America," Eddie answered ruefully. "That's a tough label we don't want pinned on us. We're like ordinary people and we want to lead ordinary lives."

And that, in a neat quotation, sums up Debbie and Eddie's thinking right now.

It's difficult for Debbie and Eddie to simply stop talking for the press. For now everybody talks about the reason why they've stopped. But a friend of Debbie's speaks for them both when she says, "It's putting too much of a burden to ask any marriage to be the Typical American Ideal. It puts pressures where they don't belong—and there are enough real ones there to cope with."

"I've got a theory that if two people are together it doesn't matter if they're apart," said Eddie when the *Dispatch* reporter asked about Debbie's having left for Paris when Eddie was in London. But the business of separations has been a source of trouble for Debbie and Eddie, with the brief exception of when they were making "Bundle of Joy" together. Take, for instance, the matter of what happened when Eddie was in Boston and Philadelphia with his new act and Debbie remained in Hollywood with the baby. Reporters, faced with black and white facts, put them together and got charcoal gray.

It had happened last March, when Eddie left on a trip across the eastern seaboard to try out his new act that was scheduled for a Las Vegas night club. Eddie left first, with plans for Debbie and Carrie Frances to follow. Carrie's belongings were duly packed, bottles for her formula set in a suitcase. As part of the routine, Debbie had her pediatrician check Carrie before she made the trip. The doctor advised her to inquire about the weather conditions on the east coast, and Debbie phoned her mother-in-law. Philadelphia was cold, she was told, and blustery, and Boston weather was even worse. Undaunted, Debbie continued to pack an extra set of blankets for the baby and bought a pair of warm nightgowns. But the day of departure, the baby seemed quieter than usual, and Debbie called the physician. "Only an upset stomach," said the doctor soothingly, "but no trips for the baby this time," he advised. "The baby's illness, plus the change of climate, might cause complications." Tearfully, Debbie cancelled her plans to be with Eddie.

Strolling London's streets, Debbie and Eddie run across a British acquaintance

As they had during the days when theirs was a cross-country romance, Debbie and Eddie spoke to each other on the telephone twice a day. Each time, Debbie signed off the conversation with a meaningful, "How's the weather out your way?" It didn't get any better, but finally Debbie thought the separation was too much to bear, and she left Carrie Frances with her mother to fly out to Boston and join her husband on the last four days of his engagement.

The minute Eddie's personal appearance was over, Debbie and Eddie telephoned Mrs. Reynolds long distance and asked Debbie's mother to meet them at the airport in California with the baby. They arrived to find Mrs. Reynolds waiting inconspicuously off to one side, and the three of them had a wonderful reunion.

"I wish some of the people who've been spreading rumors about Debbie and Eddie could have been at the airport that day," says a mutual friend. "As a matter of fact, I wish I'd have had a camera with me. It's a picture I'd like to keep. From all the hugging, kissing and cuddling that was going on, you'd never have thought it was only three weeks since Eddie had seen the baby, and just three *days* since Debbie had left her!" The friend smiled knowingly. "I wish a couple of skeptical column- (*Continued on page* 86)

Party at the Fishers' Savoy suite finds Tony Curtis (bearded for "The Vikings") and Janet Leigh, singer Dickie Valentine and wife joining in change-partners act

Now! Wash away "new perm" frizz and odor!

NEW! Quick! The prettiest wave in the world leaves your hair instantly shampoo-fresh!

Takes ½ the time, ½ the work!

New! The only wave you dare wash at once!
Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked right in with Crystal Clear Lotion!

So quick! Wave and wash with ½ the work!
Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair. So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the waving work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!

2 new-style waves for the price of 1
Crystal Clear Lotion can be recapped. Use ½—Save ½. P
$2.00 plus tax. 1 wave size, $1.25 plus tax.

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Continued from page 84

ists I could name could have seen them."

For when Debbie had left Hollywood, one of the columnists had written that she was "flying East to talk things over with Eddie." Talk things over indeed they did, as any happily married couple does, but whatever the columnist had meant when she wrote the words, it was interpreted to mean that the Fishers were in trouble.

From that period on, the reporters have descended with questions in mind and pencil and paper in hand. Debbie and Eddie did nothing except to retreat into a shell of reserve and request, "No marriage stories for us, please." They refused to dignify any rumors by answering them.

"What could Debbie or Eddie do?" a good friend of theirs asks. "If you start to deny a rumor, it's like printing a retraction. Somebody who never heard of or read the original statement reads the denial, and the whole thing seems pointless. You spread an untruth unwillingly. So it seems better to ignore the whole thing."

Debbie energetically set about moving out to Las Vegas so that they could be together when Eddie played there. She busily made preparations to move out to the Hotel Tropicana, their "home away from home" for the duration. Three cars were piled full of their possessions as Debbie made trip after trip for their belongings—throw-rugs, pictures, furniture, toys and clothes went in along with the baby's crib—and friends helped her load the cars full of item after item. "Say, Debbie," kidded one of her friends, "you've taken everything but the wallpaper off the wall." Everybody laughed but Debbie was thoughtful for a moment. "That reminds me," she said, and went back into the house. She returned, carrying a huge rocking chair that almost dwarfed her. "Nap time," explained Debbie breezily, and the rocking chair went along.

The rumors continued, despite anything Debbie or Eddie could do. Part of the problem, the rumors said, was Eddie's career trouble. "How long has it been," they asked knowingly, "since Eddie's had a hit record?" "And what's he going to do," others inquired, "now that his TV show is off the air? 'Bundle of Joy' didn't make any bundles for anyone connected with it. Maybe the country's getting tired of his type voice. Maybe they're just going in for novelty things—rock 'n' roll, calypso, you know. Maybe Eddie's finished!" The voices of doom spoke too soon. For *Variety*, the bible of show business, called Eddie's act at the Tropicana "well worth waiting for" and complimented him for his showmanship, his poise, his savoir-faire. "A ringsider's delight" was what *Variety* said, and complimented Eddie's showmanship in adapting his voice and his manner to the size of the room. Shortly thereafter, NBC announced that far from dropping Eddie's television show, he'd be coming back in the fall with a new sponsor and a new format increased to a full hour, alternating with George Gobel. For the truth is that Eddie is maturing as an entertainer. He's grown past the days when he was just a boy with a voice that thrilled people. These days, he's a showman, a man who can set aside the microphone at the Palladium and have everyone commenting about how effective he is.

The people who've watched Debbie and Eddie's progress in their marriage know that it is something that will endure too, because Debbie knows what every good wife should know: She knows how to compromise.

A while ago, on a personal-appearance tour with Eddie in Georgia, Debbie found a number of antiques she liked and had them sent to Hollywood. A tremendous four-poster bed, heavily carved, made of wood from the Black Forest, a set of divans, some old prints in oval frames—they were all priceless antiques and Debbie ordered them sent home. "Debbie," Eddie had once said jokingly, "makes sure when she buys something that it says 'Very Old Thing.'" Debbie had them in her living room for a while, planning to use the divan backs as headboards for her bed, and had planned to lower the four-poster bed for another room. But Eddie likes modern furniture, and after they'd talked the whole thing over, Debbie decided there was just one thing to do: She sold them. They're also selling their house, the third one they've lived in in the two years they've been married. They hope to build a new home, one that will suit them and their way of living, and Debbie sighs, "I hope our next move will be our last."

About the future: Debbie and Eddie are ready to speak—about careers.

This fall, Eddie faces a big challenge in his career: With a full-hour television show resting squarely on his shoulders, he will be facing the test of whether he can grow into the true entertainer he gives promise of being. It's a test he's ready for. "It's a challenge," he says.

And Debbie is facing the challenge of preserving a marriage that is being attacked by innuendo and rumor. Overtly, she's doing everything she can to fight it. There has been some talk she's trying to break her contract at M-G-M, but Debbie says that—despite the fact she won't be doing "The Reluctant Debutante"—she and the studio are very happy. "I would, however, like to work out a new arrangement with the studio that would give me more free time though," she admits. More free time, for Debbie, means time with Carrie and Eddie. Marriage, a private affair, has never been very private for Debbie and Eddie. For years they've been cooperative and gracious with the press, discussing what they've had for dinner, the furniture they'll live with in their new home, who takes care of the baby when she cries at night, and how much Deb loves it when Eddie sings to her. Now, at long last, they want to enjoy a little of the privacy that is everybody's privilege. They don't want to have to live up to a public ideal, and they don't want to have to wage a constant battle against innuendo and rumor. What they want to do is to prove to themselves and to everybody else that the way to have a happy marriage is to *live* it—not to talk about it. This, they intend to do. THE END

NOW I CAN SEE

Continued from page 82

"One thing I'd like to get straight: I was never afraid of the effect the operation might have on my looks, as an actor, if my eye had to be removed. My doctor squelched that, right away. He told me about the marvelous work they're doing now, by using the eye muscles with a false eye. He told me, that even young doctors he called in to look at such cases couldn't tell which eye was false!

"But you can't realize, until you lose it, how much the sight of one eye means.

"Was I scared? Sure, I was scared. Plenty. I'd lie there at night, imagining all the bad things that could possibly happen."

"Maybe," I ventured, "it wasn't good that you were told so much."

Sal shook his head. "No, that's the way I wanted it. That's the way I always want it—all the cards on the table. And I appreciate this very much in my doctor, that he understood and always made everything perfectly clear to me. I got this from the way my parents have always been with me. They never pulled any punches, always told me exactly what they thought. Sometimes it hurt. But it was for the best, and I know it built up the confidence and respect I have for them.

"Confidence in people," he said, "that's another lesson I've learned from this experience. You see, my eye didn't respond to treatment, and by the second week, I couldn't see anything at all. Just a faint glimmer, now and then, for a second. I was frightened, and I began to be impatient. 'Why isn't anything happening?' I wanted to know.

"One day I came into the office and the doctor said to me, 'Sal, I've made an appointment for you to see one of the top eye specialists in the country.' Right away, I realized that he'd sensed my lack of confidence, and I felt ashamed. 'Oh, no,' I told him. 'That isn't necessary.' But he said, 'No, Sal, I want you to go.' So I did.

"Well! I went to that big hospital, and in marched this specialist, very brusque and businesslike. He started to examine my eye, not very gently, without saying a word. Finally, he said, 'I'll take care of this right now, if you like.' I gulped. I'm sure he's a fine doctor, but this cold approach—it wasn't anything like the friendly understanding I had with my own doctor. I jumped out of the chair and said, 'No, thank you, Dr. Hubert will do it.'"

Sal grinned. "After that, I never lost faith again."

There was a sound of footsteps in the hall, and presently five attractive young girls filed past the door, looking in and smiling. Sal waved them a cheery "Hello."

Mrs. Mineo looked in to explain. "They came to see you, Sal. I told them you were being interviewed. They asked if they could just take a peek. So—"

"They're so nice," Sal said. "All the fans have been so good to me. You should see all the nice cards they sent me. And the letters. They even came to the doctor's office, though how they found out where it was, I'll never know. He'd kid me about it. He'd say, 'I have lots of cases like yours, but my other patients don't get *this* kind of attention. How come?'

"But I can tell you, it helped me a lot. And I'd like to take this chance to thank all of them."

Finally, the dreaded operation had to be performed. "It lasted for two hours altogether," Sal said. "I was conscious all through it. Medication was used to deaden the pain, but it's not completely effective. Dr. Hubert is a very gentle man, and he'd tell me when it was going to hurt."

So, simply, Sal described what, for him must have been a terrible ordeal. "But what a relief," he said, "when it was all over, and I knew it was a success. I wouldn't lose my sight! I just can't describe how I felt. So happy, and so grateful. I was walking on air—at least, until a sharp pain hit me in the neck. But that was only because of the tension."

"We're all so glad that it turned out so well, Sal," I said. "But how can *you* say you're *glad* it happened?"

Sal hesitated a moment before he answered. Then, he said slowly, "Partly, because of what it taught me, about putting things first that are really important in life—good health, my family and friends,

faith in God, confidence and respect for others. Partly—" he hesitated again—"because of what I learned about myself."

He paused again. "I haven't told this to anyone outside my close friends and my family, but I've written a play! I couldn't use my eyes, but my friend, Joe Cavallero, helped me. This is something I've always wanted to do, but I never had time.

"I've tried to put into my writing what I've been thinking about my acting, too. It's this: I feel that there's a real need to deal with the problems of young people. Oh, I don't mean more juvenile delinquency stories—though I think some of the films about it have been very helpful—but I mean *all* the problems of young people. In talking to them, I've found out that they do have problems, and feelings, and beliefs that are very important to them, and often misunderstood by older people. Take young love, for instance. So often, their parents will laugh it off as 'puppy love.' Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't. But the thing is, it's very important to them at the time, and this is something older people should try to understand. It should be taken more seriously.

"Another thing—from the way they've been treating me, I know how very sincere young people are. And I think that kind of sincerity deserves consideration.

"That's why I've decided that in my acting parts and in my writing, if I can bring about a better understanding of young people, that's what I want to do. I think the parts I had in 'Dino' and 'The Young Don't Cry' are along that line, in a way, but the characters were very unusual. Now, I'd like to play a more typical part in a good love story."

"But what about the personal side, Sal? Did you come to any new decisions about that?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied promptly. "For one thing, I'm more determined than ever now to go to college. What I've been trying to do these past weeks, to put my thoughts into words, I'm sure that I can do much better with a college education. And I want to learn so much—to study everything I can that will help me in my work."

"What about romance?"

"I've thought about it, but there I'm stumped. I go out with lots of girls, very nice girls, too, but I just haven't the desire to go steady. Maybe I just haven't met the right girl for me. Maybe I'm not ready for it. So I think the best thing is not to do it. I don't think it would be fair to ask a girl to go steady with me, anyway. When I'm out traveling all around the country, she'd just be sitting at home. It wouldn't be right."

Sal looked out of the window. The sun was setting, casting a golden glow upon the trees and cozy suburban homes outside. "You know," he said wistfully, there's one big thing that I've found out from all this thinking I've been doing. It's that I don't really know what I *do* want most. While I'm doing something, making a picture, or a record, I'm full of enthusiasm and so excited about it. But as soon as it's finished, it doesn't mean anything any more. Right now, getting that gold record for a million sales of 'Start Movin' seems like the greatest thing that could happen to me. But I know that after I'd get it, that would be the end of it. Maybe . . . if I found the right girl . . . maybe that would be the answer. But I still don't know."

A lot of older and wiser people than eighteen-year-old Sal Mineo have been trying to find the answers to that. But one thing is certain: On the rough road that everyone takes to wisdom, and maturity, and understanding, his recent ordeal has taken Sal a long, long way. THE END

HAS JERRY FOOLED THE CRITICS?

(*Continued from page 62*)

the front row, but, like a fool, I didn't look at her."

Instead, he looked at the members of The Press. "All I could see were those wise guys sitting there and hoping for me to fail. I could see them with tombstones on their laps and the words written on them: 'Jerry Lewis 1926-1957.'

"How I hated those creepy characters with their Charles Addams smiles! They can't stand anything that is good and clean and fresh. So they were delighted to see me fall on my nose."

He was onstage a mere fifty-four minutes, unable to warm his audience out of the growing chill (a chill that carried over into the next morning's reviews). After the show, as he had dreamed of this night, there should have been a happy uproar of congratulations backstage. Instead, Jerry and Patti, his wife, were left alone in his dressing room, to share their misery. He felt physically ill. She could only cry, knowing how much this night had meant to him, how long he had looked forward to it, how far back the dream went . . .

Back twenty years, when an eleven-year-old kid named Joseph Levitch stood in the midst of the bustling Saturday-night throng in Times Square and felt the pulse of the greatest entertainment street in the world—Broadway. When his mother and father were working out of town he liked to walk down Broadway and watch the crowds. He did it often.

He looked at the faces—the dame-hungry sailors on leave, the honeymooning couples gawking at the spectacular movie signs, the well-dressed, well heeled parties hurrying to make an 8:40 curtain, the Broadway old-timers looking for a quick buck, the stony-faced cops, the theater doormen dressed like admirals.

None of them looked at him as he walked around, half-memorizing the lighted signs that made Times Square brilliant and boasted names like Cary Grant, Bette Davis, Jack Benny, Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford.

"Some day I'm going to be somebody," he said to himself. "Some day I'm going to be famous, and all these people on Times Square—all those names up there, too—they'll know *me*."

A good dream for a lonely kid, for Jerry wasn't a happy child. His mother and father loved each other, but they were separated most of the time. Danny Lewis sang songs and told jokes. He was a good entertainer, but he never got the breaks. Most of the time he was struggling to make a living for his family with club dates, split weeks and burlesque.

"I remember when I was twelve," Jerry recalls, "I told my mother I was going to be a big star. There was no fooling around about it; I knew that was what I would be. What's more, I told her I was going to be a star for Paramount Pictures. I liked Paramount because it had that mountain with all the lovely stars around it.

"Where did I get the drive? I guess it was from seeing what happened to my dad. He was good—damn good. I loved the way he sang, and I thought he was real funny, too. But nothing ever happened to his career. Nothing. He had to play in burlesque to make a living.

"That wasn't going to happen to me. I was going to fight my way to the top, and then I was going to stay there."

His drive showed itself in school. He was always fighting to be elected leader, and generally he won. "And when I took over, I really ran things," he says. "I worked like the devil to be a success."

The story of Jerry's rise to fame in show business has been told many times. But the story that has been largely untold is an even more dramatic one: how he found the courage to make a go of it as a single. It would make a perfect plot for a show-business movie, because a woman plays an important part. She is Jerry's wife, Patti, an amazing mixture of native wisdom and natural charm.

The last chapter in the first phase of Jerry Lewis' phenomenal career was written on the night of July 25, 1956, at the Copacabana in New York. It was closing night, and Jerry realized that from now on he couldn't always perform as a member of a team.

He went back home to California. Ahead of him were four months of rest and preparation for his debut as a single. He knew it was a challenge, perhaps the greatest challenge of his life. For that reason, he didn't want to think about it. He would put it out of his mind for a few weeks and come to grips with it later.

Jerry and Patti went for a vacation in Las Vegas with his publicity man, Jack Keller, and Mrs. Keller. They saw the shows, played a little golf, relaxed.

At 7:15 on the night of August 6, Jerry and Patti were packing their bags and getting ready to head for home. The phone rang. It was Sid Luft. Judy Garland had laryngitis and couldn't go on that night at the New Frontier. Would Jerry go on for her?

Jerry panicked. He looked at his wife.

"What'll I do?" he asked.

"Do what you want to do—go on," she said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"But I'm scared! I haven't got an act. I'm going back to L.A. to start working up an act."

"Do me a favor and just go on."

"Go on! You're supposed to protect me, not throw me into the lions' den."

"Look—you've got to find out some time if you can't make a go as a single. God works in strange ways. Maybe this is His way to let you find out."

He tried to argue, but she had already taken her traveling iron out of her bag and started pressing his dark suit. He had no dark socks, so he had to borrow an undersized pair from Keller.

Patti got him ready for the show, but he was still scared. "After performing one way for ten years, it isn't easy to face an entire switch," he moaned.

Waiting in the wings at the New Frontier, his heart pounding in his chest, he heard Judy Garland being announced. He strode onstage after her.

"In thirty seconds, I knew the fight was over," he said. "I never heard such a reception. There were a thousand people in the place and the noise was deafening. I knew I was *in*."

For seventy minutes, Jerry stayed onstage, throwing in every piece of business and every joke he could remember. Judy, who couldn't speak a word, sat at the side of the stage, and Jerry played a lot of the funny stuff off her.

The show went so well that Jerry couldn't figure how to get offstage. Then he remembered that Judy sang "Rockabye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody" in her act. He asked the orchestra to play it, and he gave it all he had.

When he went offstage, the entire audience stood up and cheered his virtuoso performance. It was the first standing ovation he had ever received.

Harry Cohn, the tough boss of Columbia Pictures, was among those who dashed backstage to congratulate him. The tycoon confessed that tears had come to his eyes when Jerry sang "Rockabye."

"You came the closest to the impact of Jolson of anyone I've ever seen," Cohn said. "You've got to record that song."

Patti agreed. Jerry resisted, but she kept after him for days. "Do it just for me," she urged.

So he did it for her. Unknown to him, she sent the record off to Decca. Decca flipped, signed Jerry to do an album of Jolson-type songs.

Ten days after his sub for Garland, Jerry received another phone call from Sid Luft. Judy was sick again. Would Jerry fly up to fill in for her?

Jerry agreed, took the first plane to Vegas. When he started making arrangements to go on, he said, "Naturally, Judy will be on the side of the stage again."

Luft shook his head. "This time she's in bed," he said. "The doctor won't let her get up."

Again Jerry hit the panic button. He placed a hurry call to Patti.

"I can't do it without Judy to play the gags to," he complained.

"Honey," she replied, "it's the man upstairs again. He wants you to do it alone."

Jerry went on. This time he did eighty minutes. He knew he could handle it as a single, but his problems weren't over. He had more hurdles ahead of him.

The first was a big one. He had won permission to make a movie alone—not only act in it, but produce as well. And from a story he had been working on for years.

It was a big order, but Jerry jumped into it with both feet. He prepared the

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script of "The Delicate Delinquent" with great care, fashioning it to his talents. It was a real gamble, taking almost sole responsibility for his success or failure as a single in movies. But he took it.

By the end of October, 1956, the picture was finished, efficiently turned out in a period of time that would have done credit to a long-experienced producer. But Jerry knew he would have to wait months, until the picture's release, to learn whether he had a smash or a flopperoo on his hands.

He didn't hide away quietly during that time. He returned to the field where he first found fame—the night clubs. This would place him in the flesh before the critics, some of whom were sharpening their stilettoes. Jerry knew he had to be great, not just good. So he drilled and rehearsed to find the right formulas.

As a breather (a Lewis-style breather), he took a swing around the country to help along the sales of his "Rockabye" record and his album "Jerry Lewis Just Sings." He totaled 290 appearances in thirteen days, and the disc and album shot up to the top-ten list.

Jerry opened at the Sands in Las Vegas November 15. His evaluation of the debut: "The first night was rough; the second night was better; the third night I was in." Mostly, the critics were kind to Jerry. But this wasn't Broadway; he wasn't up against the real sharpshooters yet.

He did SRO business right up to closing night, December 19. His salary was $25,000 a week. It is now $40,000. And one Vegas spot offered him $60,000 to switch his allegiance from the Sands. This fall, he'll set an all-time record for appearances outside Vegas, that ready-money capital of the U.S. He'll get $40,000 for his stint at Ben Maksik's Town and Country Club—in plain old Brooklyn.

After Christmas with his family, Jerry took off for the Chez Paree in Chicago. The business, he says, was SOSRO—"standing *on* standing room only."

He maintains he'll never forget the closing night. It was during one of the worst hail and sleet storms in Chicago history. The temperature reading was four below zero.

Jerry left the Ambassador East for the Chez, normally a six-minute ride. The taxi took an hour and forty-five minutes. When he arrived, he expected to see a handful in the audience. The joint was packed. Capacity was 750 persons, and 890 crowded in for the final show.

Next challenge: TV.

He went to New York to prepare for his first television show as a single. He had nine days to prepare.

"Was I scared? You've got to invent a better word for scared. Something like 'pathological mental destruction.' That's what I felt."

Again, Patti saved him. He asked her to stand beside the camera when he started the show. Her smiling face gave him confidence and he breezed through the show.

It was big news, the Jerry Lewis show. But as far as the critics were concerned, it wasn't good news. The reviews and the columnists' comments were mostly sour.

Jerry went ahead to play another week in Vegas and six days at the Fontainebleau in Florida, for $25,000. Then he was ready for the pinnacle of the big time—the Palace. . . . Heartsick in the dressing room after that opening-night fiasco, Jerry couldn't know for sure how he'd be feeling twenty-four hours from then. But he could hope, because he believed he had an answer for the critics.

In spite of the reviews, the Palace was jammed for Jerry's next performance. Be-

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3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?

4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

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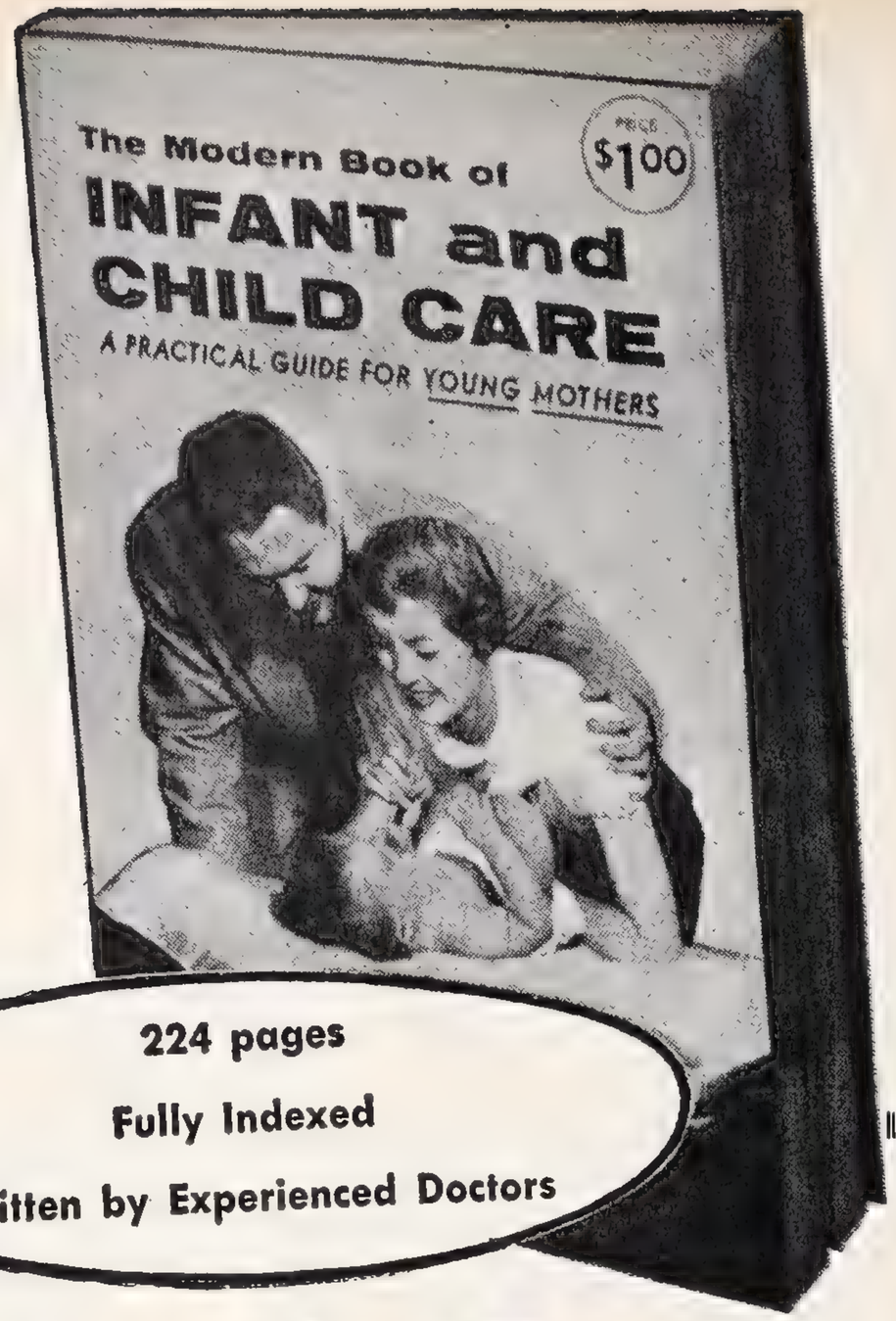

Answers the Questions Mothers Ask

ALLERGIES: "My little girl is allergic to milk. Should I make her drink it anyway?"

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CRYING: "Should I let my baby cry or should I pick him up?"

FEEDING: "Now that Janey is two months old, when can I start giving her solid foods?"

INOCULATIONS: "What diseases do I have my baby inoculated against, and when should these be given?"

KINDERGARTEN: "Billy starts kindergarten next fall. He's scared to death about it. How can I help him overcome his fears?"

SEX EDUCATION: "How can I answer my little boy's questions about sex? He seems too young to be told."

TONSILS: "My husband insists that Bobby's tonsils be taken out. He says that all children need that operation. Do they?"

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STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

fore two minutes of his first routine had gone by, he could feel the difference, though his material was the same. The people in front of him were not columnists or critics, hardened newsmen or newsgals. They were not show-folks, watching him with the expert eyes of insiders.

They were average Joes and Janes, all confident that Jerry Lewis would keep them happy. Feeling the warmth flow toward him, hearing the unself-conscious laughter, Jerry outdid himself, ad-libbing madly, throwing everything into his songs. The roar of applause at the finish was his answer for the critics.

Columnist Leonard Lyons had commented, just after the opening night: "Tough break for Jerry Lewis. Nobody likes him but the people."

Box office receipts confirmed this. Every performance saw the sale of each of the Palace's 1,735 seats, plus between 375 and 400 standees. Jerry was booked to play four weeks. He could have stayed on forever.

Jerry will never forget closing night at the Palace. The greats of show business were there, from Ethel Merman and Cyril Ritchard to Phil Silvers and the McGuire Sisters. Jerry introduced them all, along with Fernando Lamas, his wife, Arlene Dahl, and Joe DiMaggio.

He was before the footlights for two hours and ten minutes with a tight, smoothly executed show. But two events that evening were quite unscheduled—when Steve Allen strode to the stage to present him with a golden record for "Rockabye," which had joined the circle of all-time hits with over a million sales, and when, as the parting gesture of the evening, Mr. Sol Schwartz, president of RKO Theaters, called Jerry back onstage and announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm happy to announce that Jerry has broken all existing records for a four-weeks' engagement at the Palace. I'd like to present him with this silver tray in tribute."

The applause was deafening, and Jerry, deeply touched, was speechless. Finally, he managed a quiet: "I thank you. I'm grateful."

Jerry's TV appearances continue to get occasional bad notices. But his ratings never falter. Surveys show that millions of average viewers, all over the country, ignoring the critics, go right on looking at him and laughing at him and loving him.

At the sneak preview of "The Delicate Delinquent," the critics got their sharpest answer from moviegoers at a New York neighborhood theater where the picture was shown. The notice outside said only "Hollywood Preview Tonight." When Jerry's face appeared in the opening scene the pleasantly surprised audience broke out into wild applause. At the end of the film, they stamped their feet in a rare show—for New York audiences are tough—of appreciation.

Jerry's second solo picture, "Sad Sack," will see him reverting to the wacky character that made him famous. "It's real crazy," he says, "and I'm glad. I don't want people to forget that crazy character I did.

"On the other hand, I don't want them to think that's all I can do. I'm not just a screwball comic. I want to show all sides of my personality—some funny, some sad, some subtle, some slapstick.

"That's why I was delighted with the public's reaction to the 'Sonny Boy' number on my television show. I loved my dad for being so wonderful and seeing my boy Gary perform was one of the greatest thrills of my life. You know I bawled when I got offstage.

"It wasn't just a case of family pride.

The reaction to 'Sonny Boy' was enormous. For the first time, people accepted me as Jerry Lewis, not just a nut."

Where will Jerry's drive take him next?

"I'll entertain people as long as they want to be entertained by me," he said. "I'll do it any way, in any medium. But I'm also interested in fields behind the camera. I want to direct; there's a big kick in getting the best out of people's talents. And I want to write; I have a tremendous regard for writers."

Anyone who has worked with Jerry knows he has a high sensitivity to criticism. He subscribes to four clipping services and broods over every adverse comment. Especially hurt by one of the New York critics who knocked his Palace debut, Jerry fretted for days and finally wrote the man a letter urging him to return for another performance. The writer did. Next day he confessed Jerry was right about the paralyzing first-night audience.

When the "Sonny Boy" number was called a "grievous error," he was unhappy. But when another critic rapped Gary, Jerry exploded. He threatened all kinds of reprisals until he was restrained by Patti.

Patti has a drawer that contains greeting cards and pamphlets for every possible occasion. When Jerry gets steamed up about some critical barb, she brings out a tract by Norman Vincent Peale. Its message: You have to be somebody before people will criticize you. So forget the criticism and just be grateful you're not a nobody.

Adds Jerry: "That's the trouble with that woman. She's always so right!"

It's not only the written criticism that bothers Jerry. He can't stand the backbiting and phony sophistication of Hollywood. He and Patti were once active in the filmtown social life, but they have gradually dropped out.

"We just don't like to sit around and hear people knocking everyone in town," he says. "If we feel like talking about babies or religion, we want to talk about them. But the Hollywood people don't like this. So Patti and I just stay home. We have our own fun. Like the other night when we sat in bed watching television and splitting a watermelon between us."

Jerry feels so strongly about the destructive aspects of Hollywood life that he plans to move his family to Connecticut and return to California only to make pictures.

All this makes you wonder if finding success all by himself has really made him happy. I asked him.

"Am I happy? The answer is yes—as happy as I could possibly be. You don't realize what it is like to be able to make people laugh, to put smiles on the faces of cripples, to hear a warm 'hello' from a total stranger, to know that an audience loves you.

"Just today I made an appearance for six hundred women at a charity luncheon. I had to make my way through the tables to the speaker's platform. As I passed each table, more of them saw me and their faces started to light up and they began applauding. By the time I reached the platform, they all had seen me and the applause had become tremendous.

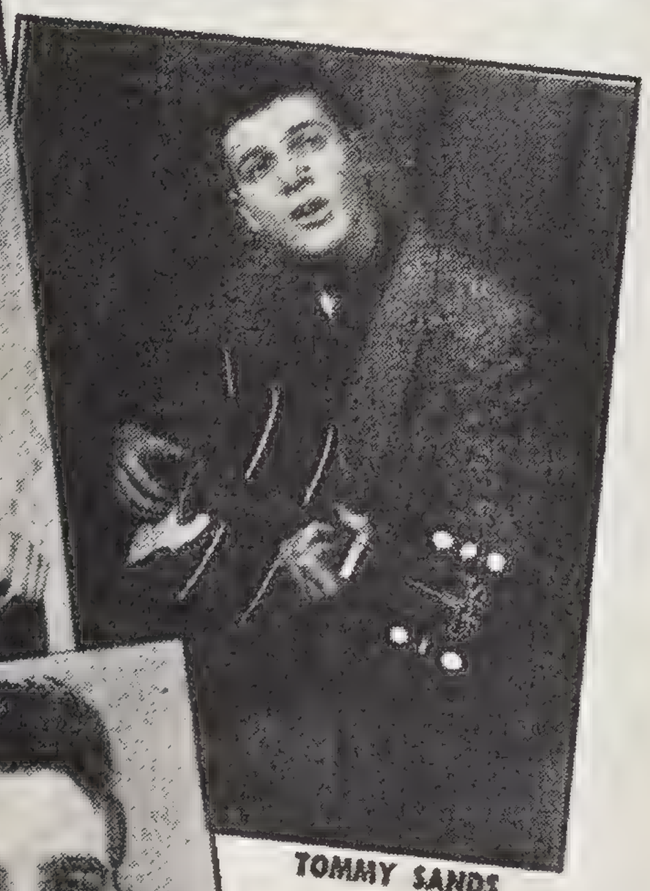
"That's what I dreamed about back there in Times Square."

And, for Jerry Lewis, that more than counterbalances critics' blasts. THE END

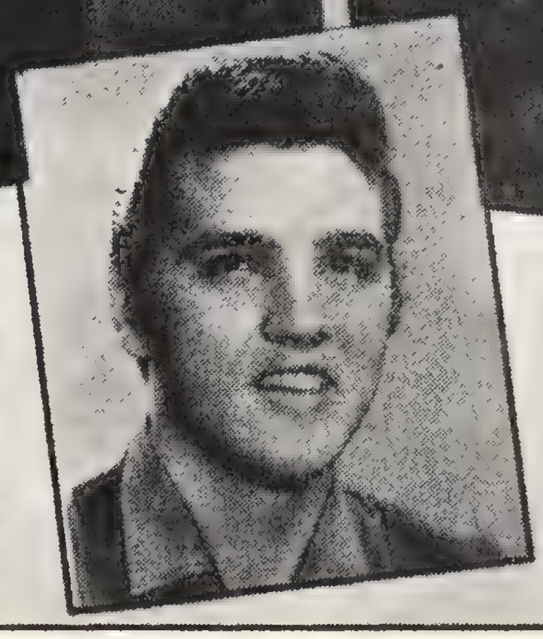
Next Month's Cover Girl:
LIZ TAYLOR
Plus: Mike Todd Talks About Liz

NEW! Star Candids

JOHN SAXON



TOMMY SANDS



ELVIS PRESLEY

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9. Esther Williams
11. Elizabeth Taylor
14. Cornel Wilde
15. Frank Sinatra
18. Rory Calhoun
19. Peter Lawford
21. Bob Mitchum
22. Burt Lancaster
23. Bing Crosby
25. Dale Evans
27. June Allyson
33. Gene Autry
34. Roy Rogers
35. Sunset Carson
50. Diana Lynn
51. Doris Day
52. Montgomery Clift
53. Richard Widmark
56. Perry Como
57. Bill Holden
66. Gordon MacRae
67. Ann Blyth
68. Jeanne Crain
69. Jane Russell
74. John Wayne
78. Audie Murphy
84. Janet Leigh
86. Farley Granger
91. John Derek
92. Guy Madison
94. Mario Lanza
103. Scott Brady
105. Vic Damone
106. Shelley Winters
107. Richard Todd
109. Dean Martin
110. Jerry Lewis
112. Susan Hayward
117. Terry Moore
121. Tony Curtis
124. Gail Davis
127. Piper Laurie
128. Debbie Reynolds
135. Jeff Chandler
136. Rock Hudson
137. Stewart Granger
139. Debra Paget
140. Dale Robertson
141. Marilyn Monroe
142. Leslie Caron
143. Pier Angeli
144. Mitzi Gaynor
145. Marlon Brando
146. Aldo Ray
147. Tab Hunter
148. Robert Wagner
149. Russ Tamblyn
150. Jeff Hunter
152. Marge and Gower Champion
174. Rita Gam
175. Charlton Heston
176. Steve Cochran
177. Richard Burton
179. Julius La Rosa
180. Lucille Ball
182. Jack Webb
185. Richard Egan
187. Jeff Richards
190. Pat Crowley
191. Robert Taylor
192. Jean Simmons
194. Audrey Hepburn
198. Gale Storm
202. George Nader
205. Ann Sothern
207. Eddie Fisher
209. Liberace
211. Bob Francis
212. Grace Kelly
213. James Dean
214. Sheree North
215. Kim Novak
216. Richard Davalos
218. Eva Marie Saint
219. Natalie Wood
220. Dewey Martin
221. Joan Collins
222. Jayne Mansfield
223. Sal Mineo
224. Shirley Jones
225. Elvis Presley
226. Victoria Shaw
227. Tony Perkins
228. Clint Walker
229. Pat Boone
230. Paul Newman
231. Don Murray
232. Don Cherry
233. Pat Wayne
234. Carroll Baker
235. Anita Ekberg
236. Corey Allen
237. Dana Wynter
239. Judy Busch
240. Patti Page
241. Lawrence Welk
242. Alice Lon
243. Larry Dean
244. Buddy Merrill
245. Hugh O'Brian
246. Jim Arness
247. Sanford Clark
248. Vera Miles
249. John Saxon
250. Dean Stockwell
251. Diane Jergens
252. Warren Berlinger
253. James MacArthur
254. Nick Adams
255. John Kerr
256. Harry Belafonte
257. Jim Lowe
258. Luana Patten
259. Dennis Hopper
260. Tom Tryon
261. Tommy Sands
262. Will Hutchins
263. James Darren
264. Ricky Nelson

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DON'T SELL NATALIE SHORT

Continued from page 60

Natalie weighs around 100. She never worries about her weight—for she lives on a healthful diet. "She exists on meats and salads," her mother says. Watching her weight is second nature to Natalie, and has been all her life—for she has been training herself to be a full-fledged star since she first began playing in movies as a little girl.

To the executive's surprise, Natalie brightened at his announcement. "Is *that* all you wanted?" she asked.

"I thought you'd be upset," he said.

"I'm not," Natalie said. "Now I won't have to be careful—I can go to the Villa Capri and eat spaghetti all night long, and I can go to Will Wright's and have all the sundaes I want!"

No one who knows Natalie Wood will be surprised by this story. In a real sense it expresses her real character. Although she is only nineteen, often behaves like a teenager, and is full of the doubts and uncertainties that all teenagers apparently must go through, Natalie is very grownup, practical and determined about her career.

Older players who have worked with her have said that she displays a maturity of outlook toward her roles that makes her seem much older than her years.

Marsha Hunt, who portrays Natalie's mother in Warners' "No Sleep Till Dawn," tells of a morning when she saw Natalie waiting for her when she arrived on the set. The two were to do a short scene together, and had rehearsed all the day before. Natalie still was not satisfied. "I'm not quite right in that scene," she said. "Would you mind going over it with me again before we get to work today?"

When the director called for shooting to begin, they were still working. Natalie would not stop until she was satisfied that she knew what she was doing.

Some of Natalie's young escorts around Hollywood—Bob Wagner, Tab Hunter, Nick Adams—say that often, when she is on a date, she will appear to be lost in deep thought, and when questioned she always says that she is thinking about the job she's currently working on.

"Gee, Nat," one said to her once, "why must you think about acting all the time?"

"Acting is the most important thing in the world to me," Natalie said quickly.

Perhaps because acting is her main interest in life, she spends most of her spare time with actors of approximately her own age (although, for a time, one of her many escorts was actor Raymond Burr, who is old enough to be her father, and during another period she was seen with director Nick Ray). Her young friends are vastly different from Hollywood actors of, say, ten or fifteen years ago. They are much more serious, much more dedicated to the notion of perfecting their craft. They are not simply interested in becoming and remaining "personalities," in the old Hollywood sense. They now wish to become actors in the way that the word is understood in New York stage circles. Indeed, to many of them, acting in the movies is only a means of getting experience, plus the money to do the work they actually want to do. They read Constantin Stanislavski, the great Russian actor-director upon whose ideas "the method" as developed in New York's Actors Studio is based. Natalie has read all Stanislavski's books and marked passages that are meaningful to her. She constantly re-reads these sections as though hopeful of assimilating them so that they will become second nature.

She has definite ideas of her own, too. Some of them are youthful and half-formed, but most of them indicate a sure grasp of her own abilities and potentialities. "The girl has herself very well in hand," director Daniel Mann has said.

So it appears to the outsider when Natalie warms up on the subject of acting. "Certain people out here are always themselves," she says. "Brando is a perfect example. He's more of a personality than an actor—and he does every part the way it relates to him, himself. One actress says, I've read this part, and now I'm going to do it the way I think it ought to be done. So she builds it up in her mind, and then she does it. She doesn't let the part touch her. She doesn't relate it to her own experience.

"I can't do that. To me, the only way you can be honest is to relate something to yourself and do it the way you feel it inside you. If you don't believe it yourself, you can't do it honestly. I think acting has to be on instinct—you have to use 'the method' without realizing it. That's what Brando does. He's not an actor in the old sense—but maybe he's a better actor than most actors because he relates everything to the way it touches him. Most kids out here use 'the method' without knowing they're using it.

"There was a scene in 'No Sleep,' near the end, where I was supposed to cry. When it was time to do the take, I couldn't do it. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't cry at all. I seldom cry in real life, no matter how sad I feel. Gordon Douglas, the director, helped me. He came over and put his arm around me, and he behaved as though he thought I really was the girl in the picture. I play Karl Malden's daughter, and we had a disagreement over this boy I was in love with. So Gordon came over and began talking—'Baby,' he said, 'what you did to your father!' And then he said, 'It's like you stuck a knife in him.' As he was talking to me tears came into his own eyes. He killed me, just *killed* me.

"So I used him to relate to in the scene. He moved me so much, I had to cry. I couldn't help it. And I was able to do the scene because I was finally able to relate it to something *I* felt."

It is Natalie's approach to her work, expressed by statements such as the above, which make most of the people who know her believe that she will take stardom in her stride when it comes. "The girl has been a professional all her life," the veteran George Brent once said of her. "She's never known anything but how to be a professional."

But people become professionals for a variety of reasons—and in children, especially, the desire to act, to excel in some manner, is usually the result of some unrealized emotional desire. That seems to apply to Natalie. She is the daughter of Nicholas Gurdin, a Franco-Russian from Vancouver, British Columbia, who moved to San Francisco when he was a struggling young architectural designer and met Natalie's mother, then Maria Kuleff, who was not only of Franco-Russian descent but also had some German in her background. Maria had been married before, and was the mother of a daughter ten years older than Natalia Gurdin, who was born on July 20, 1938. (The daughter, now Mrs. Olga Viripaeff, was known as Teddy to the family; she now lives with her husband in San Francisco and has two small boys, whom Natalie adores: "I love *all* children," she says.)

Maria Gurdin was, and is, a vibrant, lively woman with dark, long-lashed eyes and a quick, flashing smile. Older people who see her and Natalie together for the first time often say spontaneously, "Why, you look just like sisters!" So they do, if one does not examine them too carefully. Mrs. Gurdin is rather quiet, almost shy; Natalie seems decisive and remarkably independent for a child of her age. "In some ways, Natalie has been an adult all her life," a close friend has said.

"I was precocious, I suppose you'd say," Natalie says in her introspective moments. "Today I can remember lots of things that happened to me when I was about two . . . I remember walking down the street with my teddy bear, I remember all the houses, the trees, fences, places we played, everything—even the names of kids I played with then."

Every experience at that age left a lasting impression. Although Natalie is at a loss to explain why she behaved as she did, she does recall that she was always an outgoing, extroverted little girl. "I was friendly with everybody. If my mother and I were sitting on a trolley car and somebody looked sideways at me, in the next instant I would be over sitting on the person's lap, talking, singing, answering questions, behaving as though that was where I belonged."

Her childhood was, as she remembers, a comparatively happy one. When she was four her parents moved to Santa Rosa, California—a lucky break, for it was there that Irving Pichel, the actor-director, happened to be shooting a picture called "Happy Land," with Don Ameche and Ann Rutherford. Pichel was using some Santa Rosans in crowd scenes, and Mrs. Gurdin took Teddy and Natalie down to the shooting-site in the hope that they might be hired as extras. Pichel was charmed. He said he would try to arrange a future in the movies for the child.

It took him two years to live up to his promise. During that time, Natalie lived for the day when she would be a star. Even though she was under six, she knew all the names of the big-time performers. She could not read, but she could identify their pictures in the fan magazines. She helped Teddy cut up the magazines to make scrapbooks, and every day she would run all the way home from kindergarten to play her game of "going to the studio." The studio was the family garage. "I used to 'check in' every day at a packing-box desk," Natalie says, "and I would pretend to be Sonja Henie, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan or some other star. Sometimes other kids came and played with me, but if they didn't, I didn't care. I had just as good a time by myself."

Finally the long-awaited letter came from Hollywood. Pichel had come across a role he thought would be good for her—that of a little German refugee girl in "Tomorrow Is Forever," which was to star George Brent, Claudette Colbert and Orson Welles. He wondered if Natalie could come to Hollywood to make a screen test.

"A large family argument arose," Natalie said. "My father said he didn't want any child of his being a movie star, and I was determined I was going to be one, and my mother was in the middle. Finally I got my way, partly because Mother and I assured Daddy that I probably wouldn't get the part anyhow.

"I got the part.

"We were going to Hollywood, Mother and I.

"My father had no choice but to go along, so he did, and pretty soon he got a job in the movies as a miniature-set

designer. He earned a lot more there than he'd earned in San Francisco."

It was from this point on, a friend said, that baby Natalie assumed command of the family, a position she has maintained ever since. Her mother and father are gentle, amiable people who appear to realize that her talent has given her a kind of certainty and authority, at least in practical matters, far beyond her years. Some might say that Natalie is "spoiled," but she is not the kind of child who is addicted to tantrums. She is firm. She is definite. And her ideas, once they are formed, are not easily dislodged from the positions they take up in her mind. "When I think of Natalie," an old friend of hers has said, "I think first of her fearless determination. It's almost as though she is out to show the world how strong she can be. But also, you know, I have the feeling that the very strength covers a kind of fear, and even a deep-set feeling of inadequacy."

Mr. Gurdin, today, still works as a designer and special-effects builder, although he was in semi-retirement most of last year because of illness. Natalie's mother still acts very much the housewife. There is a woman who cleans and helps out, but aside from that Mrs. Gurdin does everything else around the home. "We try to keep it simple and unpretentious," she says. She says, too, that she has her hands full with Lana Lisa, Natalie's eleven-year-old sister, who's already appeared in a few small movie roles and who is every bit as determined to be in the movies as Natalie was when she was that age. Lana loves going to the studio with Natalie, and insists on playing at movie-making when the two are together in the house.

When Natalie first went into pictures, she did not earn much money; she got $150 a week for her role in "Tomorrow Is Forever." But meanwhile, she had conquered the heart of another older man—George Brent, who took her by the hand to the agency known as Famous Artists. They immediately broke the $150-a-week contract and sold Natalie to Twentieth Century-Fox at $1,000 a week. She did five pictures at Fox, and eventually her salary jumped to $2,000 a week.

Natalie has not stopped working since then. She has now been in the movies an even dozen years, during which time, she says, she has made "two and a half pictures per year." She does not remember the names of them all, offhand: "They're in the records, somewhere," she says. Nevertheless, she regards them as good experience, and she is justifiably proud of having made the jump from child star to young actress without the three or four years of retirement that customarily interrupt most children's careers during their "awkward" stages.

In the beginning, thirty per cent of Natalie's income was put away in bonds which she will not be able to claim until she reaches twenty-one. "The rest of it," she says, "my family kept for me, although we did use some of it. And I was glad to be able to use some of the money to make my family comfortable." Last spring she bought the family a new house. It has a swimming pool and a large, comfortable patio, and eventually there will be a separate entrance to Natalie's wing, to give her privacy—and she laughs "my parents, too."

The principal difficulty in being a movie star as a child, Natalie says today, lay in the irregularity of her school attendance. She began in the first grade on the lot during her first picture, and continued going to studio classes until she was about eight. At that time the family moved across the street from the site of a public school, and her parents decided to send her there. "I lasted a half-semester," she says. "I didn't like it at all—in those days, I didn't like children.

"I didn't think of myself as a child, and I didn't like any of the things children were interested in.

"Also, studio school had been so far advanced I was 'way ahead of the kids in public school, and I was bored. So I made them send me back to studio school."

"How do you mean, you 'made them'?" a friend once asked her.

"Why, I just made them send me back."

"How?"

She gestured. "I don't know."

"Did you always get your own way?"

She hesitated, but only for a moment. "Yes—usually."

"Why?"

"Because I feel deeply about things."

"Do you think it's good?"

"I don't know. I've never thought much about it—but if a girl has seriously considered the question—yes."

At twelve she went back to public school—because she wanted to. Her grades, she says, were very good, and upon checking I found that they were indeed. She made A's in nearly every subject. "Natalie was sometimes neglectful of her homework," one of her former teachers says, "but she was very bright in class." She attended Northridge Junior High in the San Fernando Valley (the school is now called Robert Fulton Junior High) and finally graduated, at sixteen, from Van Nuys High School. Her studio biography says that she "celebrated the event by having a swimming pool installed at her home and by buying a sports car. She also persuaded her parents to let her open a checking account." This means that Nat-

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alie announced that she was opening her own checking account, and forthwith went and opened one. The car, incidentally. is a white Thunderbird, a hardtop.

Soon after she returned to public school, Natalie had her first date. She was just about fourteen, and she chose a young man who was already in college studying to be a physician. "We went down the street for a Coke, and he let me drive his car," Natalie says. "I think that's about all it amounted to. I was small and skinny, but I wore quite a bit of lipstick then and tried to look much older, and I don't think the boy knew how old I really was. Otherwise, he wouldn't have allowed me to drive his car. He might not even have taken me out if he'd known—he was nineteen or twenty!"

Natalie's parents did not approve of her dating at that age. "I guess," Natalie says, "I was considered a little on the stubborn side." Teddy, the older sister, was more obedient: She did not wear lipstick until she was sixteen, and had her first date when she was eighteen.

As Natalie grew older, she found that parts were not coming to her as quickly and easily as they once had. She began to understand that she would have to fight to keep her position as a star—on two occasions, other young actresses won parts she wanted badly. Her real test came when she heard that director Nick Ray was working on a picture which would be called "Rebel Without a Cause." She had just turned sixteen, and from what she had heard of the project, she felt that the part of the young girl—a rebellious, defiant teenager—would suit her better than anything she had played previously. She went to see Ray, who at that time did not even have a working script.

"I was dubious," Ray later said. "Her most suspect characteristic was the fact that she had been a child actress. So few of them ever turn into anything but stereotypes. Helen Hayes is one of the few I can recall who worked as a child and later became a mature actress. But I tested Natalie. There was some spark about her that told me I should."

He also tested at least twenty other actresses. Ray will not mention their names, but it is known that Margaret O'Brien, Carroll Baker and Kathy Grant were among those who went up for the part. He still could not make up his mind.

"Then, one night, I had a telephone call," he recalls. "It was from a member of the 'Rebel' cast, and he started off by telling me not to worry and not to be upset. 'We had an accident,' he said. 'Some of us were out riding, and our car turned over. Don't be upset, but I think Natalie's got a concussion.' Naturally, I went to the hospital. When Natalie saw me, the first thing she said was, 'Do you know what that police doctor called me, Mr. Ray? He called me a doggoned juvenile delinquent—now do I get the part?' I think it was about then that I decided she would do."

Natalie's performance, and the reviews she got, more than justified Ray's selection. It was, she says, the turning-point in her career. The cast—James Dean, Dennis Hopper, Nick Adams, Jim Backus, Natalie and the rest—would go over each scene together, working it out methodically to be sure that what they were doing was exactly right. And their intensive work paid off in the performances they all gave. "Rebel" is still a big money-maker, and not only because of James Dean's posthumous magnetism. Moreover, its success actually has pulled another Dean picture, "East of Eden," from near-failure to imposing success.

After "Rebel," Natalie began coming into her own as a young performer. She found herself in demand more than ever before, and she began to give more serious consideration to her future as an actress. "Before," she says. "I just went along, taking each picture as it came. Now I try to pick only those parts that are personally satisfying, and in which I can grow . . . not only as an actress, but as a human being.

"You know," she says, warming up, "there has to be more to what a person wants than just being a movie star. I'm just beginning to find that out."

Nevertheless, Natalie continues to go about the business of grooming herself for stardom with astonishing efficiency for one so young. She takes singing lessons, she studies the books on acting (and, right now, she eats heartily, to put on weight for the *Marjorie* role). "It makes me tired to think of anyone going through a schedule like that," a Warners executive has said. "But if willingness and ambition mean anything, the girl is going to be great." Natalie's schedule is such that it is a wonder she has any time for social life—but some days she often has two or three dates. At Romanoff's in Beverly Hills last March she turned up for the cocktail hour with Bob Wagner, then went on to a dinner date with Nicky Hilton. Later in the evening she was to see her old standby, Nick Adams. Some say that Bob Wagner is still definitely her big heartthrob. But despite her obvious feelings for Bob, she takes the prospect of marriage too seriously to yield to a sudden infatuation and has seen Nicky Hilton just as much.

"Me think about marriage now?" she says. "Never—not until I'm five years older, anyhow. Why, I've got so much to do, so much to learn . . . it would be silly to get married right now."

It is that attitude that Natalie's friends are banking on.

There is a law of the land in Hollywood that is referred to as "The Jinx." That is, that a child star has a hard time trying to find happiness as an adult. As examples, they cite Exhibits "A," "B" and "C"—Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney and Elizabeth Taylor, all of whom have lived restless, unhappy lives since they reached maturity. But Natalie's friends agree that "whatever Natalie wants, Natalie gets." And if she were to apply the same courage and determination toward her personal life as she has toward her career, they insist, she'd be the girl most likely to succeed where everyone else failed. THE END

HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC CRAZE

Continued from page 37

Photoplay decided it was high time to investigate. So off we went to the top singers themselves, to find out how they feel about Hollywood's mad fad for singers, and about themselves and their music and their fans.

At the stage door of New York's Roxy Theater, where the latest singing sensation, Tommy Sands, was holding forth, we had to wriggle our way through a horde of fans, who surged into the entrance hall like a tidal wave in our wake.

The plump, perspiring doorman appeared to be on the verge of apoplexy. "Please," he pleaded desperately, "for the last time—stay outside! It's against the fire regulations!"

Somehow, we managed to state that we had an appointment, it was duly checked, and we were directed to Mr. Sands' dressing room—to find Mr. Sands being propelled unceremoniously out of it by his cohorts. He grinned sheepishly at this strange introduction and explained, "Somebody's trying to climb in the window."

This, it developed after the furor had died down, the intruder had been gently but firmly removed from the second-story window to the sidewalk, the window closed and the blind pulled down, was an ordinary occurrence.

"Pretty scary," we remarked. But Tommy wasn't worried about his own safety.

"It's a terrible worry to me," he said anxiously. "I'm so afraid somebody will get hurt, trying to climb up there."

What about other experiences—being mobbed, having his clothes torn? "Oh sure, that happens," he smiled, "but I really don't mind. I realize they're not trying to hurt me. They're doing it out of affection and friendship, and that's a wonderful thing. The fans have been so nice to me, and I'm very grateful."

The dressing room was like all theater dressing rooms—chairs shabby from use, walls scarred, clothes hung on a lead pipe across one end, a washstand in the corner. But when Tommy, straddling a battered wooden chair boy-fashion, arms resting on the back, began to talk about his music, the tired, cheerless room was magically transformed, as if somebody had let a lot of fresh air and sunshine into it. But then, that's exactly the way Tommy is. Refreshing. And sunny.

"What I love most about my music," he said, eyes glowing, face flushed, "is the creative part. I love anything creative, and when I'm working on that part of it, I'm really in my glory. In fact, the two greatest thrills from my music I get in the arranging and recording sessions, when I get down to work with Bob Bane and we create the finished arrangement, then afterwards, go into recording, and come out with the finished record. Oh, yes, I work on my own arrangements. And I like to write music, too. I've written about fifty songs, and had seven of them published. Oh, I don't fancy myself as a great composer, or anything like that. I just do it because I enjoy it."

"All this, for a boy just turning twenty?" we asked. Tommy has a becoming modesty about his amazing accomplishments.

"When it comes to choosing the songs I'm going to sing at a performance," he said, "I don't do it. The people I work with, like Cliffie Stone, I think are much better able to judge what the public likes and wants than I am. So I leave that all up to them."

Of all his numbers, which are Tommy's own favorites? "That's easy," he grinned, "I have just one big favorite, the title song for 'The James Dean Story' that I've just recorded, 'Let Me Be Loved.' It's a very, very slow, tender ballad written by Livingston and Evans, and I feel they've really captured the James Dean story in this song. It means a lot to me, and I can honestly say that it's my great favorite, above anything else I've done."

Because he won fame as a result of the Presley-like role he played in the TV show, "The Singin' Idol," which he is scheduled to make as a movie soon for 20th Century-Fox, Tommy has often been tagged as a second Presley. This is unfair, for he is really quite unlike Presley. Since the TV show, he hasn't sung with

a guitar. He stands still when he sings, at the most snaps his fingers or taps his foot in time to the beat. He's a good rock 'n' roll singer, true, but he's equally at ease with a dreamy ballad or a pop tune.

Which of all these types of music that he does well does Tommy prefer? "I have no favorite," he says, "I'd say it depends on the mood I'm in. If I'm feeling happy, I like a fast, bouncy number. If I'm in a serious mood, I like a ballad. As a singer, I want to do all types of music."

There was a knock on the door. "Who is it?" Tommy called. "Johnnie Ray's here to see you," was the reply. "*The* Johnnie Ray?" asked Tommy. But with that, Mr. Emotion himself appeared.

"I've got about six appointments this afternoon, and I'm late for all of them," Johnnie grinned, "but I just had to stop in to see you for a minute, Tommy. You were nice enough to come to see my show, and it's the least I can do."

"Did you have trouble getting in?" Tommy asked, anxiously.

But Johnnie's an old hand at coping with fan crowds. He chuckled. "I just crept up on 'em, and when they recognized me, I made a run for it.

"How's it going, Tommy boy?" he asked. "Awful big stage here—makes you feel like a midget."

Tommy nodded. "Yes, I had to get used to it. But the acoustics are great." Whereupon the two of them launched into a very professional discussion of the problems of appearing before various audiences on various stages, with all the technical know-how of two lawyers comparing cases. And kindly Johnnie, the old pro, was obviously trying to bolster newcomer Tommy's confidence from his own experience.

Johnnie glanced at his watch. "Oops! I've gotta go now. But I'll drop in to see your show, Tommy."

"Oh, no!" said Tommy, with a mock groan. "Please let me know when you'll be there."

"Sure, I was only kidding," Johnnie grinned. "I'll let you know. I wouldn't want another singer to drop in on *me*. So long, now." And he was off.

"Nice guy, isn't he?" Tommy said. "Now, where were we?"

"How do you feel about the music that made you famous—rock 'n' roll?" we asked. Tommy's eyes flashed, and his reply was unexpectedly heated. "I like *genuine* rock 'n' roll, not *commercial* rock 'n' roll," he said, bringing his fist down on the back of his chair for emphasis. "There's a big difference. Genuine rock 'n' roll was originally the rhythm and blues music that started to gain popularity in the early 1950's. I'd describe it as real jazz music, expressed with vocal chords instead of instruments. Elvis Presley sings this type of American blues music, in an entirely uninhibited, genuine style. Fats Waller and Sister Rosetta Tharpe do the same thing. But today, I think some people have the idea that they can get record sales through the cheap imitation I call commercial rock 'n' roll. I don't believe they can do it. I think the public is too smart for that."

What about calypso? "I like calypso if it has a message," Tommy said, "which good calypso has. But calypso just for the sake of being calypso is nothing."

Well! Was this the callow boy his critics say hit it big through a lucky fluke? Not much! This was an artist, talking about his art with all the knowledge and wisdom of a seasoned professional.

As a parting shot, we asked Tommy to name his own favorite singers. Promptly, he did: "Tennessee Ernie Ford for spirituals and hymns; Nat 'King' Cole for ballads; Frank Sinatra for swing numbers; Elvis Presley for blues; as an all-around singer: Perry Como." Who could argue?

So on we go to take up one of Tommy's favorites: Elvis Presley.

Away from the mobs of screaming fans, Elvis sits in a recording studio. The crew around him maintains a respectful silence, as befits record royalty, which Elvis is. His last record release, "All Shook Up," passed the million mark in less than six weeks.

As far as Elvis is concerned, the crew doesn't exist. In rapt concentration, he's conscious only of the records he's listening to. Sprawled in his chair, physically he's as relaxed as one of his 200 teddy bears; mentally, he's as taut as the E-string on a fiddle. As each record is played, he makes his decision, swiftly and decisively, with a shake of the head for rejection, the word "Good!" if he likes it. For, despite the rumors that have pictured him as the puppet of his shrewd manager, Colonel Tom Parker, it is Elvis, and Elvis alone, who runs his career, as far as his singing is concerned.

"Want to know why this boy's such a tremendous sensation?" says a man who's been with him at many of these recording sessions. "Just watch him work behind the scenes. Here's a boy who hasn't got a bit of formal musical education. But he's got something better. Pure instinct, I call it. Elvis doesn't have to study. He just *knows*. Most important, he knows exactly what's good for *him*."

In selecting a number, Elvis listens first to the words, then the melody. A melody, he knows, can often be built up with a special beat or a clever arrangement. But if the words aren't there, the foundation is missing.

However, Elvis admits he's puzzled by the fabulous success of some of the numbers he's recorded. "Hound Dog" is one. "It's not the lyrics as much as it is the melody," he says. "Too many songs don't

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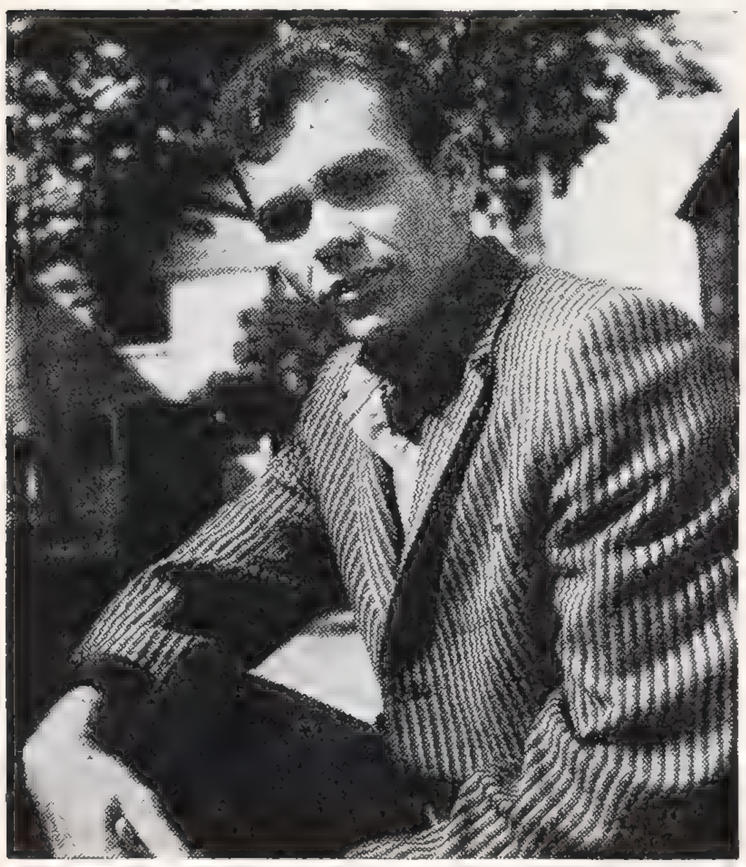
have a beat, and I'm partial to those that do."

Elvis' favorite records run the gamut from country and western material, of the Jimmie Rodgers variety, to rock 'n' roll and jazz. Of his own numbers, he counts "Oklahoma Hills" among the best, and has an equal liking for a number of old bongo records by Machito, "Rock Around the Clock" by Bill Haley and Pat Boone's "I'm in Love Again."

Right now, Elvis is enthusiastic about the new song "Treat Me Nice," from his latest film, "Jailhouse Rock," which he's finished for M-G-M. He thinks it's as great as "Don't Be Cruel."

Elvis, like Tommy Sands, takes a hand in arranging his numbers, pecking out notes on a piano to show his musicians just what he wants. He is also a perfectionist. A Presley recording session takes all day, and when it's finished, Elvis will sit listening to the record over and over again, while the exhausted crew stands by and studio overtime costs soar. It doesn't matter to Elvis. What does matter is that the record must be right.

Does Elvis move around as much when he sings offstage? The answer is yes. Which disproves the accusation that his body movements are a calculated act. "I just can't sing without moving around," Elvis explains, "Without my left leg, I'd be dead." An interesting note: Watch him closely, and you'll see he seldom moves his right leg.



One-time preacher, Dean Jones turned to song, wound up with a choice Metro pact

Two years of solid success, in spite of all the criticism, have proved that Elvis Presley is no passing phenomenon. He's here to stay.

Can that be said for Tab Hunter? Tab himself would like to know the answer to that! His first big record, "Young Love," was made under violent protest from Mr. Hunter, and regardless of the fact that it hit the million mark within a month, he still has grave doubts about the whole business. "Why, I never even thought I could hum very well," he says, "I'm strictly the bathtub singer type."

Among the top singing stars, Tab is in a class by himself, in the sense that he is an actor-turned-singer, not a singer-turned actor. Consequently, he lacks the assurance of the others. In recording sessions, he dies a thousand deaths. He refers to the booth in which he sings as "the gas chamber." He worries and frets and agonizes. Hefty royalty checks notwithstanding, he wonders, "Is it worth it?"

One thing keeps Tab going: He feels he owes it to the fans who welcomed his vocal efforts so warmly. So he suffers through it, feeling all the while woefully inadequate in his inexperience, his complete ignorance of technical musical knowledge, his undeveloped style.

"I feel sorry for the guy," one of his record technicians remarks. "He's so sincere, I suffer with him. But you know what? If he had all the technical background and savvy of a professional singer, it'd ruin him. It's that natural quality, plus the sincerity he puts into it, that makes him good. When they hear him, people can't help but realize, as we do, that if his singing doesn't come from a lot of knowledge in the head, it certainly comes from the heart."

Tab has yet to sing in a film, although he does warble the title theme for his latest Warner Brothers film, "With You in My Arms," for the sound track. With the album "Tab Hunter Sings" and his disc "Ninety-Nine Ways" going like hot cakes, the studio surely won't miss the good bet of starring him in a musical. That is, if they can talk Tab into it.

As for his own musical tastes, Tab says, "I like classical music, as well as popular. Among singers, one of my favorites is Ella Fitzgerald. I think she's great. I like to listen to music by myself, in the morning, while I'm having my coffee. It's a good way to relax and unwind."

Of the future, Tab says, "As long as people want me to sing, I'll sing." All indications are that he'll be singing for a long, long time, for his type of fresh, breezy, dreamy ballad singing is as perennially fresh and new as young love itself.

As quick as you can say "calypso," another top vocalist comes to mind: Harry Belafonte. But just call him "King of Calypso" and Harry recoils in horror!

"I'm first and foremost a singer," he says vehemently. "I don't want to be known as a calypso singer. I don't believe in being cultish about the success of calypso music, nor would I care to be known as having been responsible for putting the nail in the coffin of rock 'n' roll music. I sing all types of folk music—English, Irish, French, Israeli—music from every section of the world!"

Yet there's little doubt that Belafonte is solely responsible for the calypso craze. According to RCA Victor, three of his four albums currently on the market have exceeded sales of one-half million, while a fourth, "Calypso," has gone well over a million. This is no mean feat for an LP, when you consider that only two other albums, "My Fair Lady" and "Oklahoma," have done as well in the history of the record business.

Harry acquired his feeling for calypso music when, at the age of eight, he moved to Jamaica. With his mother, a native Jamaican and father, from the island of Martinique, he remained there seven years. "Calypso music," as Harry tells it, "isn't the sort that can be easily learned. It's one of the few art forms that must be lived with to fully grasp its meaning, to understand the pointed wit of its topical songs. Calypso is a healthy form of music. It treats topical events with a healthy irony."

Asked if the widespread calypso rage might destroy its popularity (some record authorities feel that it is now on the wane), Belafonte quickly replies, "Definitely not. Calypso is basically folk music and I think all folk music will survive any cultist movement or undue popularity, because of its innate strength."

He has some apprehensions, however. "I'm afraid the same thing may happen to calypso that's happening to rock 'n' roll. Once the fast-buck guys hop on it, once it becomes a superficial shell of itself by crass commercialism, it's going to become a caricature of itself."

Folk material, whether it be Burl Ives, Josh White, or for that matter, a number of songs he's penned himself, is always Harry's first choice. Of the latter, his latest RCA Victor recording, "Island in the Sun" from the picture of the same name is one he's particularly proud of. "Blue Tail Fly" by Burl Ives, the old Artie Shaw recording of "Begin the Beguine," Benny Goodman's "Sing, Sing, Sing," Fats Waller's "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie," and Glenn Miller's "Juke Box Saturday Night" are also Belafonte favorites.

At thirty, Harry's income runs to the tune of $15,000 a week and he could make much more if he would accept all the engagements he is offered. Divorced by his first wife, child psychologist Marguerite Byrd (they have two daughters, Shari, two-and-a-half, and Adrienne, eight), he recently married Julie Robinson, a former dancer with Katherine Dunham.

Serious as he is about music, there's no doubt that the good looks and charm that won him the title of "the first Negro matinee idol," have played a large part in his success. Currently starring in "Island in the Sun" for 20th Century-Fox, his contract calls for two more films. A new series of Belafonte albums is in the offing, too. But Harry remains true to his first love. "In my quest for folk music," he says, "I feel I've only scratched the surface."

Pat Boone, another of today's biggest money-makers in the music field, actually never thought his records would be very successful! Dressed in the striped shirt (without tie), soft sweater, slacks and suede sport shoes that make him look like the college boy he is, Pat grins, and then explains, in his soft, Southern drawl, "I never thought my records would be successful, mainly because I don't sing like Perry Como, Tony Martin or Gordon MacRae. When I sing rock 'n' roll, my voice is robust, loud and clear. On ballads, I'm much softer—there's no bite and I even sound a little whispery. It's not anything I do deliberately, I just sound that way. Although I approach ballads and rock 'n' roll songs differently, I'm sure my voice can be recognized."

Pat is first to staunchly defend his style, declaring, "I realize that it's good to be different and I'm really glad that I don't sound like anybody else. If I did, I would suffer like so many others who try to copy singers like Como and Sinatra. I admire them greatly, but I'm happy my voice is my own."

He frankly admits his penchant for rock 'n' roll music, though he's equally fond of ballads and moon-in-June love songs. Says Pat, "Nobody has influenced my style in singing rock 'n' roll. As a matter of fact, when I first recorded a rock 'n' roll song, I wasn't quite sure what it was, nor for that matter did I really know anyone who sang it. I prepared for my first rock 'n' roll session by listening to other records."

Ironically, the song that was responsible for the upward turn in Pat's career is quite ungrammatical for a probable Phi Beta Kappa honor student at Columbia University. Conscience-stricken when he was asked to record "Ain't That a Shame," Pat went through twenty-odd takes before the final cut was approved by Randy Wood, president of Dot Records, now a

subsidiary branch of Paramount Pictures.

Boone freely credits Wood as the person who started him on the road to fame and fortune. It was Wood who asked Pat to record "Two Hearts." "We shook hands on it," says Pat, "and much to the astonishment of my wife Shirley and friends, the record climbed into the top ten lists in a surprisingly short time.

"I have complete faith and confidence in Randy Wood," Pat vows. "I rely on him to pick my music for recording sessions. I personally would have turned down a number of songs—'Tutti Frutti' and 'Long Tall Sally' for example."

Asked about the choice of "Love Letters in the Sand," written more than twenty years ago, which he sings in "Bernardine," Pat says the age and type of music make no difference to him, "though rhythm songs have always been lucky ones."

Of his own numbers, he says, "I don't really have any strong favorite, but 'I Almost Lost My Mind' is one I never get tired of."

Among all records, Pat numbers Perry Como's "Prisoner of Love" and "Song of Songs" near the top of the list, followed by Frank Sinatra's "I've Got the World on a String," Jo Stafford's "Scarlet Ribbons" and Gale Storm's "Ivory Tower."

Frank Sinatra never went to college. "Nobody helped me," he says, "I did it all myself." It is quite true.

At the age of forty-one, he is a one-man corporation, slated to gross $4,000,000 this year, the highest income ever received by a personality in show business history. He has three big films coming out—"The Joker Is Wild" for Paramount, "The Pride and the Passion" for United Artists, and "Pal Joey" for Columbia. This fall, his "Frank Sinatra Show" will be launched on ABC-TV, to the tune of $3,000,000 a year.

He has reached this enviable state by the toughest road any singer ever had to take. First of the singin' idols in the early 1940's, Frank sent teenagers into a state of swooning hysteria that sent editors scurrying to psychiatrists for explanations. But by the early 1950's, the hot career of Frank Sinatra was so cold that he was released by his agency, Music Corporation of America.

Frank believes that poor movies contributed to his decline, but he also candidly admits that the records he was making in those days were far below par. Beset by emotional disturbance as a result of his stormy marriage to Ava Gardner, his voice suffered. So keenly did he feel this that he tried to buy back some of the recordings he made for Columbia.

Oddly, it was his acting role in "From Here to Eternity" that led to the revival of his singing career. For it, he was paid a piddling $8,000. ("I'd have done it for nothing," says Frank.) It won him an Oscar. And the confidence to sing again.

Listen to an old Sinatra record, then play his latest Capitol release, "You're Cheatin' Yourself" and "Something Wonderful Happens in Summer." What a difference! Today's Sinatra is as mellow as old whisky, as pure and sparkling as fine champagne, as smooth as satin. His impeccable style and sharp arrangements have made him the singer's singer.

This is no accident. Frank is a master of his craft.

He works at night—partly because he prefers it, partly because there are never enough hours in a day that, for him, begins at ten in the morning, and may last until three the following morning. At work he is quiet, thoughtful, thoroughly professional. His musicians have the greatest respect for him.

"He's a fine artist in every sense of the word," says one record executive, "but if you ask me what it is that Sinatra has that gets you, I'd sum it up with one word: intimacy. He gets close to people. Every woman feels he's making love just to her. He's always had it, but now it comes across even more."

Among the Big Six, only Frank and Tab Hunter can be considered purely Northern products. Belafonte, though a New Yorker, grew up in Jamaica. With Tommy Sands coming from Louisiana, Elvis Presley from Tennessee, and Pat Boone from North Carolina and Texas, the Southern influence is strong. Fast-rising Andy Griffith, star of Warner Brothers' "A Face in the Crowd," hails from North Carolina. Dean Jones, sure to be heard from as a singer as well as an actor at M-G-M, was born in Alabama. Perry Como, the pride of Pennsylvania, could do a lot to even up the Hollywood score for the Northerners, but Mr. Como just doesn't believe in spending the summer vacation from his TV show working, and who can blame him?

However, Hollywood is finding plenty of new singing talent to satisfy its mad craving for singers right in its own backyard. Sal Mineo's initial vocals show great promise. Robert Mitchum's calypso recording, the result of film-making in the West Indies, was a surprise. Robert Wagner is also doing well with his discs, as is Jeff Chandler. And let's not overlook Jerry Lewis, who amazed everyone by turning up on the best-seller lists with his first record, "Rockabye."

Certain to be a future movie star is handsome young Ricky Nelson, who zoomed to record fame overnight via his discs, "I'm Walkin'" and "A Teenager's Romance."

Sal Mineo, who like Tab Hunter was already a star as an actor, says that in his case, it was also the demand of the fans that caused him to make a record. "I'd never thought of myself as a singer," says Sal, "but every time I'd talk to some young people, they'd say, 'Sal, why don't you make a record?' Then one day, someone from Columbia called me with the same suggestion. 'What!' I said. 'Are they after you, too?' He laughed and said, 'That's right.' So I agreed to do it. And was I surprised at the way it turned out!" No wonder—Sal's first platter, "Start Movin'" climbed fast toward the million mark in a matter of weeks.

"I like some rock 'n' roll numbers, though not all," says Sal. "I like those with a strong beat—Bill Haley's, for instance. But I like all kinds of music. In my own collection, my favorites are my albums of Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller."

Popular Dean Jones says his collection "includes most of Stan Kenton's work, lots of Ella, Frank Sinatra and all of Frankie Laine's early recordings." Laine is a great favorite of his.

"I don't know if I can pinpoint the influences on my singing," Dean continues. "I'm sure the church choir, recordings and local jazz bands made an impression, but the thing that I remember most about music as a kid is the spiritual music that drifted up from the cotton fields. Those wonderful songs must have influenced me to believe that songs must be sung with feeling and emotion. And this is what I think *must* be put into a song."

Actually, this whole Hollywood music craze is pretty simple. Music fads have swept the country since the birth of jazz in the early days of the Twentieth Century. From the Charleston days, through the great dance bands of Goodman, Miller and the Dorsey Brothers in the 'thirties, to today's rock 'n' roll, they have always existed, offshoots of what is regarded as America's only truly original art form: jazz. And Hollywood movie-makers who are quick to give the public what it wants surely would not miss the opportunity to satisfy this national demand. In the great dance band days, of course, this was an awkward proposition: How many film stories could be done about a *band?* The difference today, as we've seen in this examination of them, is that the representatives of the current music fad are men who, in addition to being good singers, are highly attractive personalities. In short, star material. Moreover, as we've seen, they are no lucky products of the public's passing fancy. They are hep performers who take their work and their responsibility to the public seriously.

Andy Griffith's earthy vocalizing to his own guitar music started him toward fame

It was the youngest of them, Tommy Sands, who put his finger on the real reason for it all. Said Tommy, "You know, I've been singing for people for eleven years. I did it because I love music, and I love to sing. I never thought much more about it, until just a couple of years ago. Then I reached the time, as I suppose every young fellow does, when I began to wonder whether I was really doing something worthwhile with my life, whether this was what I really wanted to devote my life to. I thought about it a lot, what entertainment means to people. Then, I remembered all the people I talked to. I've always liked to talk to all kinds of people, to find out how they think and feel. And I remembered all the times somebody, maybe a cab driver or a newsboy, would say to me, 'I saw a great movie last night' or 'Did you catch Perry Como on TV? Wonderful show!'

"I realized then how much entertainment really means to all of us, because it's something that gives us a necessary change and lift from the cares of our daily lives. Now I feel that my singing really has a purpose, that I can *give* people something they want and need."

You're so right, Tommy. THE END

Test your tastes against a Hollywood expert

Joel Friedman, music and record expert of the Hollywood staff of Billboard magazine, compiled this basic record collection for Photoplay readers. How do your disc tastes stack against the expert's?

CALYPSO

HARRY BELAFONTE
"Calypso" — RCA Victor

LOUISE BENNETT
"Jamaican Folk Songs" — Folkways

DUKE OF IRON & LORD THOMAS
"Calypso Jamboree" — Paragon

THE EASY RIDERS
"Marianne and Other Songs" — Columbia

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ROSSELLINI TALKS

Continued from page 50

The first years of our marriage we worked only together. If they offered Ingrid something without me, she refused even to read the script." He hesitated, as if trying to figure out words which would express in English emotions too complicated for his command of the language. The night air—scented with jasmine and honeysuckle—was oppressively sweet and still. It seeped through the window and blanketed the room.

"Those were the happy years. The children were small. They cried for 'Mamma,' and Ingrid came. Now the children grow older and they are not so dependent on her and Ingrid becomes restless. So my wife and I are going our separate ways professionally. And things are as they are . . ."

He spoke in a gentle, compelling voice. After ten minutes there was the shock of realizing that Roberto Rossellini—fat, disheveled, aging, his forehead beaded with sweat in a sweltering Bombay hotel room—unbelievably still retained the magnetism that has always attracted women to him. A magnetism had brought him Anna Magnani ("He isn't just a man; he's a hurricane."); ex-Miss America Marilyn Buferd ("Roberto is the most uninhibited man I have ever known. Terrific!"); and Ingrid Bergman ("With him—for the first time in my life—I don't feel shy or awkward or lonely. I would have swum the ocean to be with him").

Now this same magnetism had won twenty-seven-year-old Sonali Das Gupta. His entanglement with Sonali—mother of two children—meant perhaps that his wife, Ingrid Bergman, was to be relegated to the past that Anna Magnani, his first wife (Marcella de Marchis) and a dozen other women shared. To Ingrid, waiting in the villa she and Rossellini had built, it meant another tragedy in the series of tragedies of which her life seems to be composed. It meant another blow to be covered up by courage and dignity and her superb acting ability. It meant—perhaps—the end of her seven-year-old marriage.

The scent of jasmine grew stronger. Rossellini stood for a moment at the open window. But there was no breeze.

"Sonali . . . ?" Then, "I am just an ordinary man. Write anything you wish about me, but add that I am only human—perhaps too human."

When Rossellini arrived in India last December to make a series of documentary films for the Indian government, he was a man whose pride had been bitterly hurt. When he married Ingrid Bergman, he had expected that they would make film history together. But they had only succeeded in making a series of incredibly bad—and financially unsuccessful—movies. Their talents had proven mutually destructive, as unmixable as oil and water. Now the actress in Ingrid had finally rebelled. She had begun to work with other directors . . .

"What use to go into details? First Ingrid made a movie with a friend of ours, Jean Renoir. Why not? We were both pleased with the arrangements, and it worked out well. Then came 'Anastasia' . . ." He broke off abruptly, and there was a change in his charming, controlled manner. He showed his contempt for "Anastasia" by crushing his cigarette.

Had he seen the picture?

"I did," he replied flatly. "I am sorry to say, quite frankly, I thought it was terrible. The worst thing Ingrid ever did."

"But the critics raved! And what about the award? Her great triumph in New York?"

Ingrid Bergman's husband shrugged in the manner of continental Italians.

Rossellini had not been consulted about "Anastasia." He had sat—unnoticed—in the corner of a London hotel room while Ingrid was petted and partied and showered with attentions. For a man as masculine and egotistical as Rossellini, London was hell. If he tried to learn the role of second fiddle, he was unsuccessful at it. He left London convinced that he was no longer needed by or necessary to Ingrid Bergman. He flew to India. Ingrid and his children spent Christmas alone in Paris . . .

Why had Rossellini made no effort to join them? Surely, this is the one day when every father wants to be with his family. And for the children, it must have been disappointing not to have their father with them.

"I had certain business commitments," was all he would say. "I had to go." (Long painted as an adoring father, Rossellini was coldly aloof when the children were mentioned. When questioned about what he had sent the children for Christmas, he answered that "They had a very happy Christmas with their mother.")

Waiting for Rossellini at the airport was documentary film producer Hari Das Gupta, a thirty-three-year-old Hindu who had been educated at the University of Southern California. Young, talented, and overly ambitious, Hari was eager to be of assistance to the famous director. He lent Rossellini his American station wagon. He gave dinners for Rossellini to which he invited the most influential people in Bombay society.

It was at the first of these dinner parties that Rossellini was introduced to Hari's wife. Sonali—whose greatest charm lies in her soft, melting brown eyes and

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her bell-like, English-accented speaking voice—was a woman as delicate and willowy as a figure on a Chinese scroll. In appearance she was the greatest possible contrast to the strong and towering Swedish wife that Rossellini had left in France. But Sonali had already been involved in one, by then, almost-forgotten scandal. As a schoolgirl she had fallen in love with her art teacher—a man fifty-two years old—because she felt that he could make her a great artist. She and the man had eloped to a seaside resort. They had remained there until Sonali's family found them and dragged her back to Bombay.

In the next few weeks Rossellini called at the Gupta house once or twice—either by accident or design—when Hari was not at home. Sonali served him finger sandwiches and mint flavored tea. (A practicing Hindu, she does not drink alcoholic beverages.) She wore her most expensive sari and twisted white jasmine into her black hair. Rossellini talked of "capturing the authentic heart and soul of India." For a foreigner, he said, this would be almost impossible. (Indian officials who have seen his one completed film have called it "magnificent," his best work since "Open City" and "Paisan.") He asked for her help on his scripts. He offered to put her under contract. The salary he mentioned was large—even by Hollywood standards. (There is no knowledge of Sonali's having written anything besides letters in the preceding twenty-seven years. And Rossellini has always boasted that he never uses a script but improvises as he works.)

Hari's family was immediately disapproving. In India a wife does not entertain men when her husband is not at home. But Hari prided himself on being modern. American-educated, he hated the taboos that set Indian women in an inferior place. He was flattered that the world-famous director had complimented his wife by asking her to work with him. In an angry scene, Hari accused his family of being old-fashioned. "If she works for Rossellini and he pays her, what is wrong? Only jealous people would criticize her."

February faded into March. "Anastasia"—which had been an astonishing financial success in America—now brought Ingrid Bergman her second Academy Award. She was swamped by offers from American producers. They would make pictures where she wanted, when she wanted. Her return to the Paris stage in "Tea and Sympathy" was equally successful. There were roses everywhere and baskets of fruit and telegrams of congratulations . . .

" 'Tea and Sympathy,' the play in Paris." Rossellini's eyes were hard and there was a thin edge of sarcasm to his voice. "Ah yes—another great triumph for Ingrid. Very good, very good. . . ." He hesitated. "It was I who received the initial offer on 'Tea and Sympathy.' " He seemed to be making a determined effort to show that Italy's one-time most important movie director had not been altogether forgotten—although it is unlikely that Ingrid Bergman will take any further direction or guidance on her career from him.

"I was asked to read the script. If I liked it, I was to direct it and interest Ingrid in starring. I agreed. The script arrived, but it was in English. I do not read English easily so I had to wait for the Italian translation. When I read it, I was disappointed. I did not like the theme or the woman's involvement with the student at all. I tossed it aside. I did not know that Ingrid had read the English script and was very eager to star in it. She would have to play it in French. Her knowledge of the language is good, but she is a perfectionist. She started to have lessons to soothe her tendency toward a Nordic accent which shows itself in any language she speaks, although—God knows—her English is far, far better than mine."

The room was in complete darkness now, but it was too hot to turn on a light. He sat in the darkness silently, puffing on a cigarette, clearly thinking about the past. When he continued, he spoke with an effort, thoughtfully and deliberately, weighing his words.

"My wife is a very wonderful woman in many ways, really and truly she is. I know better than anyone else. She did not want to hurt me. She was kind. But she did want to play in 'Tea and Sympathy.' I told her to do as she liked. I am a professional. I understand. I may not like it, but I do understand . . ."

There it was. The halting words were a confession—words Rossellini, badgered by reporters and hounded by photographers, had been unable to speak before. Even now, one could sense his pain. Here was the real reason for his clash with Ingrid—a reason that had nothing to do with Sonali Das Gupta or any other woman. A reason as old as art itself—the need of the artist for expression at all costs. Ingrid Bergman had felt it. And Roberto Rossellini, himself a dedicated artist, could only say, "I understand . . ."

A soft, clinging woman with eyes like butter and skin as golden as honey is soothing medicine for wounded pride. A woman who considered herself an intellectual and was awed by the presence of a great and important movie director. The relationship between Sonali and Rossellini became more intense. Even Hari began to be disturbed when Rossellini—away from Bombay seeking locations for his films—began to send letters to Sonali. She refused to let her husband read Rossellini's letters or her answers to him. By the time Hari was forced to go on business to the great Tata steel works, he was worried enough to insist that Sonali accompany him. The next day Rossellini—by special plane—arrived there. It was at this point that the bitter quarrels between Hari and Sonali began.

March turned to April. Back in Bombay the quarrels continued, growing more heated as summer approached and India began to swelter beneath the sun. Late in April Sonali and Hari reached a break.

"Rossellini is the only one who really understands me."

"If that's how you feel, I'll take you to your 'great friend.'" Das Gupta twisted the words sarcastically.

"And if you take me, I will go and not come back."

They drove in tense silence down Marine Drive to the harbor that is the Gateway to India. There the Taj Mahal Hotel—India's most fashionable—looms like a great maharaja's palace. Sonali left the car and went immediately to Room 544A, Rossellini's air-conditioned suite on the top floor. The next day she sent for her clothes, her jewels, and her eight-month-old son. She registered in Room 545, an adjoining room and the only other air-conditioned room in the hotel.

Hari hesitated to send his baby to the hotel. A male child is considered a Hindu's most precious possession. But he still loved his wife, and he thought that the baby might bring her back to him. Consoled by the fact that the child's nurse was to go along, Hari consented.

For a few weeks he debated what to do and—while debating—did nothing. Then, angry over learning that Sonali spent only a few minutes a day with the child, he decided to act. He telephoned Sonali's father in Lucknow and begged him to come to Bombay.

Dr. K. Sen Roy, a retired surgeon, immediately boarded a plane for Bombay. At the Taj Mahal Hotel, he knocked on the door of Room 545. There was no answer. A hall porter pointed to the door of 544A. Dr. Roy knocked again, this time on the door of 544A. The door was opened by Rossellini who quickly joined Dr. Roy in the hall and then led him back to Room 545. There the doctor discovered that the "room" in which his daughter was registered was only a small vestibule containing a desk and sofa. There were no personal possessions in the room. The implications were clear.

In the scene that followed, Rossellini told Dr. Roy that he "loved Sonali," had "loved her from the beginning," and "intended to marry her."

"You are already married?"

"Yes."

"You have children too?"

"Yes."

"You had another wife before your present one?"

"Yes."

"But you want to marry again?"

"Yes. What is the harm?" Rossellini lit a cigarette, but his eyes did not leave the doctor's aristocratic face.

"You are inhuman." Dr. Roy turned away in disgust.

"Is it inhuman to love?" Rossellini asked angrily. He then began to try to smooth things. He declared that he was an honorable man, that he would work things out, that he would divorce Ingrid and marry Sonali. "I have known women all over the world," he said, "but I have never known anyone like Sonali."

A few moments later he brought Sonali to her father and left them alone together. Dr. Roy wept, but Sonali sat as unmoved as a porcelain figurine. When her father left, she had sealed her fate with Rossellini.

As soon as the doctor had gone, Rossellini telephoned a Bombay lawyer. From then on he made no public declarations that he "loved" Sonali or would "marry" her. He said only that he had paid her under contract and that she was nothing more than a secretary to him. In an unguarded moment he said to a friend that he had told Sonali's father he would divorce Ingrid, but "on the spur of the moment you will say things you are not responsible for."

For nearly a month the liaison between the two had been the choicest bit of gossip in the upper circles of Bombay society. On May 20, the whispers and knowing smirks turned into world scandal when a New York newspaper splashed the story across its front page.

Things moved rapidly. The story was denied by Rossellini ("It's fantasy! Absolute nonsense!"); by Sonali ("No, no. I deny everything."); and by Ingrid ("I've heard about these rumors before and I do not believe one word of them. Ever since our marriage my husband has been attacked, sniped at, and hurt." She laughed convincingly. "Tell people I laughed. Tell them not to pay any attention to that story . . . We don't.")

Six policemen guarded the door of Sonali's room to keep Hari's relatives from attacking her. Hari's younger brother jumped from the third floor of his Bombay home in an attempt to commit suicide because of the scandal. Rossellini sounded out steamship officials on passage back to Italy for himself and Sonali. A "Save Sonali from Scandal" campaign mushroomed, and Indians deluged the government with demands that the government refuse to give her a passport. On May 23 Hari Das Gupta made written application to the Foreigners Registration Bureau to have

Rossellini thrown out of India. (Rossellini's visa had lapsed one month before.)

May 24 was the seventh anniversary of Rossellini's wedding to Ingrid Bergman. He sent her no roses, no silk saris, no ivory or star sapphires, none of the gifts for which India is famous. ("I have done no shopping since I came. I am working. I am a busy man. There is no time.") Only a cable of eight words. "WISHING YOU A LONG AND HAPPY MARRIED LIFE." Ingrid sent a cable back to India, but—since it was written in Italian—only Roberto knows what she said to him.

On May 25 Rossellini was called to New Delhi to face the anger of the Indian government by whom—technically—he was employed. His employers reportedly told him to break off his love affair with Sonali or to be packed and ready to leave India in seven days.

May 27 he promised the government to stop seeing Sonali. A twenty-four-hour police guard was assigned to hold him to his promise. On the strength of this promise, he was given permission to stay in India another month or two—long enough to finish the films that may bolster his sagging reputation. On May 28 he moved down the hall to Room 561, a cubbyhole without air-conditioning. It was in this room that he gave his extraordinary interview.

The night had cooled almost imperceptibly. Rossellini stood by the window once again, looking out at the India that lay beyond the darkness, the India that he was trying to capture in his films.

He sighed. "Tell people that I am just an ordinary man," he said again. "Tell people that I am only human."

Outside, the rumors were rushing across India. "He will divorce Ingrid and marry Sonali." "Rossellini has led Sonali up the garden path and now he will leave her." "He's planning to bring Sonali to Italy." "He has been a naughty boy but never dreamed he would get so deeply involved. He would never marry an Indian woman. Sonali is just a little fling, not serious."

He was asked pointblank about his marriage. He was reminded that few women have ever had to pay so much to marry the man they loved as Ingrid Bergman.

He sighed again, and made a feeble attempt to dismiss the questions lightly. "I did not kidnap her. She came of her own free will . . ."

Of the future, he would—or could—say nothing. Much of that depends on Ingrid Bergman. Would she want a divorce? Would she take him back, if he asked to come home? If the price of keeping her husband is to abandon her new career, would she pay it? Can any marriage that has been torn apart before the prying eyes of newspaper readers in every country in the world be patched together again?

Ingrid Bergman held the answers to those questions. Roberto Rossellini could only stand at the window of his Bombay hotel room, wonder and wait. THE END

Next month, read Ingrid's story.

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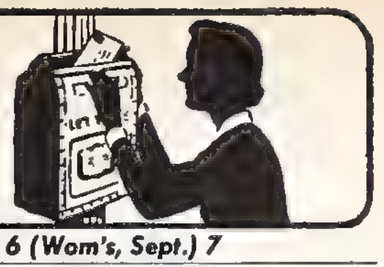

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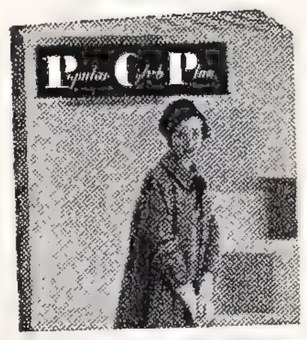

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WHAT EVERY WOMAN NEEDS

Continued from page 43

Anne Lindbergh's 'Gift from the Sea?' It's a remarkable document, isn't it? It gets to the core of the whole problem—not *my* problem, in particular, but one that every woman has these days. We are subjected to so many pressures, so many demands that we are in danger of losing contact with ourselves, as individuals. We become so involved in the thousand and one chores of daily living that we lose the true meaning of life. Oh, I know that so well!"

She paused and looked out the window, at the busy whirl of Paris traffic, not seeing it. Her thoughts were far away and it was easy to guess what they were. Only a few short years ago, she herself had reached a point where those pressures and demands had threatened to tear her life apart. She had come to Hollywood, a star of English films, with high hopes and a husband, Tony Bartley, a former RAF hero who had a position with an aircraft company. But in Hollywood, he couldn't work because, having been born in India, he was unable to get an immigration quota number. "It was awful for him, for three years," says Deborah. It was awful for her, too, because she suffered with him. When he finally got the long-awaited quota and was able to put his study of TV production, acquired during the waiting period, into practice, he was assigned to a TV series that took him to the ends of the earth. Then, Deborah's career went into the doldrums. Forever cast as a quiet, well-bred English girl, she says, "I was about as exciting as an oyster." On top of that, she was plagued by separation rumors, simply because Tony wasn't there. "Some people in Hollywood," she remarked acidly, "seem to think that a husband should be constantly around, like a decoration, or a sort of knickknack." There were the happy times, too, when Melanie and Francesca arrived. But they gave her all the more reason to feel the mounting problems, to doubt, and to wonder about the future. When the very social Lady Bartley, Tony's mother, had first met her future daughter-in-law, she had asked Deborah tartly, "But can you continue as an actress and have a home and children, too?" To which she had levelly replied, "Yes, I think I can." Well, now she had to prove it. And, by begging a part in "From Here to Eternity" that no one thought she could play, she did. "I had to put on a bathing suit to prove I could act," she grins, but it paid off, not only in cold, hard cash, but, more importantly to her, in enabling her to pick and choose her roles so that she could spend more time with Tony and the children.

Now, in the Paris hotel room, she turned from the window and smiled. "I've learned, like Mrs. Lindbergh, that it isn't really the big problems that affect a woman, though. It's the trivia, all the little things that a woman has to cope with every day, that can wear away her peace of mind and give her the feeling that she has lost contact with the world and with herself. Perhaps ideally every woman should follow Mrs. Lindbergh's advice and really get away from it all. Take two weeks absolutely alone on an island or a deserted beach somewhere.

"Every woman can't take that much time, though. And, in fact, the prospect of being away from one's family that long might be positively bleak. But for myself, I've set up my own desert island. It takes only thirty minutes a day and anyone can do it.

"It's simply this: For thirty minutes a day, no matter how trying the day or how much has to be done, I plump flat on my back and let my mind drift, free of any encumbrance, thinking anything it wants to, for that solid, uninterrupted half-hour.

"I've set up this desert island of mine in scores of places. On a hammock between two teak trees in India. On a cot under a mosquito netting in Africa. On a magnificently carved four-poster bed in Italy. Oh, I've set it up in less exotic surroundings, too. On a couch in my studio dressing room at 20th Century-Fox, for instance. If I went to the commissary for lunch, I'd meet twenty people, and be answering 'What's new?' and 'How are the children?' twenty times over. Instead, I have a light lunch sent in. I have a portable record-player and I turn on something soft and dreamy. Then I stretch out on the couch with my shoes off and away I go to my island."

She leaned forward, her face glowing and fragilely lovely as the Sèvres teacup in her hand. "That half-hour," she said, "it's a time for refueling, for directing jumping nerves to stop their tap-dancing and settle down. For taking stock. To recharge. To let my mind loose from the bonds of such humdrum household thoughts as:

"This dress needs letting up. That one needs letting down.

"Now who on earth can find time to put the car in the garage for the oil change?

"I must remember the things for the school barbecue. And, oh yes, Melanie wants to ask that horrid little girl over on Saturday. How do I get around that?"

Miss Kerr tossed her cinnamon curls vigorously. "That sea of trivia drowns entirely too many of us in things that don't matter.

"What does matter?" She paused for only a moment. "Children matter. And children mean your way of living. That includes your husband, your attitude toward life—which is the one thing your child is going to copy. Only these things really matter.

"It doesn't really matter if you attend such-and-so's dinner party. If she's not your friend as a result—well, she wouldn't have been for long anyway. People worry so about those things. What to wear—what not to wear. What to say—what not to say. Whom to ask—whom not to ask. For heaven's sake—ask someone who amuses you.

"Not too many years ago, those self-created crises kept me a frightened timid girl—afraid to go anywhere because of the fear, believe it or not, of having to say hello to people. What would I say after that, I wondered. I was petrified. I suppose it's basically a matter of life's timetables. The child of three may be a darling. She turns four and suddenly she's a brat. Five—sweet again. That's about the way it happened. One day I woke up for no apparent reason realizing how much I was missing. Instead of spending hours worrying about the details, I went ahead to enjoy the moments themselves. I found that after the hello's, the conversation took care of itself. I'd jumped in the swim, and the water was delightful.

"The trouble with too many of us," Deborah went on, "is that when we spot a crisis—or something we imagine to be a crisis—we leap frantically to attack it. We worry it over all day. Then we take it to bed with us, and turn and toss. We wake up in no fit state to cope with it.

"The great thing to do is not call it a crisis at all—and it generally disappears. I'm a great one for saying, 'Well now, I've wrestled with it. I'll just leave it till

morning.' Usually, by morning someone else has solved the problem. Or you do. Or it just slinks away. This probably sounds like all those power of positive thinking books, but really—there is a great deal to them.

"Nearly all of us worry too much about the little things and don't get enough time to think—to enjoy the big things more. Many people don't seem to relax—even on weekends. That's a dreadful situation, because when we do relax, everything opens up. Some people claim to do their best work under tension. But it seems to me that most of these eventually develop ulcers—or turn to drink or drugs.

"Of course, every woman doesn't require that two weeks on an island. Those who are inundated in housework and inundated in children do. But today there are more working wives than ever before. Their refueling can come at home. I can't think of anything in the world I love more than acting—except my family. I live for being home. Just my husband, the children, and me. We don't want dinner guests. We just want to be together, doing things together.

"There are times in my work when one is fairly buried in luncheons, engagements, picture sittings—like those trips to New York for the studio with so many things scheduled and waiting to be scheduled that you think, almost desperately, 'I cannot possibly stretch the day.'

"And it happens at home, too. I know with many women it's do the ironing, fetch this, fetch that. In my case, it's more instigating that something be done. See if Tony's shoes need cleaning. What to have for lunch. What to plan for dinner. What to do on the weekend—now that I have weekends. (You know, we were the last industry to go on a five-day week. Before that, the only people driving into work on Saturdays were telephone operators and us.) Answer the one hundred and one letters that need personal attention. (I have a secretary—I know that sounds quite grand, but it does help.) The Bachelors' Club of South Bend has taken time in its one meeting of the year to vote an award. Very sweet. Naturally, one must take time out to thank them.

"And more questions. What am I going to wear? And what is Tony going to wear? Is his dinner jacket pressed? Sew buttons on his shirt—I'm sure they're off. They always are. If Nanny's too busy, I'll do it myself.

"All of these things are time-consuming, though each is in its own way quite important. But what is really important—again it comes to that—is what each of us must hoard a special cache of time and strength for. And that, to my mind, is one word—children.

"From 1945 to 1947," said Deborah, "I thought I was happily married. I was, too. But I didn't know how meaningful marriage could be until the children came. Life—full as it seemed—was empty compared to what it is now.

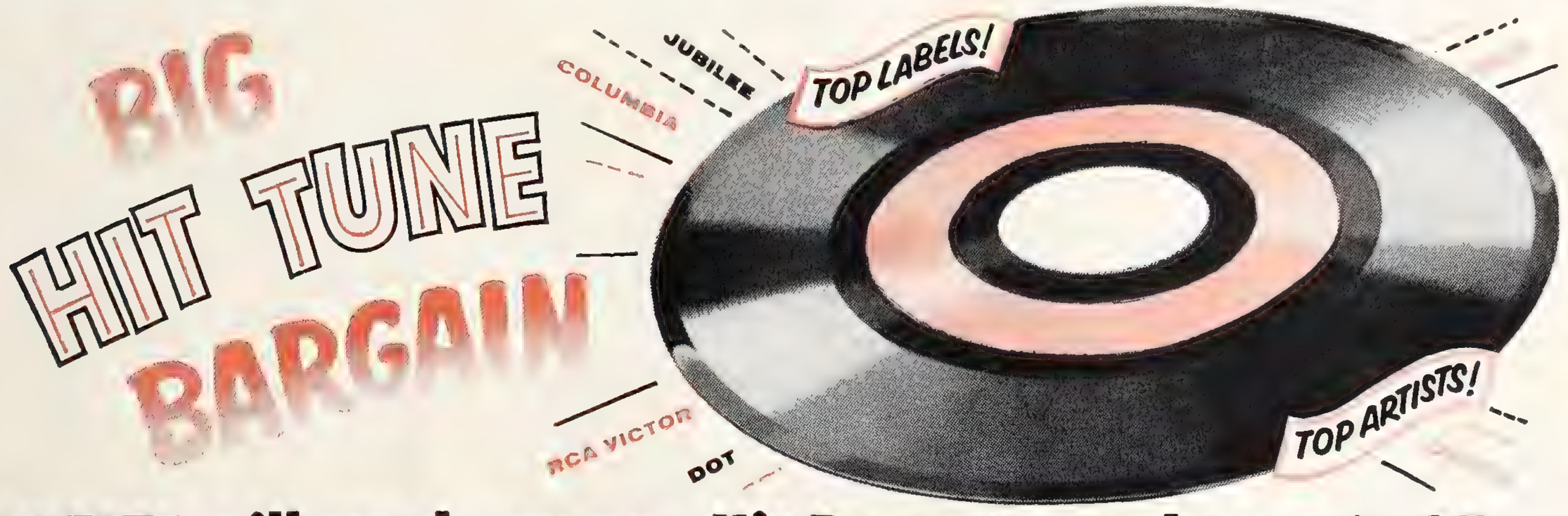
"The way they thunder into the bedroom in the morning and tramp about on your chest—threatening to cave in your ribs or your bed at any moment. Of course, I'm lucky. Mine are jewels. Why, they sometimes let me sleep till all of nine o'clock on Sundays.

"The things they say! The outrageous puns. Like the time when Melanie insisted that Nanny give her the precise meaning of 'illegal.' Nanny explained the word in all its ramifications, painstakingly and with great care, throwing in everything but the latest Supreme Court decisions. Then the little gay deceiver blandly said: 'Oh no, Nanny. An illegal is a sick bird.'

"Their interpretations! The day Frankie told Nanny that Mummy was married twice. Nanny said, 'Oh, really?' 'Oh yes,' said Frank, 'once when she had me and once when she had Melanie.'

"And their reactions! When I did the big shipboard love sequence for 'An Affair to Remember' on the set with Cary Grant, someone asked Melanie what she thought of it. She said, very wide-eyed, 'My goodness—the boat is so real!'

"Naturally, there are the somewhat less joyous moments. There are the illnesses. There are advantages, of course, when a mother has a governess to help her. But sometimes it boomerangs. I remember once the children caught a virus—and then Nanny caught it from them. I had to nurse the three of them. Up every three hours every night with aureomycin tablets. (The makeup man was magnificent hiding the scars on the set next day.) What amazed me most was how automatically and easily I rose on the



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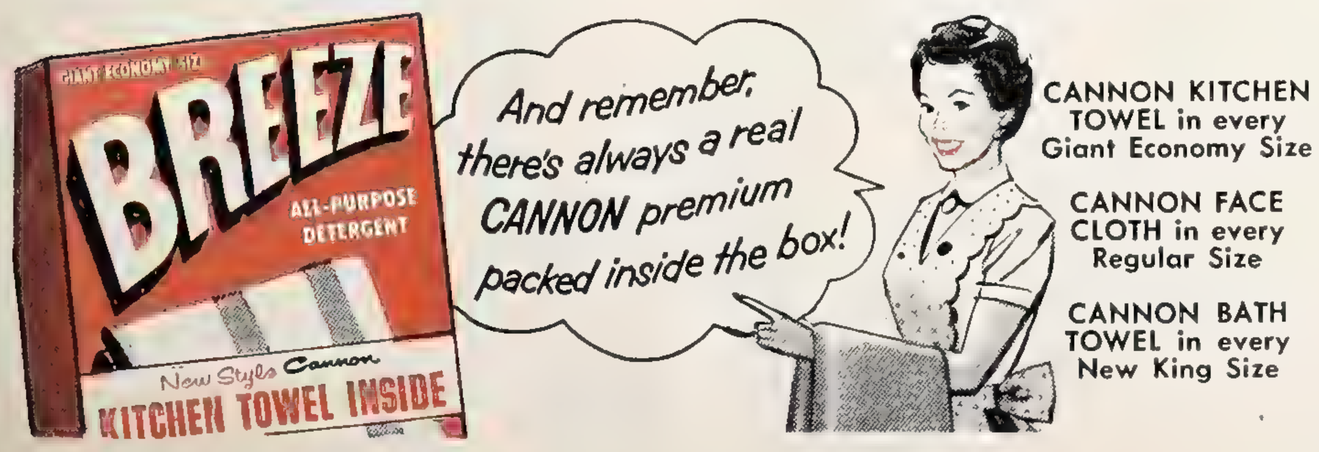

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"Of course, there's a tremendous responsibility in seeing them properly educated. Not only in sending them to the best school you can find. But doing your own best to teach them the things that perhaps twenty-five or thirty years of living has taught you.

"Sometimes the teaching may be involuntary. I'm certain no child of mine will ever try to start a barbecue by pouring vodka on the charcoal.

"One thing I've noticed. We almost all say we 'can't' too much. Probably because it's been said at us for ever and ever by our parents. Heaven knows I'm no paragon of virtue. But when Melanie or Frankie say 'I can't do that,' I try to stop myself before I agree.

"Education can't be right when it channels a child too much. If the child shows no definite and immediate leaning for music we say, 'Well, she can't keep time.' Any time I hear myself thinking something like that, I stop short. We must open doors for children—not close them.

"The other day one of the girls brought home a piece of music with a rather curious rhythm. No, no—not rock and roll, calypso! At any rate, she said she couldn't fathom it. I couldn't either, I saw that quickly enough just by scanning. But I didn't let her know that. I just sort of shooed her off to wash up. Then later, when she'd gone to bed I flummoxed around at the piano till I got it. Next morning, I said very very casually, 'By the way, this evening when you're practicing let's try that piece.'

"I'm constantly appalled at how little I've done and how little I know myself. I suppose there's nothing like watching a TV quiz show to prove that to oneself. At any rate, it seems to me that the second we think we know it all or we've done it all, our growth stops. If we stop to think, all of us are constantly running into people who, in some ways, don't seem to have grown past the age of ten. And the fact is, they were probably smarter then.

"It's the parents' job—and what a challenging and rewarding job it can be—to instill curiosity and the ability to think into their children, so that their mental growth never stops.

"When children leave home, they should be as ready as we can make them." Miss Kerr paused. She shivered. "Leave home. Brr! I feel the pangs already when I

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think of their growing up and not being there. I got a taste of what that's like when Melanie spent the night with Bette Davis' daughter. It was the most awful feeling. The house seemed so empty I couldn't bear it." She shrugged. "If the next ten years go as rapidly as the last ten though, I'd better prepare myself. I ought to be looking around for a pair of poodles right now.

"Of course, that's running quite a bit ahead of the calendar. The house is far from empty now. In fact, it rocks so during the children's gatherings that I'm constantly in fear it will shake loose of the foundation and topple off our lovely cliff right into the Pacific Ocean.

"I think," she summed up, "that all of this is why my idea of a perfect evening isn't a lavish premiere—though I love watching movies on TV. Or a gala dinner party—though I'm not one to scorn good company and good food. Or an evening of night-clubbing.

"What *is* my idea of a perfect evening?" Deborah Kerr tilted her head languorously against the green of the chair. She brightened—as though living it.

She half-closed her sparkling aquamarine eyes as though picturing every detail. "It's something like this. I pour a glass of wine, downstairs. Then I take it up to my tub. There I bathe slowly and luxuriously. Melanie and Frankie will come in and jabber. I shall flip water at them, and there will be much shouting and hubbub.

"Afterwards I'll climb into," Deborah paused in delicate contemplation, "oh, perhaps the pale blue nightgown and peignoir. I saunter downstairs to pick up a book, or perhaps a magazine. There will be a lovely rosy fire in the hearth.

"Upstairs again, I'll hear the girls' prayers. We'll play a game. I'll tickle them. Then they'll settle down and relate their little dramas. The latest scandal from school about Nancy. And they'll say, very emotionally, 'My goodness—I just don't understand how she could do it!' How Jeffrey was rude on the bus and probably as punishment must ride to school by car all next week. Then their eyes will get heavy, and I shall light-foot out.

"Then I shall have dinner, perhaps watch television at the same time.

"Not very exciting, is it?"

Faces shining, Francesca and Melanie bounded back into the room in a whirl of pink organdy. And Deborah Kerr was caught up again in the hectic pace of her many tasks as wife, mother and star.

She goes with you to the door and says goodbye with a warm handclasp and a smile. The smile of a woman who has found, in addition to all life's richest joys, the inner peace and contentment and understanding of herself that gives them meaning.

That desert island of hers is something no woman should be without. THE END

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

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WHY I WORRY ABOUT KIM

(*Continued from page* 45)

"Marilyn—it's still hard to call her Kim—was so shy, always. That she would ever work before the public—nothing was farther from our minds. She never wanted to go to public places. I remember her first day at school. We couldn't get her to leave the house to go to school. She seemed afraid to leave until one of the neighborhood girls came over and coaxed her to go with her. It just wasn't natural for her to be around other people. That's why it seems strange for her to go into motion pictures. Even now, Kim doesn't like to go to a public place just to be seen. Sometimes, she still doesn't like strange crowds.

"There'd been no actors, no real artists, in the Novak family either," he added. "I play the accordion, but I never played well. Just for my own entertainment. I liked acting, but had little time to even go to a stage show. I write a little poetry, always did. But Kim's being an actress, that was all by chance.

"You know, thinking back, everything she ever got, she got by accident. Isn't that strange?" her father reflected. "She never asked for anything. She was just twelve when she got an offer to model a dress for the first time. Marilyn and her sister, Arline, had both won scholarships to the Art Institute in Chicago. Arline was in the advance class, and Marilyn was standing shyly on the sidelines that day waiting for her sister to come out of class and go home with her. A photographer was there, looking for somebody else. He had the other girl definitely in mind—until he saw Marilyn.

"Soon after, Norma Kassel, who was in charge of Teenage Promotion, discovered Marilyn standing on the sidelines at a store teens party and insisted she enter the contest that got her a scholarship to modeling school.

"That's how it all began. And she might still be modeling clothes and refrigerators, if someone else hadn't discovered her when she was in Beverly Hills," he added. "Kim was no go-getter. My wife and other daughter, Arline, are more practical." Joseph Novak added, with a whimsical smile, "But Kim—she's like me—more retiring.

"Her coloring is her mother's, though," he added, not wanting to be unfair. "She's blond—like the girl I married. Kim's got the best of both sides of the family. She's a combination of her mother, her father and her grandmother. You can trace many good, strong characteristics back to Kim's grandmother. But when it comes to temperament and emotions and moods," her father laughed, "she's her father's daughter all the way. Kim and I are pure Bohemian. And when I say Bohemian, I mean the word in its fine meaning. Its true meaning. My parents came over from the Old Country—Bohemia was a nation with a nationality all its own then."

"What about her frankness?" I kidded him, for you can't know Joseph Novak long without admiring his candidness. "Is that her father's legacy?"

"I call myself plain-spoken," Joseph Novak admitted, then with a sly smile, "My wife calls me outspoken. There's a difference, though. I'm not in the habit of pulling punches. We've brought Kim up that way, too.

"Now understand." He suddenly looked at me, serious again. "I'm very proud of Kim. She's gone a long way in just four short years.

"We've never tried to hold her back; we've tried to show our pride. For instance, when Photoplay gave her the Gold Medal as the most popular actress of the year, I was there. In fact, I stood up and took a bow—that's part of the business," Kim's father was saying now, modestly. Ordinarily, he was not a man for taking bows. "You never like to do such things because they look too professional. But when Kim asked me in front of all those people to take a bow, I knew it came from the heart. She's not in the habit of saying things she doesn't mean. I had to get up."

For Joseph Novak, this was an exciting evening, being introduced to stars, directors, producers, columnists—all the famous people in his daughter's new world. "Kim wanted me to sit close up front, where I could see the performance. But I wanted to sit in the back to be close to the dancing. I love to dance.

"I was impressed with Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher—and Vera Miles—she seems like a nice girl. And I liked that young man who sang—Pat Boone. He has so many talents and interests—singing, records, television, acting and his religion. In the movies, Victor Mature's one of my idols. I just like his type," Kim's father said, typically making up his own highly individualistic poll.

Then, coming back to Kim—"Yes, I'm proud for her, if this is what she wants. I'm proud she's a star, if this means her happiness, but—"

"But what—?" I asked.

The question wasn't too easy to answer. Not since he'd been spending so much time

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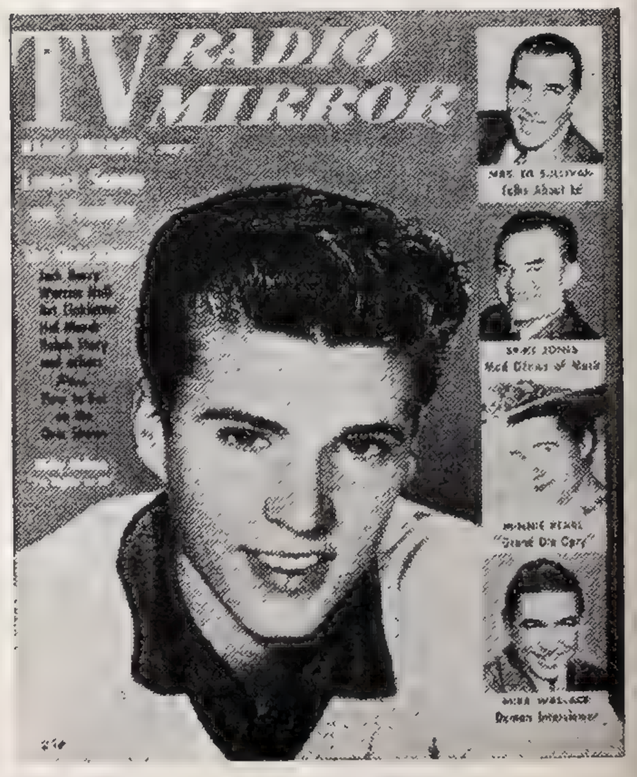

all in the September TV RADIO MIRROR at all newsstands

on the soundstage, watching the pressures Kim was under, watching the way she threw herself into perfecting "the most important role I've had to date"—that of Jeanne Eagels.

"Kim doesn't work that way for fame. Not for money either. Not for glory or material things. It's just to do a good job. With Kim, it's like it is with me. Material things don't mean too much. If I can't do something perfect, I don't want anything to do with it.

"Kim's a perfectionist, too. Even as a child. Isn't that strange? She was slower walking and talking than most babies are. In fact, we were concerned about this. But now, I believe it was because she was so afraid she would make a mistake, even then. Another thing, she was learning by observation all the time. I remember how her eyes were always watching every move I made," he recalled, somewhat surprised at not thinking about it before. "As an actress, her powers of observation are said to be one of her most valuable assets.

"Kim's spending all her time on this picture, hardly sees anyone. She lives on the lot. I'd been living at the beach cottage she rents at Malibu. It's too noisy—those waves lapping at the back of the house. To Kim, the ocean's soothing, she says she can relax there. I don't see how. I can't stand the repetition of the waves, slapping all the time. I'd rather stay in her town apartment—engulfed in lavender. Besides, I'm nearer to Kim."

For a few days, too, Joseph Novak had worked in Kim's world as a "dress extra." It had been producer-director George Sidney's suggestion, when her father was visiting her on the set one day. He decided he was just the one for the role of a distinguished-looking theater patron.

"I don't know what happened. I think I was just a victim of circumstance. I think they had an immediate opening and they plugged me in," Joseph Novak smiled, at nis "discovery."

With mixed emotions and impressions, Joseph Novak turned movie actor. He put on his tuxedo from wardrobe by the dawn's early light. He sat uncomfortably while Benny Lane, a studio makeup man, made him up and put on him a very distinguished-looking toupée.

He wouldn't like to be in show business permanently, he declared, regardless of Kim's teasing about how quickly her dad would get into character whenever the cameras turned. "It's too late in life. All I want is peace and quiet and a little piece of ground so I can grow plants and flowers. There were days when I put in sixteen hours a day. And I'm not used to wearing a hair-piece and a monkey-suit with a wing collar sixteen hours a day."

But this wasn't the hardest part of his own performance. Portraying a first-nighter, Joseph Novak had a box-seat to Kim's performance as Jeanne Eagels, portraying *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain." He watched Kim wring herself out emotionally, scene after scene. He applauded for the camera, but his were a father's thoughts and worries, watching the mounting pressure on Kim. The demands. Seeing Kim drive herself to achieve perfection in the part.

"But it's my picture—my responsibility," Kim would say. "I'm going to do this one right if it means working twenty-four hours a day. I've *got* to do it right if it kills me. I'm Jeanne Eagels," Kim would remind him, explaining that she personally owed it to this famous actress to be good in her life story or, as Kim would put it, Jeanne could rightfully "come back and haunt me."

"There was nobody else on the studio lot who put in as much work as Kim," her

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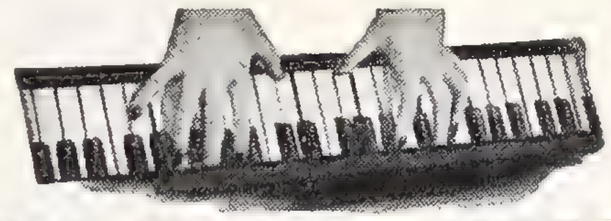

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father was saying now, solemnly, adding, "unless it was George Sidney. He's a fellow I admire very much. But then, I think this whole industry's driving hard. Even the janitor in the basement works from ten to sixteen hours a day. This drive seems to be part of the whole Hollywood pattern."

At the same time, Kim's father was wondering a little wistfully, "If there's some way Kim's job could be just a little easier for her. If the pressure could be just a little less." As for Kim pressuring herself to be so perfect in every detail, her dad felt this couldn't be entirely necessary. "Not that much—" he says, feeling a father's helplessness to do much of anything about it.

"All a parent can do is desire," Joseph Novak was saying quietly. No, he hadn't discussed his concern with Kim. "It's better for an outsider to say these things. Actually, we never have told Kim too much. She's learned by observation, she would resent being told. If Kim can't figure out things for herself, she wants to work at them and struggle with them until she can," he explains, with a bit of fatherly pride in his voice.

"Sometimes it's hard to talk to Kim, she's so emotional," her father adds, speaking as to another pure Bohemian who would understand. "It particularly isn't easy to talk to her when she is so very tired." The last time Kim came home she'd just come back from Europe and the film festival and she'd gone immediately on a very tiring personal-appearance tour. That was when she began taking her career so seriously. Nothing but her career. She was so tired and weary that she would sob at some small thing.

"The average person will get a lift out of a cigarette or a drink when he or she is tired or tense. But Kim doesn't smoke or drink. Kim has to resort to something else. Kim leans on her tears. It's good for her.

"If this is what Kim wants, it's what I want," he says.

Then adds, "But the way I feel, if Kim wants success, I'd like to see her reach it in a hurry, then forget it.

"For I believe when Kim's career builds to success, when she is convinced she has achieved this, then she will give some time to other things. I believe she will be about ready to give up her career. Something like Gene Tunney in the boxing business. When he reached the top he was ready to retire and forget it.

"Some day I would like to see Kim settle down and do all her acting through others. I would like to see Kim go to the box-office and buy herself a ticket and sit in the audience, paying to see somebody else perform.

"I know Kim has a fine future now, but I don't like to think of that future just professionally. To have a home and a family: This is the normal thing. And I'm of the generation that would like to see Kim have a husband and children. That is my desire—not my command," Joseph Novak smiles gently.

In her father's opinion, there is small likelihood this will happen as long as Kim is as involved with her career as she is now. "And of course the next thing would be whether a man would permit a girl to stay in pictures if she is married. Kim is under contract to her studio—and she has commitments. This is another thing to consider. You have to think of all these things."

"And Mac Krim?" I asked, wondering whether he would be willing to comment on Kim's long-time beau.

But he makes no secret of his high regard for Mac Krim. "Blanche and I both like Mac very much. It's remarkable, but in the four years we've known Mac, I still can't find anything wrong with him," he smiles.

"I believe Kim would be happier with a man who is older than she," her father goes on. "An older man would have more understanding for Kim's desire for a career; he would see this was her happiness too.

"Kim helped Mac design his house. She decorated most of it," Joseph Novak observes. He'd been fascinated by some of the innovations in the Cheviot Hills home. One in particular. An imported Hong Kong straw monkey that hangs down from the light chain in the den, as a touch of whimsy.

"And now—Kim has her apartment and her beach house. And Krim has this big, beautiful house all idle and empty, with a straw monkey hanging on the chandelier, waiting for something to happen. . . .

"I wonder what will happen," he asked, half to himself. Then, standing up and pushing the table away, he politely thanked the waitress and ended our talk with a firm handshake and a small smile. "You ask what I want for Kim? Happiness, I guess. But then again, a father can only desire. Isn't that right? The rest is up to Providence." THE END

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FOOD THAT'S FUN

You're packing a picnic lunch that you hope your favorite man will enjoy. What should it contain? We believe in going to the source: "If you want to know what will please a man, ask one!" we asked Rusty Tamblyn, the host of our beach party on page 46. He not only told us what to take, he gave us the recipes to make it easy for a picnic for four:

TAMBLYN BROILED NUTBURGERS

1 pound ground chuck
½ cup finely chopped English walnuts
1 egg
½ cup milk
½ cup bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon oregano

Beat egg, add meat, milk, bread crumbs, English walnuts and seasonings. Shape into four oblong patties, about the size of frankfurter rolls. Wrap each patty in aluminum foil. At the picnic, broil them over live coals, about 10 minutes on each side. You may remove the foil if you'd like the outside brown and crusty. Serve on split, toasted frankfurter rolls. Makes four servings.

RUSTY'S GREEN ONION SAUCE

½ stick of butter
1 cup minced scallions
¾ cup chopped green peppers
1 cup sliced mushrooms
½ teaspoon celery seed
salt, pepper, paprika and Worcestershire sauce to taste

Mince scallions fine. Melt ½ stick of butter in a skillet. Add scallions, green pepper and mushrooms. Season with celery seed, salt, pepper, paprika and Worcestershire sauce to taste. Saute 10 to 15 minutes—until onions are limp. (For happy picnic packing, cut vegetables, measure, mix, season and store till you're ready to add to the melted butter at cookout time.)

As an "extra," take along a huge jar of homemade potato salad—or a package of frozen french fried onion rings or puffed potatoes to be defrosted and heated on the grill just before you make the hamburgers. To keep your groceries cold and fresh, pack them in an insulated bag and toss in some dry ice or the kind of "picnic ice" that comes in cans. For dessert, try sandwiches of graham crackers and toasted marshmallows.

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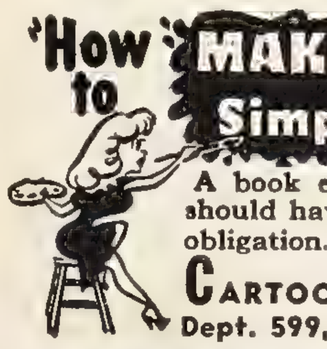

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"My husband and I get along wonderfully together, but we aren't happy in our physical relations . . ."

"I am fifteen and a sophomore in high school. I'm not bad-looking, but I have never been asked for a date . . ."

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I WALKED AWAY FROM FEAR

(*Continued from page* 58)

no hands." She laughed a little ruefully.

"Things are awfully different now," Vera said. "I'm happy these days—really happy. I have what I always wanted." There's her career, for instance. Alfred Hitchcock firmly believes he has in her the makings of a star bigger than Grace Kelly. Paramount, too, is enthusiastic over her fan mail since the release of "Beau James," in which she plays Betty Compton, the sweetheart of Mayor Walker.

Vera's children—Debbie, six, and Kelly, five—suddenly appeared. Their mother cautioned them not to play too much in the guest room even though it was a fascinating litter of paint buckets, turpentine bottles and old newspapers. "It's being redecorated as a nursery," she explained. "We're expecting the baby in September." The baby, incidentally, has already disrupted the affairs of the movie industry. Vera and Jimmy Stewart had started work on Alfred Hitchcock's "Amongst the Dead" last winter when Hitch was stricken with a heart attack. The picture was temporarily shelved and a fall date planned for resuming shooting. Then Vera found out about the Scott heir. Hitch was so sold on Vera in the role that they didn't tell him for six weeks for fear it would bring about a relapse. "But the baby's more important than a picture," Vera says. "And anyway, Mr. Hitchcock has a beautiful replacement in Kim Novak."

The sounds of Kelly and Debbie scuttling around drifted in to us. "Indians," summed up Vera. "But that's the way I want them to be. I have it luckier than my mother did, and I want them to profit from it. There wasn't any fancy psychological approach to our growing up. Although it was rough on Mother, in a way being on our own was the best thing that could have happened to us," Vera said thoughtfully. "We kept house, dressed ourselves and made our own decisions. No one was begging us to eat our vegetables. The only question that came up was 'Are there seconds?' Before I was school age I must have been helpful. I remember Mom sending my brother Tom home to say, 'Please don't mop the floor, Vera.' I understand I made a colossal mess of it and, quite naturally, expected to be praised. When I got to the kindergarten stage I had a nice independent set-up. So I had high-water marks at the wrist (except for Saturday nights) and my hair was combed with my hands. I had three other kids to copy and I lived in my own little world, anyway."

For Vera it wasn't always a cosy dream world. In the early 'thirties the West and Midwest were sober and serious, life was gray and thin as a hand-me-down winter overcoat. It was not a time for fun, for humor. Families were scratching a bare living off the earth. Existence was a day-to-day emergency. Kids went hungry. Vera, the fifth and last child of Thomas and Bernice Ralston, was born on one of these little farms outside Boise City, Oklahoma. Here Thomas, a preacher at a nearby rural church, struggled with both farm and church until one day life became too difficult. He bundled up his wife and children, packed their few belongings into their old Ford and returned to Pratt, Kansas, where the rest of their families lived. Their problems were too great, though. Two years later Thomas and Bernice were divorced. "At twenty-three Bernice, as we called her, became father, mother and provider for us kids. These were the depression years and she worked fourteen hours a day as a hotel maid. In time she was promoted to room waitress. We really celebrated then. At home, all four of us—Tom, Elmer, Thelma and me—rapidly learned how to take care of ourselves."

For Vera there were many things to battle on the way up—on the way to a spacious and quiet Hollywood home, a family and career. Perhaps the greatest obstacle of all was fear. "When I was young I was desperately shy," Vera said. All the ingredients of fear were there early. "I remember very well the most humiliating day of my life," she went on. "I was halfway to school when I became aware of my tragedy: I'd forgotten to wear my panties. At six, that's a horrible decision to make—if I went back for them, I'd be late and I couldn't stand the embarrassment of that. So I went on to school. I sat rigid all day, petrified with fear. That day I couldn't get one word out. Even then I was much too introverted. The only time I was really happy was when I retreated to my dream world. There everything was exactly the way I wanted it. Without realizing it I let that daydreaming become one of the most serious handicaps I've ever had."

In her own private world, Vera was all the things little girls want to be. In reality she was hampered by a deep inferiority complex and an intensely negative approach to living. As the youngest child, she absorbed not so much what was right, as what was wrong. If any of her brothers or sisters got into trouble for something, she stored that away as forbidden. And because she was growing up without a feeling of security she started distrusting people, looking for the bad in them instead of good. And slowly, the beginnings of ambition began to stir in her. "Not because we were poor," Vera says now. "I didn't know that at the time because everyone around us was poor too and I was adjusted to it. I didn't even know that some of my favorite dinners such as ham hocks, corn bread, navy bean soup and hominy were the remains of a limited budget."

But as she came to the end of grade school, she wanted to do the things her family had never done. She had no great desire for education, but she was determined to go to high school—and graduate. No one in her family had. No one had ever left Kansas except for the brief time her parents were in Oklahoma. She wanted to break away in search of something better. She wanted to fulfill her potential. Shy and inarticulate in public, Vera was very persuasive at home. She convinced her mother that it was the ideal time to move to Wichita. Her two brothers were in the service (the allotment checks helped), Thelma was married, jobs were easier to get and grandmother had a big room upstairs in Wichita. Vera's eloquence won out.

"I loved the expansive thinking of a large town. I was twelve or thirteen, I can never remember. I made friends and learned the pleasure of sharing myself with others. Mary Lou Roach was my best friend. Her home became mine. We would have bunking parties with five or six girls, run through the house like Indians, have pillow fights and even water fights. Mr. and Mrs. Roach were wonderful. They seemed to enjoy our shenanigans. Mrs. Roach would just clean up after us. And Mr. Roach made a very good victim in the food department. We'd cook the most outlandish meals, enough for harvest hands. Fried chicken, cottage potatoes, two or three vegetables, salad and biscuits like lead. The first time I made gravy I got excited when it started to sizzle and dumped flour in the skillet. My gravy was like dumplings—only raw in the middle.

That man would sit down and eat the whole mess. I guess he decided to suffer through it if it killed him, and we almost did. They were the kind of people I'd never known. I guess I wallowed in their affection. They treated Mary Lou and me like sisters."

It was in the summer that Vera decided to get a job, and persuaded Mary Lou to join her. First, she filled out an application at Western Union. At fourteen she was physically mature and nonchalantly lied about her age. There was no opening at that time. Then Vera and Mary Lou applied at the box factory. They were hired so quickly, it wasn't until later they realized why the *Simon Legree*-type owner was having trouble keeping help.

"When mother went out of town I moved in with the Roaches. It was heaven. Then Western Union called. They had a place for me. I was so scared of *Legree* of the box factory, I just didn't show up for work. I told Mary Lou to tell him I wasn't coming in any more . . . and went to Western Union on the night shift."

Constantly conscious that she'd lied about her age, Vera analyzed herself brutally. Physically mature, she nevertheless was not developed mentally. She had a fourteen-year-old sense of humor (including giggles) and adolescent reactions. She knew if her natural instincts prevailed, they would immediately discover her age. So, ruthless with herself, she created a working personality. Of necessity she became sober, intense and serious.

"When school started that fall, I decided to try to go to school and keep my job too. I liked the wonderful feeling of independence. Mother had married again and was still out of town. Because the Roaches' house was a thirty-minute bus ride to work, I decided to live at the Y.W.C.A. By serving breakfast at the 'Y' I paid for my room, then I went to school and worked at Western Union at night. The third floor of the 'Y' was for girls just out of high school, going to college or working. We had a ball. There were five girls to each room. As the superintendent was on the first floor, we managed to have lively water fights and cut up. It was like being in a college dormitory and that's where I had my real fun. I may have been old sober-sides at the office, but I was a zany fifteen-year-old at the 'Y.'"

Just before her senior year, Vera entered a "Girl of the Month" contest sponsored by the local bus company and Estelle Compton's charm school. She won. Her prize was a charm course and she took it for the hours between serving breakfast at the "Y" and her night shift work. Unfortunately, her picture hit the tabloids and her boss was understandably irate. It was difficult for him to accept the fact that his serious, conscientious employee could have gotten him in Dutch with the child labor laws. After hearing Vera's candid reasons, he patted her blond head and kept her on the payroll. However, it was too late for Vera to change her working personality.

After graduation she was called to the charm school. It seemed the head instructor was going to marry. That left a teacher's opening. Would Vera like to go to the main branch in Chicago and take the instructor's course? She would.

"My first day was memorable. After the grind of trying to walk and talk straight, one of the gals asked me to meet her boyfriend with her. As it was on the way to my hotel, I agreed. We met him in a bar. We sat down and he asked what I'd like. As I'd never had anything stronger than a glass of 3.2 beer, I was really flustered. As I was hastily pulling the corn out of my ears, the girl said she'd have a martini. So? Yes, I did. After the first one, which tasted like barber shop tonic, I didn't mind them at all. But when the hot air in the hotel lobby hit me, I was gone. Do I need to add that I don't drink? I tried it once and didn't like it.

"I finally learned how to be a fashion model. I could push my hip bones forward, slump my chest and slink with my feet on a ninety-degree angle with the best of them. But when they insisted that I posture and pose that way all the time, I howled. In the first place, I'm five feet four. In the second place I had a mental picture of me strolling fashion model style down the main street of Wichita! And in the third place I had no taste in clothes at that time. My fondest possessions were my blue jeans. So I compromised. When I had a fashion show to do or when I was working at the school, I would posture . . . and only then."

Vera's schooling came in handy quickly. The charm school was given a hurry up call from the Chamber of Commerce. It seemed the local talent had not turned out in bathing suits for the Miss Wichita contest. It behooved the charm school to hastily enter at least five girls. Four they had. That was when the brand-new instructor was tossed into a bathing suit and told to posture. Vera won. They slapped her on a train for Kansas City.

"These contests, I found, were not just measurement games. There was a talent division. You had to perform or spend three minutes making a speech about a talent you wished you had. I tried very hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate and insecure. So I made it short and sweet. I stood there in my bathing suit and said simply, 'I don't have any talent.' When I won I thought it the greatest miscarriage of justice I'd ever seen. I felt guilty. One girl had played Chopin beautifully on the piano, another danced Carmen, all of them had a talent."

In August she placed third as Miss America in Atlantic City, still making her devastating speech, "I have no talent." She was given a twenty-five-hundred-dollar scholarship as her prize. She was also offered studio contracts. She refused them all. With no burning desire to continue her education, she decided to go to Wichita University anyway. The studio offers frightened her. She didn't want to try because she might fail. To her friends she admits today that she used the excuse she didn't *want* to. But fear of failure held her back until RKO made another offer. With this one, Vera's pride could be salvaged. They asked her to come for the summer. Just to test and enjoy herself. If they both agreed she could sign a contract later. She couldn't stand the thought of people saying, "She went out to Hollywood and flunked." This way she was merely going on a vacation. Nevertheless, she left Wichita quietly, saying goodbye to very few people. For even though she enjoyed her friends, she never allowed herself to get too close to them. She didn't want to be hurt.

"I was so intense at that time I was pretty sickening. Actually I was full of emotions I hadn't given vent to. All my life I'd been pent-up, taking out my feelings in my private little world, but never in public."

Vera loved California. RKO set up dramatic lessons for her. As she had no car, someone in the production crew drove her. The driver was consistently Bob Miles. He was a well-dressed, nice-looking, popular young man. He was the personification of Big City. Vera was lonely, frightened and young. He rushed her off her feet. Within a month they were married. Vera, the repressed, was impulsive. They were young and physically attracted. After the first flush of marriage, they

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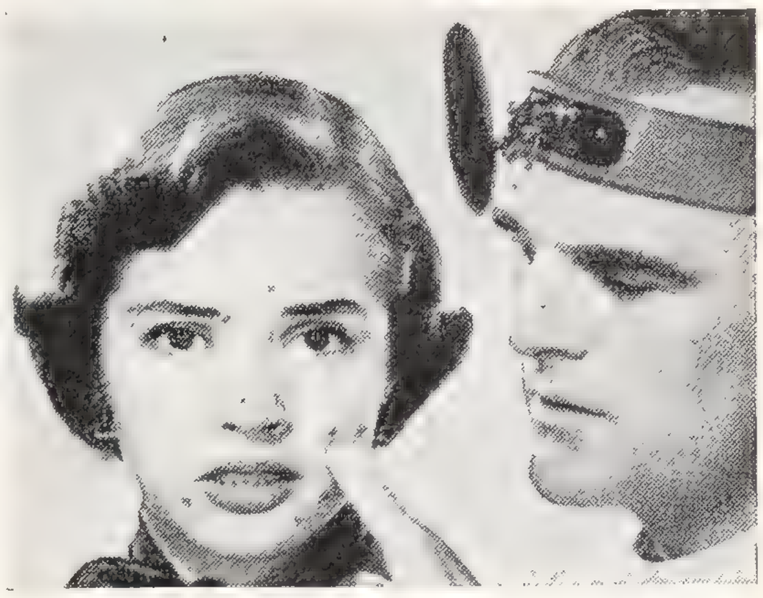

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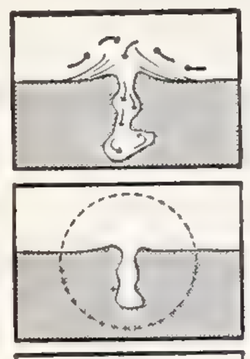

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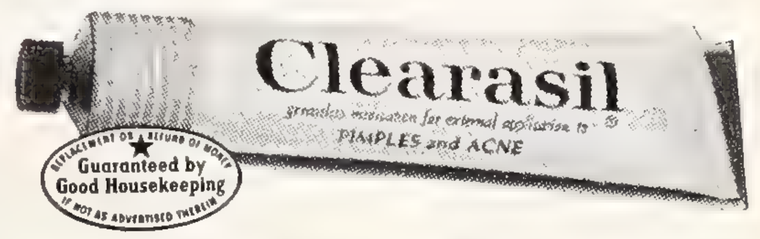

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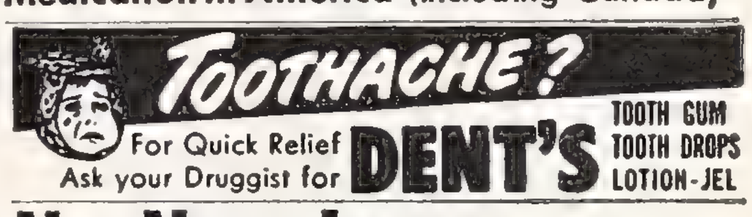

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

began realizing their many differences.

"After we were married Bob went back to school at U.C.L.A. and I continued under contract to RKO. I didn't work once. Then I got a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox—no pictures. I was dropped in six months. Then I had Debbie in the spring. I thought about retiring for good, and it wasn't much to retire from. I started modeling again and that led to an agent, who led me to Paul Henreid. He was casting 'For Men Only.' I was reading for the ingenue lead. He gave me mounds of time—and the part. I did exactly what he told me. I was a kind of puppet. I felt my only talent was having the sense to do what I was told. I did a small television show. Warner Brothers saw it and gave me a contract. I did 'Charge at Feather River' and retired again to have Kelly. About that time television really started taking hold, especially the thirty-minute dramas. I began to work hard again. It was about halfway through my TV period that I really started reading my scripts. I'd be working on one when I'd think, 'This girl is mixed-up, unhappy—so I'll be angry in this scene.' I was thinking for myself what she might be. It opened up a whole new world. It whetted my highly active imagination carried over from childhood. I transplanted my daydreams—but without me in them. While the camera was rolling I could lose myself in another character. And off-camera, having found an outlet for my introverted dream world, I was thinking and living more like a normal human being. My career," Vera said rather sadly, "was zooming. But my personal life—"

But on the home front life was stalemated. Debbie and Kelly, true, had given Vera an opportunity to love completely and in trust. "Children trust you and you can trust them. It was wonderful to have emotions and give vent to them." But caught in her childhood memories of fear and self-doubt she clung to her ailing marriage. Not remembering her own father, seeing her mother's marriage fail, Vera was determined to salvage her own. I kept remembering the warning my aunt used to give me, 'If you burn your bottom you have to sit on the blister.' So I kept sitting, even though it hurt. But one thing my aunt never told me was that eventually the blister heals, and that sometimes it's better to stand up." Vera found that out for herself. She stood up to the fact that she'd made a mistake, and did something about it. After all, she reflected, it was better to break clean than to have Debbie and Kelly growing up amidst tension, quarrels and misunderstanding.

"I tried very hard to be a good mother after our divorce. As usual I was too determined and too grim. Again life was earnest. I loved them and cared for them and had no fun in me to offer. I was so strict with myself I was automatically strict with them. I had no understanding of things kids enjoy. Then, after three years of being father and mother to my girls, I met Pete. You probably know him as Gordon Scott," she smiled.

"I met him when I was signed to do the lead in 'Tarzan's Hidden Jungle.' I don't think I liked him at first. He was such a happy exuberant extrovert, he shocked me. I admitted that he brought a new warmth and personality to *Tarzan* that I'd never seen before. But when he'd get the sudden urge to jump up in the air and click his heels, I thought he had an idiot streak in him. I couldn't understand how anyone could lose his dignity that way. My inflexible standards refused to accept his easygoing impulsive way of life. The first few times he saw me he thought I was the most insufferable snob in the world. I became a challenge to him. Little by little he started breaking down my reserve. He thought he'd run up against a stone wall. He couldn't figure out what made me tick. After he knocked down the first wall, I was a little more comfortable with him. Slowly my sense of humor started showing. But it wasn't until we'd returned to the studio two weeks after the picture was finished, that he saw any warmth in me. We were back for retakes and it was like coming home. I had liked the people and I was warmer and more open than I'd ever been, and he suddenly decided to take me to dinner. That's when life started opening up for me and for the girls. For when Pete fell in on them, that was all. They decided he was to be their father. His quick, delightful imagination was pure joy to them—and to me. Once I started breaking out of my shell, I knew that I'd only been half alive. Pete enjoyed his work, loved people, wasn't afraid to trust them and, though he's happy and outgoing, he's very gentle." Vera hesitated and then said what she felt, "Right now, I feel as though I'm the strong, confident person I've always wanted to be. I've walked away from my fears and left them behind me forever."

It has taken Vera nearly a year with Pete, to be able to say something heartfelt that she wants to say. He has changed her world. She is constantly aware of the changes taking place in herself and the girls. At first she was horror-stricken when Pete would lose his temper. It was sudden. It was loud. And it was over. Filled with resentments and frustrations of the past, she slowly started lifting the lid on herself. She is delighted to find she can become honestly angry.

Pete's philosophy is basically much like Vera's. It is, "Decide what you think is right and what is wrong. Think carefully—then do what's right even if it hurts." But with Vera it's not with grim determination any more. Nor does she need her dream world. She is living life fully and loving it. They have a lovely home on an acre in Sherman Oaks. It's built for a family. They have their hobbies and fun at home with the children. They rarely go out. Occasionally they enjoy a big evening in town, but they try to limit them to two a year. One this year was the Photoplay awards dinner. "I really felt that I had achieved success as an actress when I received the award," Vera says happily. All this seems pretty far away from the little girl in Pratt, Kansas who was determined to realize her potential.

When the door bursts open at night at their house it's like a storm breaking loose. The girls go racing off screaming, "Daddy" and Vera is not far behind. Even Florene, the maid, gets a sparkle in her eye. Pete throws the girls up in the air at least twice apiece. Then he reaches for his wife. She goes up, comes down and is bounced on her husband's knee. "At least it's never the same way twice. I'll never get tired of it," Vera promises.

With a lifetime of evenings like that to look forward to—and a baby on the way to share them with—Vera's found the happiness she never knew existed as a child. It's a world where fear no longer has the power to cast its shadow—a world of fulfillment. For Vera can at last admit she's walked away from fear. THE END

EXCLUSIVE!
ANTHONY FRANCIOSA
Tells His Own Story
About His Past
in
October PHOTOPLAY

TONY PERKINS

Continued from page 41

checking make-up that day. Tony was late. I had just finished picking Jim's brain as much as possible (he's a careful man) when Tony suddenly descended. And I mean descended. I'd never met him, but I know a white-hot rage when I see one. He was keeping it carefully under the surface. He was the color of a bronzed Indian. "Sorry I can't shake hands. I've sprained my hand," he explained, blinking through his steel-rimmed glasses. I found out later that the real Jim Piersall had squeezed it a little too hard on a TV show.

Fine, I thought. How do you communicate for the first time with someone who's strung up like a tight fiddle, enraged and ready to crack at the seams? While Tony scanned the menu nervously, Jim told him of my morning's do and about my question "Is Tony Perkins a people?" A tight little smile sped across Tony's face. Holding the menu up in front of his chest, he marked it off in four sections with a jerky finger. "I come in four parts. Which part would you like?" he asked. "I'm pretty greedy," I countered, "I'd like all four parts." He stared at me for a minute and then stuck one bony forefinger over the table edge. Slowly he started pounding to emphasize his words: "I'm what any writer wants me to be. I can be perfectly honest while I do it. Whatever the writer wants. I can give it to him because it's all true, it's just the way it's said." That, at least, explained the multicolored variation on the theme of Perkins I'd been reading. It wasn't a bad start. Maybe he was mad enough to continue being devastatingly honest—or was he just being colorful? Deciding to strike while his iron was hot, I asked, "Do you have self-control?"

After a lengthy pause (you can't tell whether he's probing his psyche for the truth or thinking up an answer to appease you), he looked up. With little outward acknowledgement of his anger he said, "Not self-control, but self-discipline, to a degree. It's a lucky thing I have as much as I have. I've been working pretty hard lately. Then, on the other hand, I don't have enough. I don't work as hard as I should. I go off to the movies instead of studying my part." His double order of rare ground steak, French fries and malt came. It was obvious anger did not affect his appetite. As he ate, the tension started running out of him. As if to ease the inner hostility he'd felt he said, "This pressure can kill you. Sophia Loren and Burl Ives are sitting in their dressing rooms relaxing, while I don't have a minute when I'm not working." Then quickly, "I'm sorry, it's not your fault; I know I said okay for an interview today. But the pressure gets you." He started on his chocolate pie and thought about the question of stardom's personal change in him.

"I adjust to almost any given situation. You take a time machine and start it back three years ago on a street corner in New York. I was the same then as I am now. I'm the same exact person as I was then. All this doesn't affect me. I like the same things, felt the same way and am impressed and depressed with the same kind of people. I just shift weight a little to encompass change.

"I'm still nervous, tense, high-keyed. Each day to me is like a track meet. When it's over, I fall in bed exhausted. I get a full night's sleep and I'm up like a shot ready to do it all over again." I recalled that at least five of the articles stated he hated to get up in the morning. "Uh-huh," he grinned derisively, "I'm up like a shot, greet the dawn and all that."

Well, after that he told me he knew he was an introvert but felt he was an integrated personality. Then he set out to disprove the integrated part. I kept throwing little questions at him, trying to find something to really spark him into talking. On the subject of punctuality, he's punctual. He hates others to be late although school records say, "at the bottom of his class and negatively inclined." He was always late. He decided to overcome the habit and did. When I asked him about his temper, he really pulled my leg. Started off on a long-winded story about the parking at his new apartment and ended up with a lame "but I didn't lose my temper." I didn't know if he were trying to do me a favor and make up an anecdote or quietly pulling my leg. He thought for a minute and then his eyes brightened and he had a real story for me on how he releases his pent-up emotions. "Every morning," he said gleefully, "I drive down Melrose to the studio. There are two stop signs; one at Gower, and one at the studio. Each morning I drive *briskly* through those stop signs." When I asked for more for-instances, he quipped, "I must save some of these bon mots for my own byline." By this time he was in an excellent humor. Who knows, maybe he was just hungry. And, finally, I hit on the question that tapped his inner recesses and Tony began to tick. People. That's the watchword. The declared, integrated Tony slowly started dissolving. Flotsam, jetsam and treasure trove were hauled up out of the sea of memories, actions and reactions. All to do with people. It started when I ask what kind of social life he had out here.

"Less and less. I've never been very social, but now I don't have time at all. There's a married actor on this picture who asked me out to the house for dinner. I like him but I don't want to be obligated. I don't want the reaction or repercussions later. I've started thinking about playing Scrabble. Thought maybe I'd suggest we play some night—sort of have something to do if I did go. But I haven't mentioned it, and I probably won't. I honestly don't believe people want me to come over. I'm not interesting. A young married couple. What could I offer them? I don't communicate socially as I'm doing now. After all, we're here to talk about me. That's not sitting down socially in somebody's living room and chatting. I can't do the back and forth thing. I run out of things to say. So what can you talk about? Movies, music, books and paintings. Those take about ten minutes each, so then what do you do? Anybody with a conviction can persuade me in a half hour. Look, I like Thomas Wolfe. I may do the play from his book 'Look Homeward, Angel' on Broadway this fall. Yet, if you have a conviction, if you don't like Wolfe, I'll agree within a half hour. So what have I got to offer people?"

"Yourself," I blurted out before I could stop. It had dawned on me that he wasn't kidding. He meant every word of it. His inability to communicate, to have natural discourse with people or his refusal of mutual interests was part and parcel of the Perkins personality. He had accepted these lacks as merely the way he was built. He didn't know how to give of himself. The look of weary resignation on his face when I made my one-word statement told me that he had heard this song before. So I firmly tucked my maternal instinct back in. You will only listen, you will not participate, I told myself.

Seeming to sense my disapproving withdrawal he admitted, "I know there's something I'm missing, lacking, what have you.

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"I know I'm intolerant of other people's failings. I know I demand from others one hundred per cent, but expect them to take me as I am. I'm past the restless stage. Now I'm impatient. Don't misunderstand me. Impatient with others," he grinned, "I'm pretty patient with myself. Maybe that's why I have no close friends. Usually I'm by myself. I go home after work, read my mail, which is mostly 'To Occupant' and then go out to dinner alone. Not really alone, I don't like to be alone. But I go to a place that's full of people. I can hear them, I'm near them but I'm not obligated. If I sit at a counter I can talk to the guy next to me if I want to. And not, if I want to. I like to go to movies alone. I'm surrounded by people but I'm not responsible for anyone. It's the same reason I like the New York subway. Same feeling."

I commented that he'd been at a party a friend of mine was at last week. Seemed he came in the back door in blue jeans and sneakers with Venetia Stevenson and Dennis Hopper. He appeared in the living room eating jelly beans out of a bowl he was holding.

"True. I hadn't seen Venetia and Dennis for ages and I didn't know anybody at the party. The jelly beans were on the kitchen table and I picked them up as we went by. As to the clothes, it was that kind of party. Sure I date. When I do I like to go to a nice place for dinner and eat slowly. That's a treat for me. Then I like to go to a movie. There's a singer in town I like to follow, Faith Winthrop, and I also like to watch television. Pretty dull, huh?"

Maria Cooper, Norma Moore, Elaine Aiken, and lately, Venetia Stevenson do not seem to find him dull. His taste in the distaff side is impeccable. Venetia, recently divorced from Rusty Tamblyn, is a Warner Brothers contractee. Shy, introspective and pretty, she makes good company for Tony.

Occasionally Tony paints. "Painting makes me nervous. When I get started I can't stop—not even to eat. I have to finish. If I stop I begin to wonder, pick it apart and then I lose the whole point of what I was painting. Somebody gave the easel to me about three years ago for Christmas. I decided I should use it. So I paint. I stick to blue, gray and black mostly."

The psych major in me burst forth, "That's very interesting."

The curiosity in Tony asked, "Why?"

"Those colors are indicative of a disturbed personality. A somberness trying to be as inobscure as possible. It's like the coloring of birds and chameleons, it's protective coloring." The idiot amateur Freud in me wouldn't shut up. "What kind of paintings do you do?"

"Mostly windows and doors and trees in the foreground. People are always in the background. Does that mean something?" he asked eagerly.

Suddenly I checked my headiness in being a consulting psychiatrist. I would leave the finer points of the analysis to professionals. "Basically, you're painting exactly what you've been telling me. You are pushing people away from you all the time—even when you paint. Can you remember when it started? It had to start some time."

Tony was interested and involved. His face took on a look of remembering. It was like watching pages of a book flipped backward. "Yes," he said softly, "it was when I was five. When my father died. Dozens of people kept hugging me and picking me up and clucking at me. I wanted to run away and I couldn't. I don't know whether I really pushed them away or not, but I wanted to."

"At school, later, you kept pushing people away, didn't you?" I was referring to Browne and Nichols, where he went to prep school.

"Oh, I just wasn't interested. I had a lot of reading to do. I read a novel every day—all the novels in the school library." Tony's defense mechanism was working perfectly again. We looked at each other for a long moment. Then he dropped his head and looked up. "I didn't know how to make friends when I first went off to boarding school. I didn't get along very well, to put it mildly. Then after a couple of years it was too late. It was so important to me, I couldn't do anything about it. I couldn't make an effort. I was afraid I'd botch it up completely and that would be the end. Then in college, when I wrote about the school, I made it out to be a ball. But even then I wrote about it as if I were watching from a distance. Because that's the way I lived it—at a distance."

Tony looked drained, as if he'd plumbed a few depths he hadn't planned on. It was too late to start another subject. So I suggested he take the extra fifteen minutes and go relax. We agreed to meet again. As I was leaving, he asked, "How many parts of the menu did you get?"

"About half," I answered, "Next time comes the entrees and the a la carte."

It was a week later that Jim and I walked across the lot to Tony's dressing room. He wasn't working that day, so we planned to have a leisurely lunch. Tony was sitting crosslegged in the middle of the room clutching a telephone. He was wearing a longsleeved blue shirt, long black knit tie, sneakers and the saltiest jeans I've seen in a piece of time. The room was cluttered with papers, magazines, mementos, messages and balloons. About ten inflated balloons covered the floor. The piano was literally covered. He waved happily, "Come in and find a place to sit. I think I'm finally going to buy a car." He returned to his phone conversation. When he hung up, he exclaimed, "I'm finally going to do it. A Thunderbird—blue. I'm going to buy it this afternoon in the Valley. Venetia's going along for the ride. You know I've been renting a car for over a year just because I couldn't pin myself down to what make, color or model. I just can't take responsibility or make decisions. I lived in a place for two years because I couldn't decide to go find an apartment. If I watch 'Studio One' on television Monday night, I'll see it the next week even if there's something I'd like better. All those decisions! Sometimes I am uncertain to the point of lunacy."

By the time he finished we were well on our way to the commissary. Clark Gable and a woman came out of his dressing room. She waved to Tony and with a mock frown said, "I've just heard something *bad* about you." He waved and grinned. Ten steps later, his eyebrows pulled down in worry, he darted after her. He came back looking uneasy. "She said she was joking. But I'll bet she wasn't."

He was obviously concerned with what had probably been good-natured banter. He is deeply sensitive to people's reactions to him. Inside the commissary, he made an effort to pull himself back. "It's true, you know. If I were left alone I'd just tread water. I let my agents do the deciding. I tried once. My own agent was on vacation, so I went over to MCA to talk to the others. It was a toss-up between doing a play and a movie. The agents who'd read the play insisted I do that. The ones who'd read the movie

ript wanted me to do that. So I went rashing around the halls and finally ecided to do the play. Then my agent lled and wanted me to do the movie. I as adamant. He was more so. All right, told him, I'll do the movie, but if you're rong I'll come back here and wreck the fice." He paused for dramatic effect. "The ay closed out of town. The movie was 'riendly Persuasion.' That crushed me for aking my own decisions."

Tony picked up his menu and started anning. Now at Paramount when you've ally arrived, they name a sandwich or salad after you. He looked at the Tony erkins sandwich with satisfaction. "I ill have the Tony Perkins special—but ith tomatoes," he said, then plunged to his dislike of star-status thinking. Being a star is awful. It's so much more n just being a plain person. So you lisbehave, show up late, or don't show up, who's to care? I love people who are ice to me. I hate flattery. I sort of like be ignored."

So saying he started on his sandwich. bout the future? "It's tough enough to et from Monday to Tuesday. It's rough, eal rough. I'm miserable with all the uff involved. I'm unhappier than any- ne. But I know perfectly well that I'm oing to be happy sometime, so it's okay be miserable now."

The room was so noisy we decided to back to his dressing room. He imme- ately sat on the floor and started blow- g up a deflated balloon. "What's im- ortant to me?" he repeated thought- lly. His face took on a bland careful ook. "Three meals a day. A good ight's sleep. To get along with people the movie I work in. My health. To elax and not be so physically nervous hat I twitch my foot. To get my hay- ever shots so I don't have hay fever. To e sure my dog, Punkie, and my cat, Mr. anjo, are healthy and cared for in my lanhattan apartment. . . ."

"And people?" I interrupted.

"Oh . . . general good wishes to all the eople I know," he answered evasively. hen stretching his six-foot-two frame, e started carefully and methodically lacing the balloons on a high ledge on he farther wall. Turning his back to me, e spoke in a deceptively casual tone. I egan to realize he said the most important things in this nonchalant way.

"I have the same nightmare over and over. I keep chasing a spool of white thread through a junk pile. The metal is twisted and dangerous. It cuts me while I run. I run like mad because if I don't find the spool of thread everything explodes into the end of the world . . . and the next. It's the unliving end for a nightmare—horrible. When I wake up from it I think I'm still back at boarding school. Then I reach out for a magazine, Photoplay," he said with a nod and a smile in my direction, "to prove to myself I'm not back there." He was still meticulously placing balloons. "What do you think of that?" he asked.

Well, what would you think of that? I'm sure it was the most honest and telling thing he said. And it certainly gave sustenance to my theory that he was an insecure, introverted fellow who has a clamoring need inside him to communicate, to like and respect people ("I'm suspended in an area of suspicion, disbelief, self-doubt, antagonism and intolerance."), to trust his own judgment ("I'm just smart enough to know I'm not terribly intelligent."), to care about others ("I'm not as intolerant as I used to be. The more I retreat, the less I care whether people's faults are distasteful to me or not. I trust right away, then reconsider. I leave myself open for exploration. If I didn't I wouldn't feel so vulnerable."

What's more, he wants to accept himself. ("I'm loaded with self-doubt. I couldn't have any more and have a career. I'm always sure the director doesn't like me; that I'm not good for the part. It doesn't help that people believe in me. I don't.")

As I was leaving, Tony handed me a balloon. I accepted and walked across the lot to my car. Later I gave it to my fourteen-year-old niece, who, amazed, took it eagerly, marvelling at the thought that Tony Perkins' *breath* was in it. "It's really *his* air?" she squealed. "Yes, I answered thoughtfully, "hot or cold, it's Tony's air."

So thanks, for letting me ramble on. As you can see, my only firm conclusion is that Perkins will be with us for a long, long time and my steadfast feeling is that as a people, Perkins gets better and better.

Best,
Dee (Phillips)

P.S. He cancelled car. Bought another.

EXCLUSIVELY YOURS

Continued from page 81

ade you hate him in his screen debut in A Face in the Crowd," only because he ave such a convincing performance as heel, will make you love him in his econd Warner film, "No Time For Sereants," because he's so doggone lovable! . . If I were a young actor, I'd do my est to get into any road company of "Tea nd Sympathy, as the juvenile lead. Look hat playing this role opposite Deborah Kerr has done for John Kerr, Tony Perins and Don Dubbins!

Marilyn's Reformed: The big news of he month is that Marilyn Monroe is a eformed character. She actually arrived n time for the gala charity premiere of The Prince and the Showgirl" at Radio City Music Hall, and she was waiting to reet me, when I called on her at her New York apartment, before she and Arthur Miller took off to spend the sumner at their beach home at Amagansett, Long Island. It is to her famous playwright husband that Marilyn gives full credit for changing her tardy habits. "It's because Arthur never complains when I take so long to dress that I feel guilty about keeping him waiting. And because he is so patient and understanding, I try to hurry up for his sake—and I'm succeeding, as you can see!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

I saw other changes in Marilyn, as we sipped soft drinks and chatted away like two sorority sisters in a girls' dormitory. Here, in spite of a lawsuit with her erstwhile good friend, Milton Greene, and the political harassment of her husband, was a radiantly happy Marilyn, thrilled over the critical and fan reception to her delightful comedy performance as "Showgirl" to the Dream Prince of the British theater, Sir Laurence Olivier and thrilled over the prospect of finally moving away from sublet apartments with other people's furniture in them, and building a large rambling Connecticut farmhouse, with every detail planned by Arthur and herself, and every stick of furniture their very own. "I'll only come into town twice a week to continue my studies with Lee Strasberg at the Actors Studio," Marilyn told me. She's serious about that.

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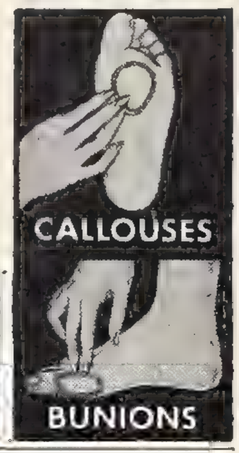

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"And where does Hollywood enter your new design for living?" I wanted to know. "It's been about a year and a half since your last 'Bus Stop' there."

"Oh, I'll be going back," Marilyn hastened to assure me. "20th wants me for a remake of Marlene Dietrich's 'The Blue Angel' and there's been some talk of my doing 'The Jean Harlow Story.' I never knew Jean, but when I was filming 'How to Marry a Millionaire,' Bill Powell, who you remember was in the picture, took me aside one day and said, 'Marilyn, if they ever do Jean's story on the screen, you *must* play her. You don't look like her but there is something about you that reminds me of her special quality.' Since Bill had been so much in love with Jean at the time of her tragic death, I was deeply touched that he thought me worthy of trying to recapture her personality."

With all signs pointing to a busy career ahead, what were the signs pointing to confirmation of the stork rumors? I looked at Marilyn's figure in her black sleeveless street dress, just as the night before I had taken inventory, as she glided past me on the dance floor at the Waldorf-Astoria, in a champagne satin John Moore creation at the champagne supper party hosted by Warner Brothers, following the premiere of "The Prince and the Showgirl." Daytime and night time there is only one word to describe Marilyn's figure—sextacular. The fact that she *never* wears a girdle makes her "tummy" protrude, even without a baby on the way. So everyone keeps guessing while Marilyn herself answers their questioning stares with "No comment." "It isn't that I am superstitious about discussing the one thing to crown my complete happiness with Arthur, for fear something might go wrong," Marilyn confided. "It's just that my whole life has been such an open book, I'd like to keep this important part of my private life sacred for my husband and myself. I don't think that's too unreasonable, do you?"

And when Marilyn throws those "baby blues" at you, I defy man, woman or child to find her "unreasonable!"

Different Davis: When a film marriage goes on the rocks, most people jump to the conclusion that Hollywod is to blame. Not so with Bette Davis' nine-year marriage to Gary Merrill. During most of their married life, the Merrills lived far away from the influences of the picture colony. They and their three children, BeeBee, the eldest (Bette's own), and the adopted two, Margo and Michael, made their permanent home in northern Maine, where Bette was just another neighborly housewife, interested in all the local activities of a small town. She and Gary were "just plain folks" like everyone else in the Maine line. And in her three previous marriages, Bette was never part of Hollywood's passing show either.

When she first arrived in Hollywood and fell in love with Harmon Nelson, a young orchestra leader at the Roosevelt Hotel, they set up housekeeping in a rented house off the beaten track in Glendale. After her divorce from "Ham," she married a native New Englander like herself, Arthur Farnsworth, and continued to live in Glendale when she was filming at Warners. The minute the last take was called, off she and Arthur would fly to Butternut, Bette's farm in Sugar Hill, New Hampshire, and Hollywood wouldn't see them again until Bette's next studio call. For Bette, California has always been a place to work; New England, a place to live. It was during a winter ski trip to Franconia Notch, following Arthur's tragic death, that she met her third husband, William Grant Sherry. And with Bill, as with "Ham" and Arthur, Bette lived removed from the Hollywood scene. They leased a lovely oceanside house at Laguna Beach, where Bill used to spend his time painting seascapes, and Bette, expecting their first child, would busy herself with her household chores, even queueing up in the village grocery to market. I remember one summer weekend as her house guest, asking, "Aren't you bothered by autograph fans?" "Gracious no!" was her retort. "I'm no movie star down here—just another pregnant wife!"

Another "Tailor"-made Bob: While most men I know would love to learn how to make the right passes to get close to Ava Gardner, Bob Evans, who plays her bullfighter lover in "The Sun Also Rises (20th Century), had to spend hours of preparation for this role, learning how to make the right passes to a bull! "Neither Ava nor the bull was easy!" Bob confessed to me on his return from location in Mexico. "Ava is as suspicious of every new person she meets as a bull is of a matador's red cape. And then, too, quite understandably, she would rather have had her real love interest, Walter Chiari, play opposite her, than a comparative newcomer like myself, with only one other film ('Man of a Thousand Faces') to my credit. But once we started working together, she couldn't have been kinder or more helpful. We're great pals now—and honestly, that's no bull!"

I am getting a great, personal kick out of Bob's film career, because, like Ty Power (who is also in the picture!), Greg Peck, Dick Burton, Tony Curtis and so many others, Bob now belongs in my "I knew him when" category. I met him in New York several years ago, through our mutual friend, John Conte, and thought he was handsome enough to be in pictures, but I knew he couldn't have cared less about an acting career. Why should he, when he and his equally handsome brother, Charles, have a two-million-dollar skirt business of their own that keeps them in the style to which they're accustomed? It was because of this independent income that he could afford to spend his summer holiday at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and it was here that Fate—in the person of Norma Shearer—stepped in, and told him that, with his dark eyes and sensitive young face, he looked enough like her late husband, Irving Thalberg, to recreate him in the U-I film about the late Lon Chaney, "Man of a Thousand Faces."

"Norma was absolutely wonderful to me, too," Bob told me on his first return from Hollywood. "She ran all her old films of Irving for me—charming and intimate family scenes with her and their two children, Irving, Jr. and Katharine, now both happily married, as Norma herself is. She even wrote the beautiful speech I narrate in the beginning of the film, because no one knew better than she how Irving would have wanted it expressed."

"But didn't you say that you weren't interested in pursuing your career?"

"Yes, and I meant it at the time. You see, U-I wanted to put me under long-term contract, and I couldn't nor did I want to give up my business in New York. So I thanked them politely and came back to New York. Then one night, I was with a date at El Morocco when I noticed a complete stranger staring at us. Two days later he called me at my office. 'Have you ever thought about acting in motion pictures?' I was asked. The 'stranger' was Darryl Zanuck. When he told me the picture he had in mind was his own production of Hemingway's great novel 'The Sun Also Rises,' and he'd like to make a test of me for the role of the bullfighter opposite Ava Gardner, I agreed to test. Now, I'm the only player under personal contract to Mr. Zanuck for two pictures a year at 20th Century-Fox."

STARS HOLLYWOOD COULDN'T BEAT

Continued from page 66

that as the weeks passed, never-failingly reduced anxious bargaining opponents to shreds.) This ability to think things out calmly and quietly was a decisive factor. He chose carefully, rejected dozens of scripts, sometimes accepted other stars' rejects and scored in a series of hits.

As a portrayer of heroes, Gary has no equal. He has played them all—memorable characters like *Mr. Deeds*, Marco Polo, Wild Bill Hickok, Sergeant York (which won him an Oscar), Lou Gehrig and the put-upon sheriff in "High Noon" (which brought him a second Academy Award). A complete rundown of Gary Cooper's pictures would be silly since boxoffice figures through the years are ample proof that practically everyone has seen them all anyway. (In his latest, Allied Artists' "Love in the Afternoon," he's teamed with Audrey Hepburn and Maurice Chevalier.)

His on-set behavior never fails to amaze some people. Gary's between-takes snoozes, of course, are famous—the times when he unravels his lanky six-foot-two-and-three-quarter-inch frame in the nearest chair, and drops off for some shuteye. This is always a jolt for visitors with preconceived ideas of actors hamming it up all over the set. And his unspectacular camera technique was once paid tribute by the late Sam Wood, who directed several Cooper films.

"You're positive he's going to ruin your picture," said Wood. "I froze in my tracks the first time I directed him. I thought something was wrong and I saw a million-dollar production go glimmering. I was amazed at the result on the screen. What I thought was underplaying turned out to be just the right approach. On the screen he's perfect, yet on the set you'd swear it's the worst job of acting in the history of motion pictures."

Today, as always, if Gary really feels strongly about something, he makes it known in no uncertain terms. Otherwise he's a man of few words. He still feels his job is acting, figures his performances speak for themselves. They do.

Reminiscing about Gary Cooper naturally sets you to thinking about James Stewart, not only because they are great pals but because, one night nine years ago, Gary was to inadvertently change Jimmy's whole life.

Jimmy has spread his shy, fumbling brand of enormously likable manhood through fifty-four films to date. While Gable and Cagney were cleaning up with the rough stuff, and Crosby was effortlessly crooning his way to the top, Jimmy cornered the maternal market among femme moviegoers—and has kept a firm grip on it ever since. And hardly a man in the audience has ever failed to sympathize with his sincere simple romantic pitch, which is standard operating procedure in every Stewart film. His enduring appeal was recently paid the ultimate compliment when Leland Hayward chose forty-nine-year-old Jimmy to portray twenty-five-year old Charles Lindbergh in "The Spirit of St. Louis."

Hayward, it must be admitted, was noticeably cool about the whole idea until confronted by Jimmy's father at a dinner party. The elder Stewart knew that his son wanted the role, and when Hayward mentioned something about a young unknown to play the part, Mr. Stewart swung into action on behalf of young Jim.

"Unknown young actor, indeed! What's the matter with my boy Jimmy! You've been his best friend for years and now you're deserting him. There's only one man who can play Lindbergh—my son!" Critics and public alike looked askance at this casting, but when the results were revealed, they were generous with praise—just as they have been for practically everything else he has ever done.

It all began at Princeton, where Jimmy went from electrical engineering to political science to architecture before he finally settled on acting. After graduation, he joined the Falmouth Players in Massachusetts and worked with Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda, forming a close-knit trio whose public and private paths were to cross many times in the following years. A Broadway break and several footlight appearances eventually led to an M-G-M contract for Jimmy.

His debut film for Metro was something called "The Murder Man," in which six-foot-three-inch Jimmy played a character named "Shorty." His part consisted of a long walk down a street and a bit of dialogue before entering a cafe. To Jimmy's horror, he discovered that by the time he reached the cafe, his lines had gone right out of his head. Shock Number Two was seeing himself on the screen. "I was all arms and legs," he remembers. "It was awful." His hometown of Indiana, Pennsylvania had other ideas. The local billing for his second film read: INDIANA'S OWN JIM STEWART in "ROSE MARIE" with Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

A star's trouble with a studio is always good for reams of publicity, but the careful handling and build-up of a valuable property (which is usually the case) rarely ever makes the news. An excellent example of the latter is M-G-M's supervision of Jimmy's early career. In the twenty-eight films he made during the six years prior to his entry into the service, the studio cast him to advantage opposite practically every glamour queen in the business—Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Margaret Sullavan, Eleanor Powell, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Paulette Goddard, Marlene Dietrich and many more. His loanout assignments were equally choice, resulting in such memorable items as "You Can't Take It with You," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," and "Destry Rides Again."

In March of 1941, Jimmy was awarded an Oscar for his work in "The Philadelphia Story." The next day, actor Stewart (at $13,000 per month) became Army Air Corps Private Stewart (at $21 per month), and the little golden statuette was on its way to Pennsylvania, there to reside in the family hardware store, between the kitchen knives and the can openers.

During the war, Jimmy acquitted himself with honor on several bombing raids, won numerous decorations, and rose to the rank of full colonel. Unlike many others, Jimmy had no trouble resuming his career. His public had waited patiently for his return, and when "It's a Wonderful Life" restored him to the nation's screens, they put him right back among the Top Twenty, in which position he has remained ever since.

People—critics, columnists, co-workers and fans—have always knocked themselves out to be nice to Jimmy, principally because he has always managed to be nice to them. The taint of scandal has never touched him. Even during his fourteen-year reign as "Hollywood's Number One Bachelor," his various girl friends—and Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Rita Hayworth and Olivia de Havilland were four among many—had nothing but good things to say about him. Then, at a party given by the Gary Coopers nine years ago, that "title" went up for grabs.

It was there that Jimmy met Gloria

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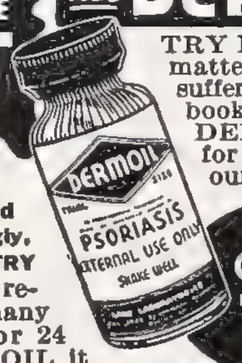

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Hatrick McLean. Though attractive and charming, she had painful memories of a recent divorce and was in no hurry to get married again. She and Jimmy went together for a year, and after announcing his engagement to "the girl of my dreams," he and Gloria were wed on August 19, 1949.

The Stewarts subsequently became the parents of twin daughters, who, added to Gloria's two sons by her former marriage, make for quite a busy household. And Jimmy loves it. "It's wonderful being a father," he enthuses. "I used to enjoy being a bachelor—I never stayed home. But now that I'm married, I'd rather be home than any place in the world."

Meanwhile, his career continues as successful as ever. Jimmy's financial worth is estimated to be in the millions and he is credited with having brought about the first profit-sharing deal (where part of his salary was taken from the film's profits) that subsequently turned Hollywood's entire production set-up on its ear.

During Gary Cooper's early Hollywood hiatus abroad, a dark and handsome British newcomer had arrived on the Paramount lot, and Hollywood speculated aloud as to whether he was being groomed as a replacement. Their initials were an added fillip since Gary Cooper's turned around were Cary Grant's—a fact duly noted any number of times. Gary, of course returned to Hollywood and the years ahead proved there was plenty of room for both. But Cary wondered at first if he wanted to stay at all.

He had seen the preview of his first film, and headed for the exit holding his nose. "I've never seen such a stinkeroo, and I was worse," he informed his astonished agent and prepared to leave Hollywood without delay. Some valiant soul in the Paramount publicity office argued with him for a solid hour and a half, finally talked him out of it. During the next few years, he again was to wonder if it was all worth it.

He appeared in a Dietrich picture, and got his first big notice in "She Done Him Wrong." In that film, Mae West issued her classic invitation to "Come up and see me some time"—with Cary on the receiving end. But in the beginning turkeys were Cary's main dish, including one called "Sylvia Scarlett," starring Katharine Hepburn. Kate liked Cary, and even with her own career on the downgrade, saw to it that he got a full share of closeups. A Jean Harlow picture followed, and his stock began to go up. Then came "The Awful Truth," the first of a string of Grant comedy classics, and big-time stardom was his.

Like many an actor before and since, Cary simply could not believe that anyone was fiercely interested in whether he left the cap off the toothpaste or whether he was right-handed or left-handed. (He writes with his right, draws with his left.) He abhorred schmaltzy publicity pieces, especially about himself. Candid and frank, he was once asked what, if any, he thought were his worst pictures. "How many columns do you want to devote to that endless subject?" was the no-nonsense reply. During former marital troubles, the press had not been overly gentle. (Sample: "Cary Grant Takes Poison." Translation: a simple stomach upset.) Consequently, if an interview were not just a trivial excuse to fill up space, he was charming. Otherwise, no dice.

This was shown when one year the Hollywood Women's Press Club gave him the bird as Hollywood's most uncooperative actor. The next year, the gals turned right around, said there was no one more cooperative. One subject he never hesitated to speak strongly on was autograph hounds. After nearly being ripped limb from limb, Cary laid it on the line.

"Originally it was charming. Every player is grateful for admiration. To scrawl your name on a piece of paper, by way of expressing thanks, doesn't seem a thing. But to be torn apart and insulted while you're writing it several hundred times wherever you go—then it becomes intolerable." Did his career then suffer as disillusioned fans deserted him en masse? Not at all. Those gimlet-eyed monsters were not the real fans, and Cary knew it. He tagged them for what they were—"the lunatic fringe." Fortunately, the species has grown rare with the passage of time.

Cary's career continued to be among the most successful in Hollywood. Individually very wealthy, he made fewer pictures, chose them with care.

In 1949, Cary worked opposite a talented newcomer named Betsy Drake in the delightful "Every Girl Should Be Married." Betsy took the advice, wed her leading man. After last year's triumph in Hitchcock's "To Catch a Thief," Cary made the current "An Affair to Remember," co-starring Deborah Kerr. It was directed by Leo McCarey, who won an Oscar for "The Awful Truth"—the film that first shot Cary into the big time. As if that were the omen, "An Affair to Remember" has made him the most sought-after actor in Hollywood today.

A trio—Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Clark Gable—illustrate some important points about the indestructibles. The first is ability to work unsparingly, coupled with a pronounced aversion to resting on laurels. In this connection, Fred, Ginger and Clark are exhibits "A."

After a succession of hit musicals had made them the toast of Broadway, sister Adele left Fred for retirement as Lady Cavendish. He took a new partner for "The Gay Divorce" but the critics were not happy. "Two Astaires are better than one," they grumbled. At which point, Fred accepted one of several ever-present movie offers. His screen test did not appeal to him—he thought his dancing clumsy, his face grotesque. On a studio card was scrawled, "Can't act—can dance a little." He first partnered Joan Crawford in one sequence of M-G-M's "Dancing Lady." Then followed the memorable Astaire-Rogers partnership.

Prior to Fred's arrival on the scene, someone had decided that the average moviegoer would be bored silly by the simple sight of a dancer doing a mere dance. Consequently, cameramen climbed all over the walls for cute camera angles, shot from dizzying heights or from beneath special glass flooring for trick effects. In the evolution of the dance in films to what it is today—the complete expression of an idea, springing naturally from a given plot situation—Fred Astaire played the biggest part. Always the object of critical rhapsodies, Fred has earned every last, high-toned syllable of them.

To begin with, he does all of his own choreography, charts every dance step down to the last detail. Then come grueling weeks of practice. After that, final touches in the matter of body movements, gestures and expressions are added with the aid of a mirror. Each dance is filmed six to ten times in its entirety by three cameras grinding away at different angles. All the film is gathered up, and the best sequences are then put together to make one matchless Fred Astaire dance number.

With or without a steady partner, Fred has stamped all of his films with a debonair charm and graceful style that have sometimes been their only virtue. The charm does duty off-camera, too, as was recently proven when Fred was asked the inevitable question: Who was your favorite partner? Undoubtedly thinking of seventeen enraged ladies on the warpath

(not a pleasant prospect), Fred answered solemnly: "Bing Crosby"—(from "Blue Skies" and "Holiday Inn").

All in all, Fred has had seventeen femme film partners, including Cyd Charisse in M-G-M's current "Silk Stockings." Possibly because the public remembrance of her perfection as Astaire's partner is vivid even today, none of them quite measured up to Ginger Rogers.

Ginger Rogers is versatility personified, onscreen and off. Although much of her recent screen material may have fooled you, Ginger has long been among the brightest all 'round talents in Hollywood. When the directorial reins are tight, and the script is up to snuff, she can deliver anything you want — song-and-dance, comedy, drama—you name it.

She first hit the public eye as a teenage Charleston champion, won her Broadway spurs in Gershwin's "Girl Crazy" and started the climb to film fame in such musicals as "42nd Street." For "Flying Down to Rio," RKO was staging a spectacular dance number called "The Carioca." As the central partners, they engaged Ginger to dance with an angular newcomer named Fred Astaire. When it comes to significant meetings, this one can take its place right alongside of Stanley and Livingstone. As the start of the fabulous Astaire-Rogers partnership, "Flying Down to Rio" has been referred to so often, it's hard to remember that that dancing duo were not the stars of the picture at all. (Dolores Del Rio and Gene Raymond claimed that distinction.)

After the preview, that situation changed abruptly. In the eight subsequent 'thirties musicals they did together, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers became the most successful dance team in show business history. The greatest pop composers in the country—Gershwin, Kern, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin—gave them unforgettable scores. Which was just fine. Except that Ginger worked herself into a state she later described as "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair"—a walking ad for vitamins. Besides, she had a yearning to try some meatier material—something partially accomplished in the successful "Stage Door."

At the conclusion of 1939's "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," Ginger put RKO on notice: She was hanging up her dancing shoes to really give herself a chance to do something besides musicals. No one was too happy about it and plenty were downright skeptical. They were all in for a surprise at the 1941 Academy Award ceremonies—including Ginger herself. As Alfred Lunt solemnly intoned, "The winner of the 1940 Academy Award for Best Performance by an Actress is Ginger Rogers in 'Kitty Foyle,'" there was a moment of stunned silence. Then a storm of cheering swept the audience and a grateful actress broke and wept openly.

Since that memorable evening, Ginger has turned her hand to every conceivable shade of drama and comedy there is.

Recent evidence in Fox's "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!" was impressive proof that the Rogers figure and talent are still fine.

Not for nothing is Clark Gable called "The King." For a long stretch, he had a dreary procession of films that would have made the average career "colder than yesterday's mashed potatoes." Other monarchs have tumbled from their thrones for less. But Clark has a hold on the moviegoing public that nothing ever disturbed, or even remotely threatened. Through the hits and the flops, marriages and divorces, personal tragedy, a wartime absence, other ups and downs—there is only one Clark Gable.

When he returned from the war, one scribe breathlessly reported, "Everyone wants to see Clark Gable—the picture doesn't have to be good." It wasn't. "Adventure" was its name, and for Greer Garson, it was the beginning of the end. Clark sailed on unscathed. There were other inferior flickers, and then, in 1953, John Ford's "Mogambo"—a good picture, and a reminder to Clark of what he should have been doing all those years.

He thought long and hard before leaving M-G-M. It had been home for twenty-five years. Longtime pals like Spencer Tracy and Robert Taylor were there—and buddies from the camera crews, and other studio workers, with whom Clark liked nothing better than to get together for jovial comradeship and a good bull session. And memories.

Memories of the first day on the lot when someone in "makeup" decided that those ears would just have to be taped back. (In the heated discussion that followed, "makeup" was overruled). Of playing leading man to Norma Shearer, Garbo and Harlow—all the while projecting strong masculine self-assurance and vibrant sex appeal that were to make him a nation's favorite. Of a loanout to Columbia, when the director told him, "You might as well have a good time, because this is going to be the flop of the ages." Gable, Frank Capra, Claudette Colbert, "It Happened One Night"—all won Oscars.

They told him he'd have to sing and dance for "Idiot's Delight." Never one to rest on laurels, Clark accepted the challenge. Inimitable Carole Lombard sent him a complete ballerina outfit. lovingly designed with the initials "C.G.," and practically the whole studio knocked off to watch when the great day approached. Clark went through with it—was good, too. Memories of another loanout—to play *Rhett Butler* in "Gone with the Wind"—his greatest triumph. Later, crushed by heartbreaking personal loss, the death of his wife, Carole, he went off to the war, rose from private to major. Five bombing missions over Europe—and the newspapers had a field day. Clark stopped that. "I didn't hit a damn thing," he said, referring to one raid—and Americans loved it. This was their guy—down-to-earth, frank, a man's man.

Commenting on the never-ending popularity of our top male stars, one bosomy foreign number allowed as how she "theenks eet ees reedeeculouse." Zanuck didn't think so when he signed Clark to a new, seven-figure contract. His latest are Paramount's "Teacher's Pet," and Warners' "Band of Angels." Looking over the long years of his reign, we line up with the rest of moviegoing America and feverently shout, "Long live the King!"

Which brings us to another kind of king—"Mr. Music" himself, Bing Crosby. A few years back, some enterprising fellow took a nationwide poll to determine the personalities best-known in America. Der Bingle placed first with 97%, thus outranking two gentlemen named Harry Truman and Winston Churchill, who placed second and third. Most people have always thought of Bing as an engaging, amiable chap, effortlessly crooning his way through life while tightening his grip on ever-increasing portions of Fort Knox.

During the 'thirties, The Groaner breezed in and out of one piece of musical fluff after another. The point was to sell the Crosby personality, and it worked. Americans took him to their hearts as their favorite troubadour. But the one thing a strong individual personality has to be on constant guard against is that seductive voice that keeps whispering, "You're terrific, you'd be terrific in anything, stick with what you've got and don't tamper with it." Bing knew this. The golden voice was just one facet of his personality. Why

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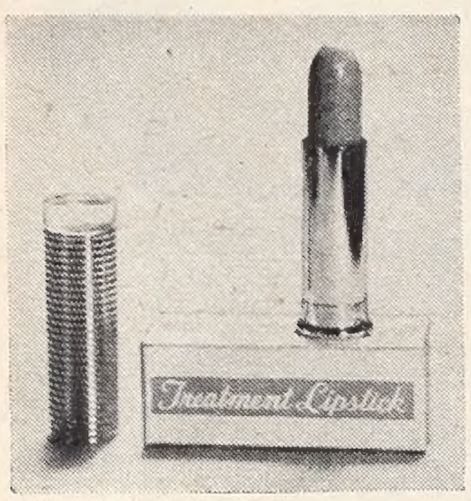

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not expand? In his previous films, there had been some evidence of a nice, comic flair—why not explore?

The result was "The Road to Singapore," a comic gem which triggered a six-film series that provided one of the fattest payoffs California has seen since they had all that commotion at Sutter's Mill. Dramatic acting was next. In "Going My Way," Bing fused equal parts of humor and tenderness in a blend that suited everyone just fine. His performance won Bing an Oscar, and the film itself was the first of ten Crosby flickers to gross over $4,000,000, an all-time record. There were other musicals, other comedies, further proof of his dramatic talent in the poignant "Little Boy Lost." And then the acid test—"The Country Girl."

For Bing, playing *Frank Elgin* took guts, for he was a complete switch—a pitiful, whimpering, acoholic has-been. The results were a revelation, and any other year, Bing might well have taken home his second Academy Award. A personality had come to full flower—an actor had pushed his resources to the utmost.

As always, when the public forks over its dough for Bing Crosby, that's exactly who they want and get. But nowadays, they get something more, an expert combination of personality and believable characterization and, in the case of "The Country Girl" and his latest, M-G-M's "Man on Fire," a great performance. Anyone who delivers goods like that would naturally rank high on anyone's list.

The indestructibles are strict professionals on the set. They have been around long enough to know that tantrums and temperament are, in the long run, roughly equivalent to cutting their own throats. Particularly in these days when it seems every star is his own producer. But, in addition, each has shown himself ever ready to stand fast for artistic principle. And if you don't know that's a lead-in to some reminiscences about Bette Davis, you don't know your movies.

Some years ago, the New York Film Critics were meeting to bestow their annual rewards. To get the proceedings under way in a hurry, one member of that august body stood up and stated flatly, "I vote for Bette Davis—in anything!" That's the way Bette's fans feel—she can do no wrong. As possessor of the most brilliant femme career in film history, twice Academy Award-winner Bette is perhaps the perfect indestructible. That is, she could be cited on any of the points we've been discussing. But in referring to her Warner contract fight, Bette has said: "The story of my battle penetrated show business circles everywhere. Nothing I have done has brought me greater acclaim among my fellow professionals."

It all began when Bette first arrived in Hollywood, under contract to Universal. ("The biggest gamble I ever sent to Hollywood," said the talent scout responsible.) No one met Bette at the station, and she phoned the studio, since someone promised to meet her. "We were there," yelled back the studio press agent, "but we didn't see anybody who looked like an actress." That was just the beginning. "I can't imagine anyone giving *her* a tumble," grimaced Carl Laemmle Jr., an opinion apparently shared by Samuel Goldwyn, who had tested her previously. ("Where did you find that horrible-looking creature?" Sam wanted to know.)

Meanwhile, the wheels at Universal were busily attempting to discover just what it was they had put under contract. This involved a series of tests, such as having Bette lie on a couch while fifteen men in a row tried a love scene with her. Next, they dyed her hair, threw assorted wigs, false eyelashes and odd makeup at her to see if something similar to Jean Harlow or Clara Bow would miraculously emerge. Having given up on the fact, some hopeful soul then did a test featuring only her legs, and when that proved a washout, everyone threw in the towel. Six films later, Universal dropped her. Warner Bros. then put her under contract, and the turkey trot continued.

Finally, with unwearied faith in herself and limitless perseverance, she landed the role of the despicable *Mildred* in RKO's "Of Human Bondage." The omission of her unforgettably great performance in the Oscar nominations that year caused the loudest ruckus in Academy history. Did her parts then get better? Hardly.

She was not only campaigning for better roles; she was also fighting a one-woman war for realism in her films. In a scene in "Bordertown," for example, she was supposed to be aroused in the middle of the night and showed up to play it without makeup and with her hair in curlers. The director was aghast. "You can't appear onscreen like that," he sputtered. "The hell I can't," she retorted. The battle that followed waxed hot and heavy, held up production for an entire day and was finally resolved in Bette's favor.

But the intermittent rumblings in the Davis-Warner relationship grew increasingly louder as their mutual dissatisfaction with each other reached menacing proportions. Warner Bros. regarded her as an ungrateful young upstart who should shut her mouth and do as she was told. Bette felt that her "contrived parts" were so much hogwash, that she was capable of far better things. Being smacked with a grapefruit (in "The Girl from Tenth Avenue") and proposing to the hero while hung upside-down in a ferris wheel (in "The Golden Arrow") were clearly not what she had in mind. After a series of appeals had gone unheeded, she decided to accept an offer to make two films in England and, raising the standard of open revolt, fled the country. Within the week, Warner Bros. had instituted legal action, Jack Warner personally emplaned for England, and the antagonists faced each other in a London courtroom.

"I submit that this is the action of a rather naughty young lady who simply wants more money," was the way Warners' counsel opened his case. If she'd had a gun, Bette would probably have shot him on the spot. Not for money had she crossed an ocean to become embroiled in a lawsuit that might conceivably end her career then and there. She wanted full recognition as an actress and roles that would build her career, not run it into the ground. Eventually, though it cost her $103,000, that's what she got.

Artistic integrity also showed itself in her willingness to junk glamour for first-rate realistic portrayals. And then there was the Academy affair. Bette was elected president of the Motion Picture Academy, a singular honor because she is still the only woman to be so chosen. With the war on, Bette felt that the expense associated with the annual ceremonies should be scaled 'way down, and public admission charged, for the benefit of the war effort. When the board of directors demurred, Bette resigned. Again, in two cases where Warners might have had "name" trouble, Bette took secondary roles, lent her box-office insurance to Monty Woolley and Paul Lukas, saw "The Man Who Came to Dinner" and "Watch on the Rhine" become successes. Back in Hollywood again, she may do the controversial Diana Barrymore book "Too Much Too Soon"—undoubtedly another success.

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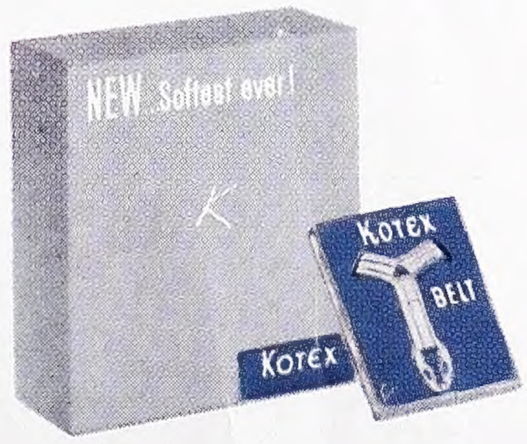

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